Scribner's Magazine

Volume XCVI Number 3

Contents for September, 1934

Are the Generals Ready?	*Captain Liddell Hart*	129
Human Waste in the Colleges	*John R. Tunis*	138
Let Us Play	*Arthur Farwell*	145
Echoes at Livorno	*Stark Young*	150
Giver of the Grape · A Story	*Grace Flandrau*	155
Republicans in a Political Jam	*John Corbin*	164
Escape the Pattern · A Poem	*Conrad Aiken*	168
The Combination · A Story	*Evan Shipman*	169
Medusa Impotent · A Poem	*Jean Starr Untermeyer*	174
Life in the United States		
Cross Section	*Elliott Merrick*	175
Souvenir of Arizona · A Story	*Benedict Thielen*	180
Straws in the Wind		
Liars Are Fathers	*Harold McGuire*	183
Canners, Women, and Workers	*Mary Heaton Vorse*	185
As I Like It	*William Lyon Phelps*	188
Books for Your Library	*Reviews of New Books*	2
Symphonies in Wax	*Richard Gilbert*	12
Behind the Scenes	*Biographical Notes*	15

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LOUIS ADAMIC

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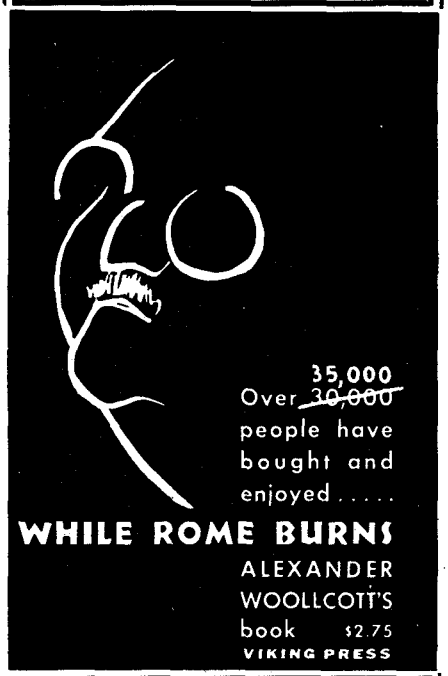

Alexander Cruden, curious little Scotsman, dreamed of reforming ribald 18th Century London and created, page by page, under a flickering candle, his great Concordance to the Bible. . . .

London knew him as a little man capable of futile preaching and amazing acts of goodness. Employing the unique talents which marked her *Dwarf's Blood*, Edith Olivier re-creates Cruden in a gay and sympathetic biography. Viking Press. $2.50

ALEXANDER THE CORRECTOR

The Eccentric Life of Alexander Cruden

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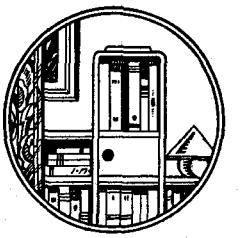

Books for your Library

VITAL AMERICAN WRITING

Modern American Prose. Edited by Carl Van Doren. Harcourt, Brace. $2.75.

In this anthology, which includes no writer "whose qualities had been thoroughly established before 1914," and which gives place by preference to narratives and character studies, rather than to the work of critics and essayists, Mr. Van Doren has successfully realized his announced intention of exhibiting, "on a larger scale than has been used before, the prose literature of the United States during the years which may be said to have begun with the Younger Generation and to have ended with the New Deal." He has furnished his anthology, further, with an epilogue that is a reprint of the last two chapters of his *American Literature: An Introduction,* and with notes that are biographical, bibliographical, and succinctly critical.

There are few surprises, for any one familar with the field he has surveyed, in his list of chosen authors. In the main they are the successful and widely praised writers of today and yesterday. Perhaps the most unexpected names we encounter are those of Eleanor Rowland Wembridge, Carl Becker, and Alva Johnston; and perhaps the most notable exclusion is that of Robert Nathan, although admirers of Louis Bromfield's best and Edna Ferber's best might consider no less remarkable the absence of these two popular story tellers from a company which includes Thyra Samter Winslow and Floyd Dell. And, in passing, a large body of readers may be interested to know that the author of *Anthony Adverse* is not among those present at this gathering.

Arranging his selections in the chronological order of their original publication, Mr. Van Doren begins with Gertrude Stein's *The Good Anna* (1909), finds room midway to print the memorable war play "What Price Glory" (1924) in its entirety, and ends with a chapter from Constance Rourke's *Davy Crockett* (1934). Along the road the editor casts a wide net, and any one who reads his nine hundred odd assembled pages will arise from the feast with no lingering doubts regarding the vitality of contemporary American literature, or fears concerning the possible regimentation of our writers. The sap runs strong, and to our tree of literature there are many branches. E. E. Cummings's *The Enormous Room* and F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Diamond as Big as the Ritz* are exact contemporaries; Cabell's *Jurgen* bowed to the public in the same year as Dreiser's *My Brother Paul;* while Thornton Wilder's *Cardinal,* Hemingway's *Killers,* and Evelyn Scott's *Kalicz* all came to birth within three years of one another. Elinor Wylie's portrait of Gerald Poynyard is followed in this volume by Miss Winslow's history of the Rosenheimers; Ring Lardner, Albert Jay Nock, and Lewis Mumford find themselves shoulder to shoulder; and in the year 1931, Faulkner was writing of the Negress Nancy, Edmund Wilson was writing of symbolism, and Pearl Buck was writing of Wang Lung.

The point needs no stressing. Carl Van Doren has exhibited contemporary American prose in all its vigor and variety.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

TOWARD COLLECTIVISM

THE COMING AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By George Soule. Macmillan. $2.50.

This book is more important as an index to what is happening to the mind of the American intellectuals than for anything outstandingly new or original that it has to say. Yet its importance in that connection is perhaps greater than that of any of the other books or articles which have appeared with such abundance in recent years announcing the conversion of their authors to communism as the only solution of our economic ills. Almost all of the American intellectuals who have abandoned their faith in capitalism in the last few years and declared themselves communists of one variety or another have been men and women who have known a great deal about literature and art but very

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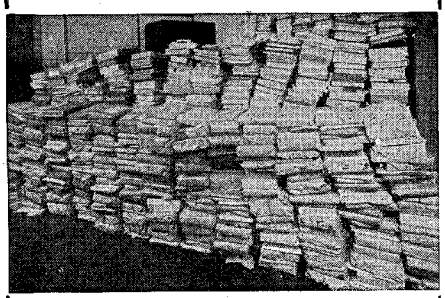

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little about economics. Writers and artists in the main, they have adopted a revolutionary stand more from an emotional humanitarian point of view than from a carefully reasoned economic one. Mr. Soule represents the first important exception. As a matter of fact, Mr. Soule represents the first American economist of any importance who has forthrightly forsaken his original faith in the capitalist order and declared with an amazing absence of ambiguity that "capitalism must in the end give way to the rise of the working classes and socialism."

The Coming American Revolution is divided into four parts. The first part is concerned with "The Nature of Revolution" and deals with the various aspects of revolutions in the past, extending from the Puritan revolution to the forthcoming revolution which he predicts will come in America. The second part, called "Changes Under the Surface," considers those aspects of contemporary economic life which tend to make a revolution inevitable. The third part, "The Crisis of the Thirties," is concerned with the Wall Street crash of 1929, what Hoover did to deepen the depression, and what Roosevelt has not done to solve it. The fourth part, "The Coming Revolution," points out the impossibility of economic planning under capitalism, exposes the contradictions underlying Fascism, and declares that only in a collective order, such as Socialism and Communism posit, can economic planning be effectively introduced and a solution be found for the contradictions of our economic system.

Mr. Soule's book is written in a calm, leisurely, almost academically analytic manner which is such a rare discovery in a book that reaches such revolutionary conclusions. The greatest virtue of the book is its eminent reasonableness and its constant appeal to common sense for its most radical arguments.

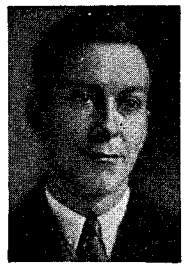
V. F. Calverton.

MEDICAL SOLDIER

A Soldier of Science, The Autobiography of Bailey K. Ashford. William Morrow. $2.50.

The beginnings of this man are interesting. He was the son of a Confederate army surgeon who died at forty-one, Dean of the Medical School at Georgetown. He says that the idea of a military career was born in him amid the blare of the Marine Band rendering John Philip Sousa's High School Cadet March. But the germ was more likely implanted before that, while he sat at the feet of Confederate Veterans, and listened to stories of Lee, of fierce Stonewall Jackson, and of the glamorous Stuart, in the Army of Northern Virginia. Further, it seemed to him that officers commanded, and were beyond the stress of circumstance. He proceeded, however, to take a medical education. And he discovered within himself, as he approached maturity, two desires: a feeling for investigation, and the wish to serve his country.

He entered the Army medical corps on the eve of the war with Spain. Leonard Wood and Major Walter Reed were helpful friends of these days. His destiny took him to Puerto Rico to participate in the professional and highly effective little campaign which drove the Spanish from their high places on the island. In the days of the occupation following, his curiosity was aroused by the symptoms of the local anemia, under which numerous



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natives lay down resignedly to die, every day under his eyes. In the upshot, by looking for himself, and long experiment, he identified the *ancylostomum duodenale,* which is to say, hookworm; and presently Puerto Ricans ceased to die of it; and eventually, sufferers from the same affliction in certain areas of the United States and elsewhere over the world were similarly relieved.

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HOLY DEADLOCK. By A. P. Herbert. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

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BYRON DEXTER.

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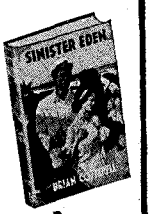

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away as a fairly respected country doctor. This situation makes for murky resentments, sudden angers, explosions. The two men's wives and children come actively within the field of spiritual battle. The war does not end until the suicide of Hallem and the surrendering death of Roiter.

There are qualities in *Duel* that, together, one finds very seldom. Fangen knows the novelist's business: he can make a gnarled situation look like a cameo. But he is likewise subterranean—just deep, if you like: he goes a-burrowing in the Russian manner, and his brisk explorations of the uncomfortable unconscious will even today make an American or Englishman feel funny. And Fangen can understand a wife of the noble, immemorial kind, gorgeous in her old-fashionedness; he can understand too, the newspaperwoman, Berit Storm, who is the last thing in effective sexual modernity. The author of *Duel* has found an enviable place for himself between the last moment and eternity. In him is an equilibrium that stirs. His men and women swirl about neatly. Ronald Fangen is a virtuoso at conscious literary control. But his interest in, and dealing with, the troubled lands of being in all people, the dark warlike places that make all persons and all society do their stuff—this ingredient of *Duel* makes it emotional news.

ELI SIEGEL.

ON THE VOLGA, BY PANTELEIMON ROMANOF. TRANSLATED BY ANN GRETTON. *Scribners.* $2.—Simple charm and delicacy, reminiscent of the past, stamp these stories of the U. S. S. R., by an authentic artist preoccupied with human relations, with the poetry of life and character, rather than with industrial progress; hence they attain a timelessness usually absent from Soviet fiction. Of the nineteen only the last three studies deal with factory life; they are not Romanof's *métier*. One wonders: was pressure brought to bear from above?

DRIVING AXLE, BY V. ILYENKOV. *International Publishers.* $2.—A "novel of Socialist construction" in same *genre* as Gladkov's *Cement* and Kataev's *Time, Forward!*—better than either. Heart of great collective is in right place, infallible in judgment, assured of ultimate triumph over treachery and sabotage—such is the general idea of a story less ballasted with propaganda than most of its kind.

(*Continued on page 14*)

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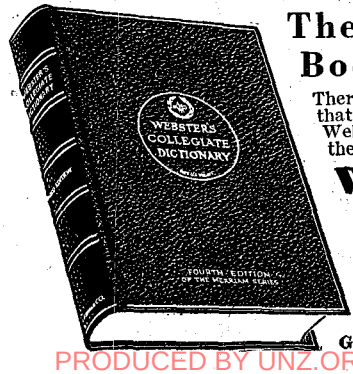

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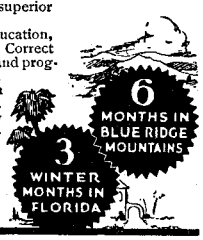

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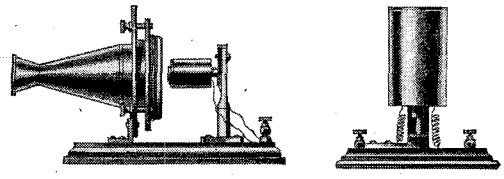

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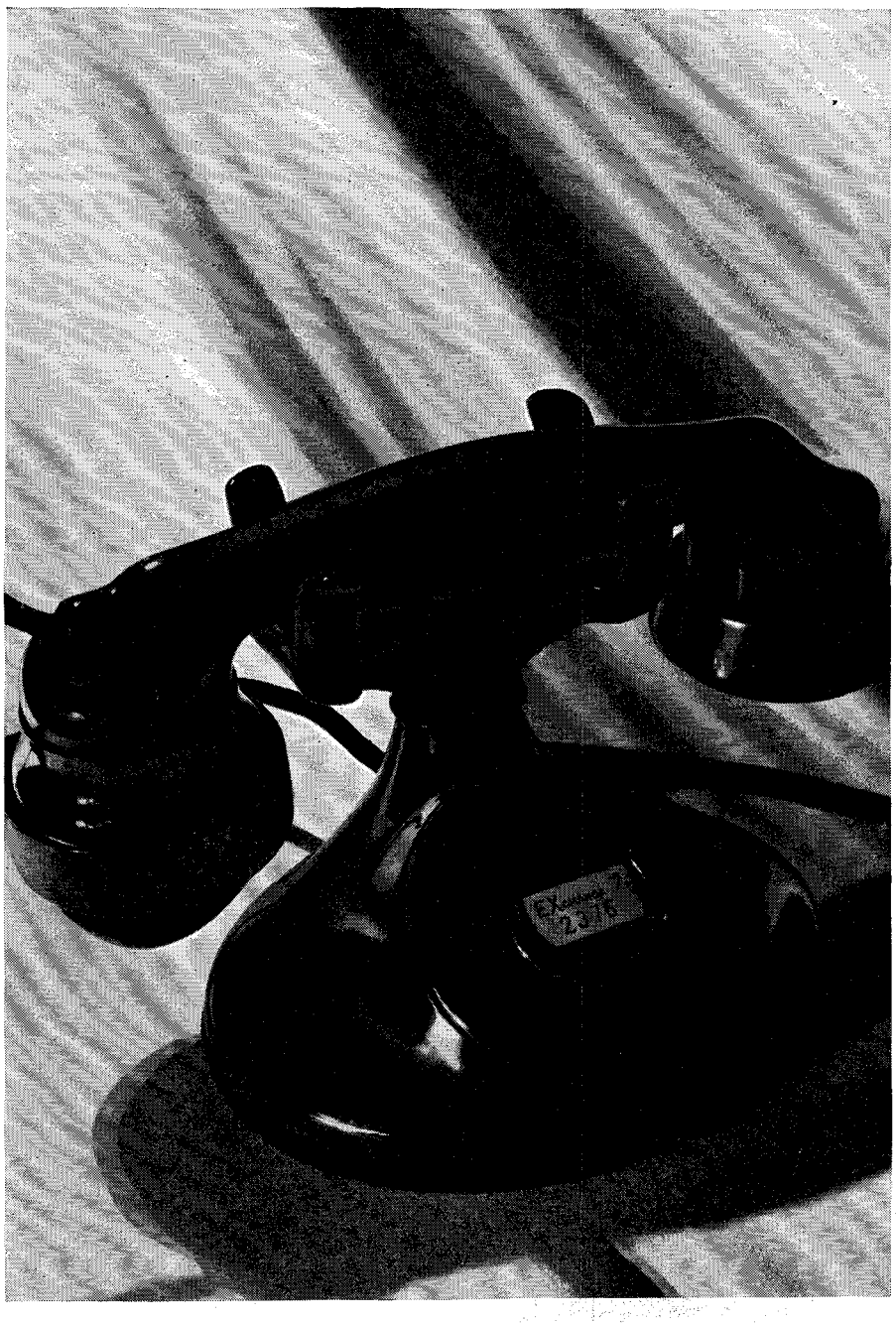

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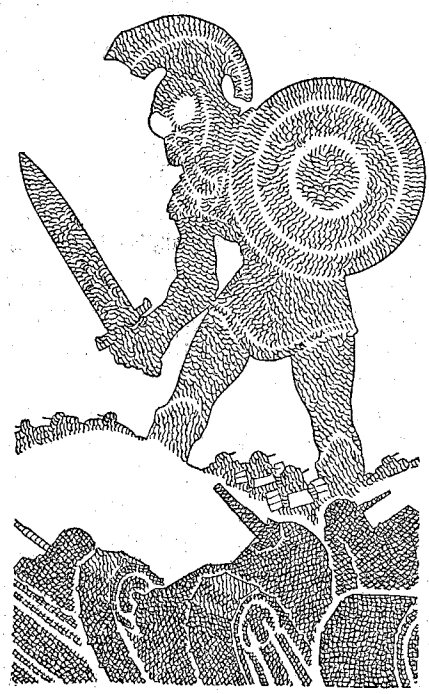
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
VOL. XCVI SEPTEMBER, 1934 No. 3

Are the Generals Ready?

The True State of the Armed Forces of Europe

By Captain Liddell Hart

Before the possibilities of European wars were receiving credence in the United States, SCRIBNER'S *published an article by George Seldes called "Is the Cannon Fodder Ripe?" Subsequent events would show that it is rapidly ripening. This illuminating survey of the equipment and military policies of the major European powers by an expert answers the question, "Are the Generals Ready?"*



FRANCE has an active army of 600,000 men and 3000 military aircraft. Italy has an army of 500,000 men and 1500 military aircraft. Britain has an army of 140,000 men and 1400 military aircraft. Germany has an army, by treaty strength, of 100,000 men—and as many more up to a million, or two, are ready to fill the ranks, as your fancy inclines you to count; she has no military aircraft—officially. Russia has an army of 560,000—these at any rate are the figures she gives, though other people count them double—and an air force that has now probably passed the French figure."

That is the way statesmen, and even soldiers, talk when they discuss the armed forces of Europe. And the public naturally follows their august example—everybody can reckon figures. But how little figures count!

The cult of numbers is the supreme fallacy of modern warfare. The way it persists is a supreme testimony to the tenacity of stupidity. Even Napoleon, the god of war old-style, declared: "In war it is not men, but the man who counts." His presence on a battlefield was said to be worth an army corps—illustrating the superiority of brain-power to man-power. But he was born of the French Revolution, and his conception of war was superseded by the Industrial Revolution. The new god of war was born in the workshop: he is Mars-Mechanized. But the soldiers of the world failed to recognize him even when they were struck down, and their dreams of past glory, rudely dispersed by his thunderbolts. If the peoples of the world are to save themselves they must see for themselves the real factors in modern war.

The man-power idol was exploded by high explosive. And its fragments were then pulverized into dust by the machine-gun. One man squatting behind such a weapon became master of many. The more that came on, the more that fell—that was all that numbers counted if they attacked in the old style with the bayonet. If this was true of the Western Front where the armies kept more or less level in equipment, it was still more true of the Eastern Front, where small German forces repeatedly made rings round the Russian masses. But even if we mechanize our military mathematics, to reckon in numbers of the new weapons is an uncertain guide. Sometimes the machine-gunner might stop ten men, sometimes a hundred, sometimes even a thousand. All we can safely deduce is this—that an army amply equipped with machine-guns is superior in defense to a much larger army poorly equipped, and that it can be relied on to check the advance of an equally equipped army much larger than itself. On the offensive the machine-gun, in itself, has a much reduced value. Any land invasion will depend for success on its scale of heavy guns and tanks

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—save in mountainous country or perhaps under cover of a fog or a gas-cloud. Such are the only conditions (of a material, natural, or chemical advantage) which make an advance on the ground even a possibility against an up-to-date enemy.

But the twentieth century, which has seen the creeping paralysis of armies, has introduced a fresh possibility of advance on another plane—in the air. The air forces can hop over the land defenses and strike direct at the arteries which nourish the armies, or at the people on whose will to war the armies depend. To such air attacks the answer at present is as weak as the answer to land attack is strong.

Here, then, are the factors that underlie any realistic survey of the armed forces of Europe. It is by their gauge that we should examine the war-strength of the various countries.

FRANCE'S GREAT WALL AND AIR FORCE BOGEY

The air-strength of France is the most impressive of all—on paper. But in reality it has been for years an unwarranted bogey in the minds of other nations. If a test had come this vast bubble might well have been pricked—because its quality lagged far behind its quantity. The machines were of old types, and even so their decrepitude was often greater than their age.

Some seven years ago I made a tour round some of the French military and air centers. At the latter, my first impression was how few machines seemed to take the air compared with the number that reposed in the hangars. But my second impression was that the French pilots must be the bravest men on earth—to take the air at all in machines so badly kept. I did not wonder at the depressed tone in which some of the officers talked about the state of their beloved service. And from them I learned that their worst handicap was the difficulty of obtaining mechanics who were capable of looking after the machines, as they depended largely on young conscripts who were doing their eighteen months' service and left before they were adequately trained. During their service they at least had plenty of practice! But many of the machines looked as if they were scarcely worth looking after.

That sorry state of affairs continued, with but slight improvement, long after my visit. And it was attributed largely to the subordination of the new arm to old military minds. But with the release of the air arm from the grip of the army, a renaissance has taken place. It began with the appointment of M. Cot as Air Minister: it is continuing under his successor, and former assistant, General Denain. New types of machines of greatly developed performance have sprung from the brains of the designers, and although many are still in the experimental stage, the process of re-equipping the active squadrons is now well on the way.

Progress in the air benefited by the shock that French public opinion received from the passage of Marshal Balbo's transatlantic squadrons across Alsace. For it was then seen that the standard French pursuit machines, the Nieuports, on which they had relied to counter a hostile air invasion, could not even keep pace with the heavy Italian flying boats!

Now, the French have produced several new types, equipped with the supercharged Hispano-Suiza motors. Most startling of all is the performance of the Dewoitine 500, and French experts believe that it is at the moment the finest pursuit machine in the world. Development elsewhere is so rapid, however, that their views may be already out of date.

For their own air offensive, the French are still inclined toward big night-bombers which carry a huge load of bombs at some expense to their speed. But they have recently produced a new type of machine which may be applied to this purpose although originally designed for a different rôle. These are fast multi-seater pursuit machines, which look like flying battleships when alongside the normal single-seater pursuit machine. They were intended to serve as escort to the ordinary bombing squadrons, but there is now an idea of using them as potential bombers for daylight raids, so fast and well armed that they can be their own escort.

The French army has suffered even more than the air arm from the grip of old ideas, old methods—and the old gang. And it has had less chance of throwing them off. From 1870 to 1914 the eyes of most French generals, patriots before they were professionals, were glued on the German frontier. Obsessed by the dream of the *revanche,* of recovering the sacred soil that had once been French, they prepared themselves and their men for an irresistible onrush across the frontier. For this they were more zealous to retain the appurtenances of *la gloire* than to equip themselves with the apparatus of modern war—too prosaic for their mood. In August 1914 their dreams were rudely shattered, and their headlong offensive turned into a hurried recoil. When at last, after four years of siege warfare, painfully slow, their dreams were fulfilled, it was by a very different method—the gradual advance of a ponderously deliberate fire-pumping machine. Swift Napoleonic maneuvers and traditional French élan had alike disappeared from this style of war. The machine was pushed forward like a medieval battering-ram and slowly crumbled the enemy's wall of resistance, while the men merely crept along behind it.

If the French generals took a long time to learn the folly of throwing masses of infantry against unsubdued machine-guns, they have taken still longer to conceive any possible alternative to the method that eventually

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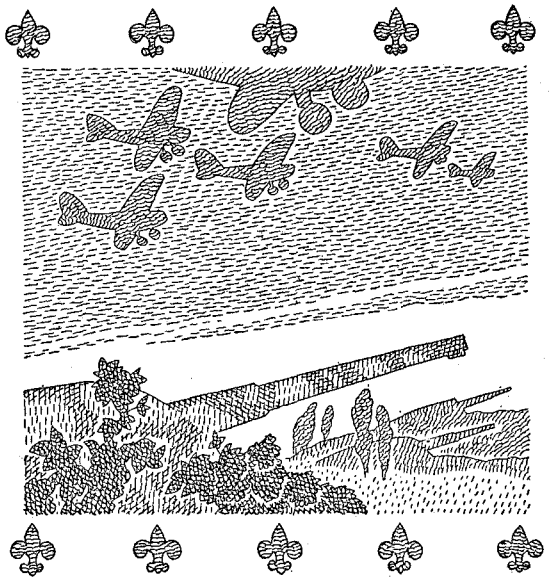
brought them to the Rhine—with the not inconsiderable aid of their allies, the collapse of Germany's allies, and the blockade.



Ever since 1918 they have been preparing to repeat 1918. The men who directed the training of the French post-war army were the same men, grown still older, who directed the "advance to victory." They lived in the past while preparing for the future. Extraordinary deliberation, intricate arrangements, and extreme detail have marked the exercises of the post-war army and the schemes worked out at the War College. Against a mobile and active opponent, the combination of this deliberate method with the stereotyped tactics of 1918 pattern might well result in the blow hitting the air, as well as giving the enemy ample breathing space for a ripost.

But even if it hit something, it might not make a very deep impression. For although the method of striking remains, the power behind it has diminished. It depended, above all, on an overwhelming weight of artillery. Although the French army is still more heavily gunned than any other, it has nothing like the quantity or even the proportion it had in the last stage of the war, when as many as three or four hundred guns to the mile were used to produce the tremendous barrages that opened the path for the infantry. Similarly, it has more tanks than any other army in Europe, yet it has only one battalion for each division, or a total of about 1700 altogether. Until recently, these consisted almost entirely of old machines of wartime pattern, so slow and cumbrous that they would offer a fairly easy target for enemy anti-tank gunners. A number of huge seventy-ton and eighty-ton monsters were produced as an experiment, and in the past few years a start has been made in re-equipping the tank battalions with improved Renault light tanks.

With tanks as with many other weapons much of the money voted for the French army has gone in the expensive process of maintaining old types which it would have been cheaper and better to scrap. The hoarding spirit of the French peasant seemed to rule the military organization.

The one direction in which a big new outlay has been made is on the frontier defenses. These, in their scale and solidity, express the deep-rooted anxiety of the French to cover their soil at any cost against a fresh invasion.

This newly built line of defense has been much talked about, but its form has long been veiled in mystery. Yet over $200,000,000 have been devoted to the eastern section alone in the last few years. This sum is more than double what was spent during the forty years before 1914—on the massive fortresses along the old Lorraine frontier. Not long ago there were sensational revelations in the French press as to German workmen having been employed by some of the contractors engaged on the task. The agitation incidentally served to suggest that the French public in general had very little idea of the nature of these fortifications. Since then, the veil has been raised to some extent.

These new fortifications are essentially different from the pre-war chain of fortresses. They are formed of a chain of fortified works, but these are not "forts" in the old sense of the term. Rather, are they like a cluster of mushrooms whose armored and concrete heads just emerge from the ground, and whose roots are joined together by a deep-sunk cord. The new fortified zone is virtually a permanent elaboration of the deep-trench systems of the war, a frame which itself is capable of offering strong resistance, but which can be developed by filling in the frame with entrenchments.

The frame comprises all the structures and steps that require to be planned and constructed before the emergency arises—steel and concrete machine-gun posts, field-gun casemates, deep underground shelters for the garrison, connecting galleries and magazines. Further back in the zone are concrete emplacements for the heavy guns. Bridges, railways, and road junctions have also been mined in readiness, so that the explosive charge alone would have to be inserted when the alarm was given. Steep escarpments of concrete stretch across the approaches, often running through the copses, to bar the way to enemy tanks. Artificial hills have been raised round some of the casemates, and all are camouflaged by turf or shrubbery to screen them from an assailant's view, and from air photographs.

The entrance to these fortified works usually lies behind the slope of a hillside, and has a sunken road of approach, which can be swept with fire in case of attack from the rear. The entrance of a typical work gives access to a long concreted gallery running forward deep under the hillside. Here, by an airlock, the atmospheric pressure can be raised to keep out gas. The gallery, frequently intersected by armored doors,

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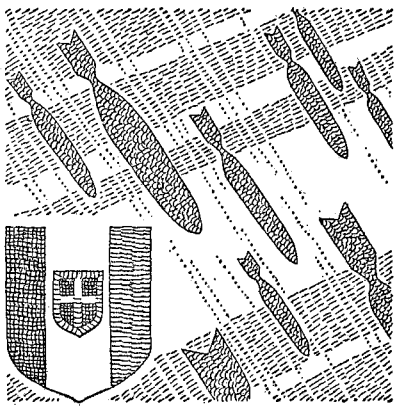
leads to the subterranean shelters which contain the living quarters of the garrison, the magazine, the control room, and the power station which supplies electric lighting and ventilation. These shelters are sometimes 150 feet beneath the surface. From the main gallery radiate smaller galleries, each leading to an elevator shaft by which one of the casemates at ground level is reached. At the base of the shaft is an armored machine-gun post that can sweep the connecting gallery, so that the casemate may still hold out even if the enemy force their way in elsewhere.



The fear was felt, not long ago, that the danger to this frontier line of defense lay in a German surprise attack before the declaration of war. Some of the military critics declared that, owing to the slow mobilization of the French army, the line might be overrun in places before it was completely garrisoned. To meet this danger a significant remodelling of part of the French infantry has been carried out. Regiments of what is termed a fortified-region type have been organized. These are of exceptionally high peace strength. They are also provided with extra powerful armament so that they can form a dense network of fire to stop any sudden attack. Each battalion of the fortified-region type is composed almost entirely of machine-gunners, having altogether thirty-two heavy machine-guns and sixteen light. Some of the regiments of this pattern have six battalions, compared with the normal three. Another new precautionary measure is that reservists living in the frontier region are formed into special units, which can man the defenses near their villages at a few hours' notice.

The interval between the fortified works varies according to the nature of the ground; they appear normally to be from one to two kilometers apart, but are sufficiently close-knit that the whole of the frontier approaches for well over a hundred miles, from the Luxembourg frontier to the Vosges, can be covered by intersecting rays of fire. For each of the works, with its several mushroom heads, is so sited that it can cover its neighbor with cross-fire. This line forms a great curtain of concrete across the approaches not only to Metz, but to the Briey ironfields and foundries, upon which France largely depends for her munitions of war. Hence, the importance of constructing it first. But now the French are planning to lay out another $100,000,000 on extending this fortified belt northwestwards—to safeguard themselves against any fresh attempt to turn their flank by a march through Belgian territory. When the extension is complete France will be able to sleep peacefully behind a modern version of the Great Wall of China—with the difference that the airplane was non-existent when the Chinese wall was built.

While the French, in their search for security, have been concentrating so much energy and money on this system of static defense, their field army has long remained a relatively immobile mass. But in the last year or so they have begun to develop its power of movement—through motorization. The most important change has been to convert the cavalry from horses to motors. One cavalry division has already been completely motorized and three of the remaining four are in process of being transformed.

These motorized cavalry divisions may fulfil a double purpose. Assisted by the network of roads along the frontier, they may serve as a mobile reserve to the line of defense—a screen of reinforcing machine-guns that can be switched to any part of the fortified frame where the enemy is trying to penetrate. They may also concentrate behind the frontier defenses for a swift pounce into enemy territory, to seize key-points and hold them until the main army arrives. The Germans are anxiously wondering which of these two purposes is uppermost in the mind of the French General Staff. Some of them are inclined to attach a sinister significance to the words with which, in the French Parliament, the Government spokesman justified the transformation of the cavalry: "The mechanization of the army is at the present day decisive. Thanks to our system of roads, it makes possible a rapid and secret concentration of troops and material. Secret concentration offers a possibility of taking the enemy by surprise." Surprise is of great value in defense, especially in the counterstroke, but its customary use is, above all, in the offensive.

GOERING, BLOMBERG, AND GERMANY'S STRATEGY

What chance would the Germans have of meeting French offensive, and how far are they capable of being a threat to the wall of defense with which France is so feverishly surrounding herself? Most people realize that the German military forces today are very different from what were contemplated by the makers of the Versailles Peace Treaty. But the uncertainty that, like a cloud, has hung over the German military situation has tended to make the British and American peoples, concerned with their own less military affairs, forget the glimpses that have occasionally been afforded. Such glimpses have been partial, owing to the pre-

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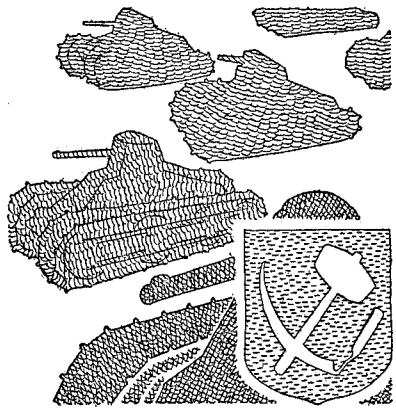
cautions taken, and they have become rarer under the stringent control of the Nazi régime.

By the Treaty of Versailles, the strength of the German army was fixed at 100,000 men. And to prevent its expansion in case of war from a large reservoir of trained reserves, long service was prescribed, the period being fixed at twelve years. Nevertheless, it is known that the army authorities have allowed engagements of six years or less, thus increasing the output of men who are all, because of their high level of training, capable of acting as instructors. They form a frame upon which a large new pattern could be speedily woven—there is an interesting contrast between the static "frame" on which the French rely for their defense, and the living frame that the Germans have created for their restoration. The human material for such an expansion lies ready at hand in the semi-military associations which have sprouted since the War, and now, above all, in the Nazi militia. Training of a kind has been carried out for years despite the spasmodic protests of the treaty-making Powers. To study the records of the protests, assurances of discontinuance, renewed protests, and renewed assurances, is an exercise in ironical humor.



Since the French evacuated the Rhineland, the cloak of pretense has been dropped. In 1931 Hitler himself declared, "The first goal to attain is the overthrow of France. We shall have available for this war the men of our storm troops and those of the Stahlhelm." The attainment of power and responsibility may have had a sobering effect on him, but it is natural that the French, who have long memories, should remember his words. And it is clear that the military provisions have already been developed. The new organization, begun in 1932, of German youths into groups for military instruction was in open disregard of Article 177 of the Peace Treaty. It is evident that there are at least a million men, and probably more, who are now prepared by training for service. And if we remember that by the intensive methods developed in the war new recruits can be adequately trained in six weeks, we can safely deduce that even this delay would not be necessary before the already part-trained German youths took their place among the first-line troops.

But to any one who appreciates the main lesson of modern warfare—the superiority of mechanical firepower over mere man-power—the potential size of the German army appears of less significance than its armament.

Without heavy artillery, tanks, and aircraft, such an army would have little chance of taking the offensive successfully against France, and all the less since the construction of the fortified barrier. It might, on the other hand, be able to encroach over the Polish frontier, occupy the Corridor by surprise, and then defy ejection—so long as it had sufficient machine-guns. The most certain and comprehensive evidence of progress in re-armament is provided by the proportion of the military budget devoted to material. In 1931, it amounted to some $30,000,000 which was nearly 60 per cent of what had been spent in 1913, although it had then to provide for a peacetime strength five times as large and a mobilizable strength about forty times as large. This certainly seems curious in an army which does not have to maintain the most expensive weapons—heavy guns and tanks, and aircraft.

It would appear from certain commercial papers that, several years ago, various German factories were manufacturing for sale abroad types of arms that the German army was legally debarred from possessing. It is natural to assume a surplus for home consumption. In small arms there is no longer an attempt to hide the fact of increases beyond the Treaty standard. Over a year ago the German army orders announced a reorganization by which the scale of light machine-guns in the infantry was increased by 50 per cent.

On maneuvers, also, there have been seen anti-tank guns and anti-aircraft guns complete in detail, including the sights, save that they were fitted with a wooden barrel. Substitution would be simple. Such a device, which allowed them to keep the letter of the Treaty, has its amusing side. Dummy tanks also take a regular part in maneuvers, and are manned by motor-transport personnel, who thus exercise a tactical training somewhat outside the sphere of their normal supply duties. Coincidentally, there has been a large manufacture of caterpillar tractors. It should not be difficult to provide armor-plate.

While the military budget has long been high in proportion to the ostensible size of the army, there has been a great increase in the past two years. It suffices to suggest that re-armament is proceeding apace, even if the details are hidden by a veil that is thicker than ever. In all but the largest weapons the German army is probably as well equipped today as any in Europe, and far better than most. But whether she could take the field with the requisite endowment of heavy guns and tanks is questionable. Even if the machines exist, and picked personnel have received some training in their use, this is a different thing from the unrestricted

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exercise on practice ranges and in large-scale maneuvers that the heavy gunners and tankmen of the "unlimited" armies have enjoyed.

If the French were to march into Germany, with the intention of re-occupying the Rhineland, I believe that the German military forces at the present moment are capable of bringing them to a halt, and even of making them pay dearly for their incursion. But I doubt the practicability of any German offensive against France, or the possibility that they might attempt such a stroke—although a number of Frenchmen seem to fear it.

Such an idea takes too little account of the part that the conflict between certain schools of war has played in refashioning German military ideas since the war. The first that rose to power was the school of General von Seeckt, the man who recreated the German army from the wreckage of the war, as well as the man who, in the war, had been the guiding brain behind Mackensen's deadly strokes against Russia and Serbia.

Seeckt was the first prominent General in Europe, save for Ian Hamilton in England, to proclaim the superiority of quality to quantity, and the value of a small but highly mobile force against heavier masses. The compulsory reduction of the German army to a small scale may have helped to accelerate his conversion, but within a short time he had certainly formed the Reichswehr into a force that was intrinsically much superior to the "militia" army into which the French had relapsed.

His views did not command universal favor among German soldiers, many wedded to the past, and with his removal in 1926, through a political slip, other ideas made headway. They were assisted by the change in Germany's position which gave rise to hopes of recovered power and increased forces. General von Hammerstein, the late head of the Reichswehr, represented the powerful body of opinion which clung to the old doctrine of the offensive and the belief that the "big battalions" were still the most important element, which it should be Germany's aim to recreate. A more realistic school of thought was represented by General von Blomberg, who commanded in East Prussia and became Germany's chief military representative at the Disarmament Conference. Barely fifty, he was younger than his French or British compeers, and from his experience of the war had learnt to question the soundness of the offensive doctrine, and to uphold instead the tactics of the maneuvering defensive based on mobility and designed to lure the assailant into a trap.

When the Nazis came to power, their militia composition and their very appeal to the masses seemed to suggest that the scales would turn in favor of a military doctrine of mass and the offensive. But the first thing that happened in the military sphere was that Blomberg was appointed War Minister, while soon after, Hammerstein was superseded in command of the Reichswehr. The changes may have been due to causes unconnected with military theory, but their effect upon it can hardly be insignificant. I cannot see a German army under Blomberg's régime butting its head against a stone wall, especially if there are opponents who are willing to pursue their old theories—into a pit.

Of still greater significance, however, is what may now be termed the school of General Goering. A war-airman himself, he has given an immense impulsion to a process that had already gone far, and has the ideas to direct it into the natural channel of strategy. Under enforced abstinence from military aviation, Germany has long since grown more air-minded than any other country. And in her development of civil aviation one can easily see a recognition of the value of types which are potentially first-rate military machines. Such a machine as the Heinkel 70, which recently flew from Berlin to Seville in eight hours, is easily convertible into a high-speed long-range bomber that could outstrip any of the standard French pursuit machines. The four-engined Junkers G.38 carries thirty-four passengers on the German airways but has been adopted by the Japanese forces for less peaceful purpose. It is by no means the only German civil machine that figures in the military air services of other countries. They only need to be fitted with machine-guns and bomb-racks, and the manufacturers are adepts in this adaptation. Some of the new "sports models" for private owners would, similarly, serve as pursuit machines of high efficiency.

From all indications the German aircraft industry is admirably up to date in the design of high performance military aircraft. And there is no reason to think that German pilots are inexperienced in the military handling of such machines. In the past, treaty difficulties were evaded by establishing a tactical training school for German pilots on Russian territory. Once the Nazi régime was established, there was no serious difficulty in transferring such training to German aerodromes. And it has become clear that a vast reserve of volunteer pilots and mechanics is being rapidly formed—around a strong professional nucleus. For each year considerable numbers of officers have disappeared from the Army List to reappear a few years later with the sign that they are qualified pilots.

Here in embryo—at least—is an air force that can hop over the Chinese Wall of France, and drop its "eggs" on Paris. It would have a still shorter distance to travel in order to reach the industrial centers of Lorraine, just beyond the wall. And it might paralyze the mobilization of the French armies as well as the munition and political centers upon which those armies depend.

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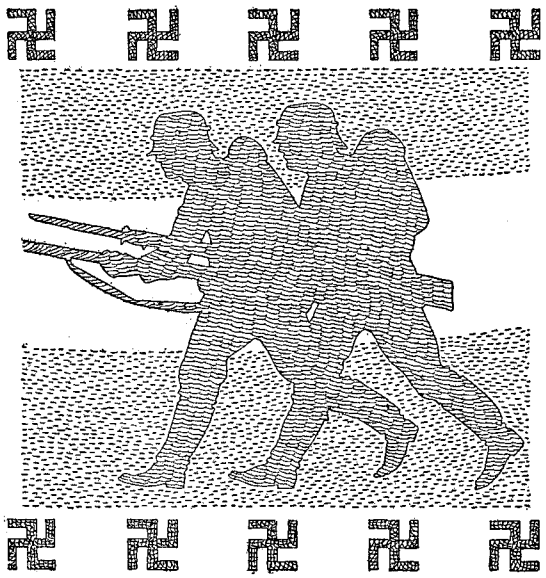
Whether the German air force would be strong enough to strike as deadly blows at France as the French might deal to Germany is a moot point. The acceleration of its growth is so rapid that the widest, and wildest, estimates prevail. All that one can say is that time is likely to run in favor of Germany—because her air development is based on a broader and more solid civil foundation.



IS FRANCE OR GERMANY MORE VULNERABLE?

The respective vulnerability of the two countries would be an important factor. In weighing the issue of any future struggle in the air, lesser vulnerability must be balanced against superior air strength. As between France and Germany, the latter has the disadvantage of offering more important targets, in the industrial areas of the Ruhr and the Rhineland, than France. But with one exception—Paris itself. It is the very heart of France, a more vital organ than any other capital, even London. So Napoleon I found to his cost in 1814, and so in 1870 did the people who had shed Napoleon III. To reduce the vulnerability of France by diminishing the war-status of Paris would seem a more urgent task for the French than the building of any Chinese Wall. It is not only a political nerve-center; for at present the military and munitions establishments, and particularly the air factories, of France are too closely concentrated around Paris. The need of making preparations to move the seat of government from Paris to a place in the central depths of France—Vichy has been mentioned—in case of war, has already been recognized. But the moving of factories is a lengthy process that can only be done in time of peace, before there is any danger of sudden demolition by hostile aircraft.

Another factor which weighs against the French is the burden of their old military theory of war—the 1918 theory. It may prove a paralytic theory in face of a country where younger men with newer ideas have grasped the reins of government. Moreover, the French army is in a sense a handicap on the power of its own air force. For, whatever reliance the French come to place in their air force, they are unlikely to free themselves from a superstitious faith in the military and political insurance policy provided by a large conscript army. The mobilization of such an army, with all its ramifications, throws an immense strain on the rail and road communications of a country, and its distributive system. Hostile air attack may easily produce a state of hopeless congestion.

The danger comes not merely from regular air forces. The growth of private flying, which is so marked in Germany, is raising a new specter—that of irregular preys and locust-like attacks by swarms of private airplanes piloted by ardent young patriots with a spice of military training and a recklessness of death. Such attacks might inflict less injury in proportion to the number of machines than those carried out by regular bombing formations. And they might also pay more dearly for their intrusion. But quantity would be likely to compensate their technical defects. The power of air defense is still far inferior to that of land defense. If the quantity of private aircraft was large enough, it might spread panic and paralysis over large stretches of the enemy's countryside.

The very eagerness with which the French have urged the internationalization of civil air transport, as a means of diminishing the danger from Germany's militarily convertible air liners, suggests that they have overlooked the newer menace that lies in Germany's multiplying swarm of privately owned machines.

ITALY'S SURPRISING AIR POWER

The effect of such a threat would be immensely increased if Italy should throw her weight into the scales against France. For here is a regular air force that by itself comes far nearer to balancing the French than any comparison of numbers would show. Its high quality is one of the most potent achievements of the Fascist régime. The Italian air arm, so far as it existed, was fit only for the scrapheap when Mussolini came to power. But he was quick to grasp the transcendent importance of the air in the future European balance of armed strength. And with his support, Balbo's enthusiasm and energy created in an amazingly short time an air force that surpassed any other on the Continent in quality, and inferior only to the French in quantity. When I visited it in 1927, soon after seeing the French, the efficiency of the machines and the way they were kept impressed me greatly. So did the fact that staff officers at the Air Ministry made a practice of carrying out "flying" visits of inspection to distant air centers in storms and gales that would have amply justified a safer journey by train!

The Italian army has also made progress, especially

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in morale—the spirit of the troops as well their physical fitness and endurance impressed me wherever I saw them during my tour. If the material progress of the army is less marked than that of the air force, three factors help to explain it. First, the Italian Government has preferred, wisely, to devote its attention and money to the air as the more urgent and vital sphere. Secondly, old ideas have naturally had a stronger grip on the army than in the newer service. Conditions may improve as a result of the sweeping reform of the promotion system, and purge of inefficient elderly officers, which Mussolini is now carrying out. But another obstacle, and an irremovable one, to the modernization of the army has been the mountain obstacle which surrounds the land frontiers of Italy. The Alps are a barrier to the operations of swift mechanized forces, and tanks can play only a limited part in a campaign in these regions.

These very handicaps have stimulated the growth of a theory of war which treats the air force as the chief striking arm in case of war. The army would serve as a shield, although one that could be pushed forward step by step, under cover of which the air force would deliver its offensive, striking at the vitals of the enemy country—so far as it could reach them. The air force can jump over the mountains, and over the fortified lines, which together form an immensely strong obstacle to the army's advance.

But, for this new warfare, the Italian air force is not so well supplied with targets as the French. Here lies an important strategic factor in weighing the possibilities of a conflict between the two. While the great port of Genoa and the naval base of Spezia are within easy range of the French aircraft, Marseilles and Toulon are equally accessible to the Italian. But the industrial centers of Italy also lie in the north, while those of France are well spread out: even Lyons, the nearest, is farther from the Italian aerodromes than Turin and Milan from the French.

The financial limits of Italy are also nearer. They restrict her military preparations and are a handicap in any armaments race. Already, their effect is to be seen in the air situation. The renaissance of the Italian air force reached its peak several years ago, and since then there has been little progress in re-equipping it with new types of machines. The French air renaissance has only just begun: when it reaches its peak, perhaps a year or two hence, it may regain technical superiority over the Italian besides retaining the numerical advantage.

Thus we see that the mechanization of warfare makes the military situation as shifting as the political. The development of Germany's armed strength may be offset by a reduction of Italy's, in comparison with France. Moreover, at the moment, the new diplomatic dissension between Germany and Italy, with Austria as the apple of discord, is tending to impair a combination that earlier seemed probable.

THE RED ARMY AND SOVIET DIPLOMACY

Then, on the northern horizon looms the shadow of Soviet Russia. Her ties with France have disturbed Germany, just as her closer relations with the United States have discomfited the Japanese plans in the Far East. Through the mist that envelops the Russian military preparations one can discern a formidable force. It is almost certainly true to say that the Red army is superior to the old Tsarist army, and that it has eradicated some of the defects which were a chronic cause of weakness in the latter. From the evidence of experienced eyewitnesses, it appears that the outward discipline of the Red army is as good as in the Tsarist army, and permeated by a more willing spirit. Intellectual interest among the officers, and their study of their profession, are more widespread—no army, not even the German, follows more keenly the progress of foreign developments. And although the Russians may have a long way to go before their supply organization can be assured of smooth working under the strain of war, they have eliminated the blatant corruption and profiteering which hamstrung the military effort of Russia in the Russo-Japanese War and in the World War. Here are internal changes of a large significance. Another is the creation of a tank force larger than that of any army save the French; in contrast to tradition the Russians have been quick to perceive the value of military mechanization.

But it is in the air that Soviet Russia has made the greatest strides. Even in the technical sphere she has developed farther than most observers believed possible, and report says that she is on the way to solve the apparently insoluble—the problem of producing home-trained mechanics of adequate skill. As for numbers, her air fleet has grown so rapidly that it falls little short of 3000 machines, and is likely to surpass even France in the list of the world's air strength. But, like Italy rather than France, she has little faith in the air defensive or the value of pursuit machines. Thus she has directed her efforts mainly to creating a great bombing armada, and possesses a number of exceptionally long-range machines that can carry a big load of bombs.

Such a fact has made the attitude of Russia a question that impinges on all the military calculations of the General Staffs in Western Europe. And any deductions are affected by the question of Poland's attitude. Hence the diplomatic maneuvering that is so actively in progress. Surveying the European situation as a whole, one is inclined to say that its very instability is at present its main factor of stability—for the uncertainty as to how the several countries might be aligned

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is a check on any one of them pressing an aggressive policy. Friction is so intense that, if they once crystallized into solid armed groups, an explosion might hardly be averted.

BRITAIN—WITH THE CONTINENT NO LONGER ISOLATED

It has been Britain's traditional rôle to maintain the balance—by persuasion and, in the last resort, by throwing her weight into the scales. Today, the way she has weathered the economic crisis, her latent power, and her desire for peace, help to inspire respect for her voice. There is, however, a hollow ring in the note—because of her existing weakness to follow up her words with action. In part, this is due to the way her military and naval forces have been cut down. But it is also due to certain unavoidable but vital changes in the conditions of warfare, which impose a handicap that no restoration of her armed strength could remove. Only a further development in the scientific apparatus of war can change it radically.

For the present situation is that the advent of air power, by spanning the narrow channel that separates her from the Continent, has abolished her comfortable seclusion. London, port and capital combined, has become the most vulnerable as well as the largest of targets to any foreign air force that lies within range. Another great port, Southampton, is little farther removed from the German aerodromes, and nearer to the French. Nor is that all. Britain's main trade route from the East runs for two thousand miles through a sea, the Mediterranean, that has been shrunk to a channel by the growth of aircraft, and is overshadowed throughout long stretches by the wings of foreign air forces, able to operate from shore bases.

What of Britain's own forces? The air force has been raised slowly in strength, but so slowly that it has slipped down the comparative scale and now stands only sixth in the list of the world's air powers. That deficiency in numbers, however, is partly offset by high technical efficiency; this qualitative superiority is such that under similar geographical conditions it could probably hold its own with the French, more than double its numbers. But the geographical handicap is not equal. A large part of the British air force is necessarily stationed in the East for policing the Empire, and foreign air bases lie astride the air routes to England, threatening them with interruption. Moreover, England itself has a notoriously temperamental climate. This may assist the development of piloting skill, but it discourages the growth of civil flying. Worse still, the advent of the air age has brought England back geographically to that outskirt position in which she lingered until the discovery of America. And there she is likely to remain until transatlantic flying becomes normal, suffering meanwhile the handicap of being an outlying terminus of the European airways instead of a focal center where air routes converge. It is difficult to build a broad civil foundation for air strength on an extremity.

The British army scarcely counts in the European scales. It might, if its small force was converted into a mechanized force that could intervene rapidly and act with rapidity in support of associated powers on the Continent. That promise was held out some ten years ago, when the British took the lead in developing the idea of mechanized warfare and also in the design of mechanized vehicles. But the British army as a whole clung to its old traditions and form; thus, in the last year or two, other armies, profiting by the ideas and experiments, have begun to outstrip the British in actual mechanization.

Britain's old command of the sea is limited not merely by treaty, but, still more, by the new developments of warfare. In the last war the Grand Fleet, favored by the geographical fact that Great Britain lies like a breakwater across the North Sea, was able to keep Germany's surface craft imprisoned—but was itself imprisoned by the submarine menace and was helpless to shield Britain's own commerce—as Admiral Jellicoe confessed in a desperate memorandum of April, 1917. The situation was saved by the adoption of the convoy system, forced on the Admiralty against its stubborn opposition. But now to the submarine is added the airplane—and the addition of one and one here counts far more than two.

But on top of these a new menace is now developing. This is a surface craft—the speed boat. If it promises to counteract the submarine danger to commerce in the narrow seas, it threatens a worse danger than the submarine ever offered. To the development of such craft, British ideas have notably contributed, but it has been left for other navies—among them the French, Italian, German, and Russian—to interest themselves in its potentialities for future warfare. Already on the horizon are 60 m.p.h. speedboats armed with torpedoes; so fast and showing so little above the water that no gun can hope to hit them except by a fluke; so agile that the airplane, because of its wide turning circle, will find them a baffling target; so seaworthy that rough weather will not prevent them operating. It is even probable that, in delivering their attacks, these new mosquito-craft may be guided by wireless from a distance, thus eliminating not merely the crew but the factor of human nerves.

Several hundred of such craft launched at a battle fleet would be an incomparably greater menace than that offered by a handful of submarines in the last war —paralyzing as these proved. But the prospect of strangling the flow of sea-borne commerce would be greater still.

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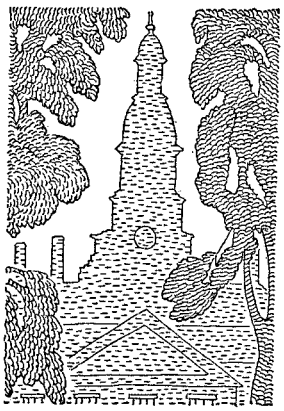
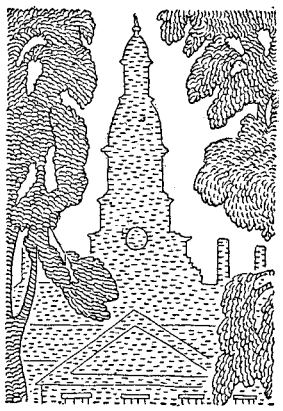


Human Waste in the Colleges

By John R. Tunis



More sensational in implication than its famed report on college athletics is the new study by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. This is the first of two articles interpreting and presenting the major conclusions of the six-year investigation

IF you are the usual college graduate, interested only in your alma mater during the fall of the year, and then only to the extent that her name appears in the sporting pages of the daily press, this article is not for you. Read no farther. If, however, you are one of those citizens dimly aware that there is something wrong with an educational system which turns out thousands of degree-holders and only a few educated men and women, you are urged to proceed.

Several years ago, when football was of more importance in the scheme of things than it seems to be at present, the Carnegie Foundation made a report on college athletics in general and that sport in particular, which was known colloquially as *Bulletin 23*. This document was so accurate, so comprehensive, so devastating and so critically constructive, that it was universally read with approval. And then ignored. The Foundation now has in hand and is about to make public another and far more ambitious undertaking called *A Study of the Relation of Secondary and Higher Education*.

If that sounds dull the fault is due to the title, which can hardly be said to err on the side of sensationalism. For this project, commonly known through the educational world as the "Pennsylvania Study," is one of the most important and vital documents of contemporary American life. It is exciting, it is thrilling in the best sense of that overabused word; more thrilling by far than the bulletin on athletics, just as real education is more vital and more thrilling than sport, just as life is more exciting than games.

The idea was born at a meeting of the Association of College Presidents of the State of Pennsylvania, in 1926. A committee was appointed from the association and one from the Pennsylvania State Department of Public Instruction. Commissions as a rule die of inertia. That this one did not was due to the energy and persistence of Doctor James N. Rule, Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction. An appeal to the Carnegie Foundation for assistance was met by assigning Doctor William S. Learned of their staff, who had just completed a study of education abroad, to head the investigation. Among the colleges co-operating were: Albright, Allegheny, Bucknell, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Cedar Crest, Dickinson, Drexel Institute, Duquesne, Franklin and Marshall, Geneva, Grove City, Gettysburg, Haverford, Juniata, Lafayette, LaSalle, Lebanon Valley, Lehigh, Lincoln, Moravian, Pennsylvania State, Saint Francis, Saint Thomas, Schuylkill, Susquehanna, Temple, University of Delaware, University of Pennsylvania, University of Pittsburgh, Ursinus, Villanova, Washington and Jefferson, Waynesburg, Westminster, and Wilson.

Included also were eighteen public-school systems, one as large as Pittsburgh, which undertook to assist. Now Pennsylvania, educationally speaking, is a self-contained State. The majority of students graduating from high schools who expose themselves to further education attend Pennsylvania colleges. Moreover, the State may be said to be a cross section of American education, containing as it does large state universities, privately endowed colleges, and technical institutions. For this reason the Study assumes special importance.

Co-operating in the work were some sixty assistants, as well as several hundred teachers, instructors, and professors. The study lasted over a period of six years. Under that foreboding title, it went into the whole question of the relation between secondary and higher education, its defects and remedies; the advisory system in colleges as well as other parts of a correlated whole. One of the most interesting phases is the answer it may be said to furnish to a question which for many years

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has been troubling a host of graduates, undergraduates, teachers, and parents of prospective students in the colleges of the United States. That question can be stated broadly, Is college worth while?

How was the survey carried out? By what means was it possible to form any positive conclusion upon such a debatable subject as the value of a college education? Well, in May, 1928, some 27,000 seniors about to graduate from high schools in the State of Pennsylvania were given certain tests. In October of that year the 49 colleges co-operating were requested to follow throughout their college career, with similar tests, all students who had been tested in high school. If you are one of those who spent four years of life's brief span in an American university, you will be saddened when you learn what has passed for education in our great land. I doubt whether you will be surprised.

Properly to visualize the Study, you must understand the nature of the tests. The examinations most of us knew in college consisted of four or five questions in each course: "Write a brief essay on Leonardo and the Italian Renaissance," or, "Give an account of the principal parties since the Constitutional Convention of 1787." Marking such examinations became more or less a personal matter: no two teachers read a book in the same way. Or gave the same grade. Consequently a different form of tests had to be devised in which the teacher played no part whatsoever.

II

Such an examination is the so-called new-type test, given in many colleges to the freshmen and subsequent classes by those conducting the survey. These tests consist of several hundred questions on various subjects, usually as many as two or three hundred to a single phase of education. Says the report: "The chief characteristic of this sort of tests inheres in the relatively large sampling, in a given field, of items of knowledge that must be accurately recognized. None of these items are such as would be familiar through iteration: as 1492, 1776. A few, such as the authorship of important works, can be answered by association—if the association exists. But the majority are such as require a definite knowledge of the relations in which the item occurs."

Now these questions, to which the answer is sometimes a yes or no, sometimes the underlining of a single word, or the writing of a plus or minus sign, can be replied to as fast as you can write. Hence a vast amount of one subject can be covered, thus providing a comprehensive test of what the student has or has not learned during his college course. Moreover, inasmuch as the answers are yes or no, any one with a key can check and correct an examination paper so that subjective differences of the examiner are eliminated. Every paper receives precisely the same grade no matter how many times it is marked by different examiners.

The Pennsylvania Study, then, concerns itself with the vast problem of present methods of high school instruction, admission to college, and particularly, this part with which we are dealing, the teaching and training of students throughout four years of higher education. It has tried to discover whether the American college, as typified by these 49 Pennsylvania institutions, trains minds, or whether it feeds the student facts for four years and then hands him a degree; a method which might be called the instalment plan of collecting a certain number of unrelated units. It is this system on which most graduates were admitted to college and received—or did not receive—a degree. It is an easy way to grade a student, one be it noted that is followed nowhere outside our own country. Is it the correct method? Does it train a man to think? Does it teach him to exercise his faculties? In short: is college worth while? This question the Pennsylvania Study is attempting to answer.

The answer was given, unfortunately with some completeness, by the Tests. In order to show you what they were like, I am appending ten different questions from three sections of the General Culture Test, the examination in Foreign Literature, Fine Arts, and History. They were all to be answered with a plus sign if true, or with a minus sign if false.

QUESTIONS

Ancient Greek tragedy was more nearly like our grand opera than like our drama.

Alexandre Dumas' historical novels were the product of years of careful study of contemporary documents.

Flaubert's novels emphasize scrupulous observation, but pay little attention to artistic form.

Romain Rolland is anti-chauvinistic in his writings.

Anatole France drops his irony when writing about religion.

The style of Marcel Proust is less involved than that of Paul Valéry.

Arthur Schnitzler excels in the presentation of erotic themes.

The Talmud is a collection of commentaries on the laws and customs of the Jews.

The Hindus had no dramatic literature until modern times.

The Chinese have a well-developed art of the theatre.

Now for the Fine Arts test.

True Roman buildings never have domes.

Bridges, like roads, present no architectural problem.

Most cubist paintings are very dull in color.

The Greeks often painted their statues.

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Michelangelo's statues show that he had a deep knowledge of muscular anatomy.

Leonardo da Vinci's scientific observations were intimately allied to his art.

A figure standing with heels together is more suggestive of equipoise and artistic balance than a figure standing with one foot placed a little in advance of the other.

The violin was perfected later than the piano.

Beethoven wrote no string quartets.

Mozart composed much music involving thunderous crashing chords and abrupt transitions.

And here are some of the questions in history:

Slavery was an important institution in Athens.

Rome is a seaport.

The baths furnished a meeting place for Roman society of the Empire.

Rome never conquered the whole of present day France.

Most of the Armenians are Christians.

The potato was introduced into the New World from the Old.

The British East India Company was responsible for the conquest and government of India for over two centuries.

Napoleon's colonial enterprises were on the whole successful.

The Dreyfus case was a battle ground between the clerical and anti-clerical as well as between the military and anti-military parties in France.

Although the development of the corporation in America has distributed the legal ownership of industry, it has tended to concentrate its economic control.

These I take to be average questions; some were harder, others easier. They formed part of the Test of 1930 which was given sophomores in forty-five colleges in Pennsylvania. Six of these colleges gave it not merely to sophomores but to the entire student body. In all 8681 undergraduates participated. The Test included an intelligence test similar to that given in many modern secondary schools, and a general culture test, of which the Report says:

"The knowledge required for success in this section of the test would nowhere appear as organized college courses. The questions were prepared, however, by experienced university teachers with the avowed purpose of testing such knowledge as one would expect to find increasing from year to year as the result of reading and study both within and without the limit of formal courses. The examination is believed to offer a fair measure of the permanent increment, the effective accumulations, attributable to a student's desire really to assimilate the ideas that constitute an academic education as contrasted with the urge merely to possess a degree as the result of having secured credits in a sufficient number of courses."

What were the results of the Test?

III

In the six colleges which gave the Test to the entire undergraduate body, the results were remarkably uniform, and a typical example of this group is given in detail below, with scores made by all four classes in the various subjects given. It is an interesting and provocative study.

	FRESHMAN	SOPHOMORE	JUNIOR	SENIOR
Intelligence test	56	57	57	58
English total	227	218	211	221
Spelling	31	30	28	30
Grammar	30	31	29	29
Punctuation	31	29	29	31
Vocabulary	60	58	58	58
Literature	73	71	70	72
Mathematics	53	52	51	49
General Culture total	265	285	302	289
General Science	74	77	87	86
Foreign Literature	58	64	69	68
Fine Arts	56	55	59	60
History and Social Studies	81	81	80	79

The maximum possible score was different in each subject and, since the test had not previously been standardized, is unimportant; it is the rise or fall from class to class which counts.

By comparing the first column, that of the freshmen, with the last, that of the seniors, you get the conclusions reached, in a startling manner. The four years they had spent in college had done a good deal toward making them uneducated men! Not only on the whole was there no real advance by the seniors, but in some subjects, spelling, for instance, and English literature, the seniors actually knew less than the sophomores! If one goes to a college for an education the Test furnishes an unpleasant answer to the question before us

But is this one institution typical of others throughout the State? Yes; it seems to illustrate a condition that may occur anywhere. The college has no objective standard of knowledge for its seniors as compared with freshmen. We have always assumed the former knew more than the latter; apparently the college demands nothing of the sort. Actually it only asks the student to collect a certain number of points in various courses. In the General Culture Test 30 per cent of all seniors in the six colleges were below the freshman average. A significant fact when one considers that the freshman class includes many who were soon weeded out, whereas the seniors were students who for three years had obtained the official sanction of the authorities and were about to receive a degree!

More facts about the Test. A number of senior honor students remembered nothing of simple algebraic formulas learned as freshmen. Possibly some retrogression in an exact and precise science such as mathematics is understandable, but once again the lack of any cultural advance in vocabulary is difficult to explain away. If the findings of the Test are correct in this case, a college

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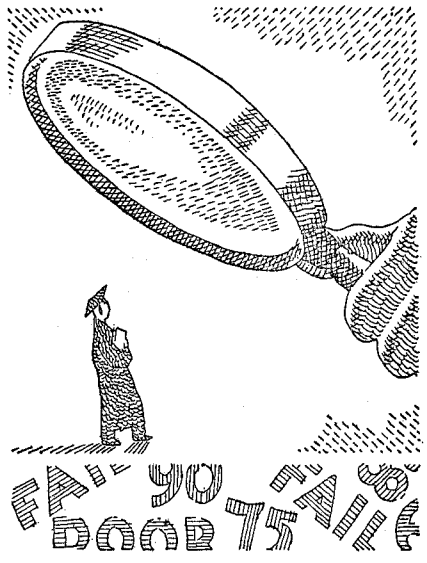
education sets no standard even in the acquisition of a vocabulary, and inasmuch as one cannot very well read without obtaining a knowledge of words, the results are significant.



The average senior in six colleges recognized only 61 words out of 100 words "in familiar use by educated people," as compared with 56 recognized by freshmen, showing plainly the poverty of undergraduate speech, and indicating a dearth of general reading among the student body at large. One senior knew but 23 words out of 100, was ignorant of words as common as inert, lenient, baffle, and immerse. Another senior with an average score thought that the word 'benighted' meant 'weary,' that 'spurious' meant 'foamy,' and that 'recreant' meant 'diverting.' Yet these were students about to join the fellowship of educated men! "Possibly," Doctor Learned remarks, "the fact that he takes the word 'assiduous' to mean 'foolish' may help to explain his case."

The scores were astounding enough. But were they conclusive? Possibly not, by themselves. In 1928, remember, 27,000 high school students in the State were tested; in 1930, the students who had been tested and later entered Pennsylvania colleges were again examined as sophomores. Two years later the test was given to the same group as seniors. Thus three checks were provided after two-year intervals in a student's educational development. Or lack of it. By these tests given to seniors about to graduate from higher institutions, answers were given to several questions which the Study summarizes as follows: "What gain is there in basal knowledge as the result of four years of college training? What does the baccalaureate mind actually contain?"

IV

It is well to bear in mind that these tests were given not to measure what the student had done in the classroom, but whether he had acquired an educational development suited to his need, and to what extent that equipment had been effected during his stay in college. The questions represented "2800 separate opportunities skilfully distributed so as to represent all parts of the various fields of knowledge in which from childhood the student had been working. To acquire the knowledge he must have studied, repeated, and thought about it until it means something to him, and will 'flow' for him, that is, will occur to him spontaneously as he needs it. It makes no difference to the test that he may have 'taken' things a dozen times; if he hasn't thought about them and actually put them into his current stock of ideas, he loses."

The results show, for the first time in precise terms, how small the knowledge factor is in a college education, and how largely an experience which we thought measured intellectual progress is based on mere passage of time and formal routine. There was a general average gain everywhere over the period tested, but the gain was relatively slight because of the large number of stationary scores or positive losses. For example, in 1930, the average sophomore in Pennsylvania colleges knew 55 words out of 100: in 1932, he had added only seven words to his score. A painfully moderate increase, intellectually speaking. Whereas there were actually many individuals who recognized fewer words as seniors than as sophomores!

One-fourth of the college population, seniors about to graduate, achieved scores lower than 30 per cent of the high school seniors four years younger. There was a general cultural gain, but it was by no means an amazing one, nor one we have a right to expect in view of the time and effort expended by both the undergraduates and their instructors. Gains during two years of study that raise a score of 92 points out of 292 in science, to 104; and 77 points out of 346 in social studies to 96, are not excessive. Does it not seem unbelievable that two years' constant activity with books should enable the average college senior to recognize only 62 words out of 100, as compared with 55 he knew two years before?

The table below is worth your attention. In the first column is the total number of questions in each subject, in the second the average score in each subject, while the third column shows the average gain of the 2800 students tested.

Gains in Achievement Scores, 1930–32

TEST	TOTAL NUMBER OF QUESTIONS	AVERAGE 1930	AVERAGE GAIN 1930–32
Otis Intelligence	75	58.	3.3
Spelling	50	26.	2.6
Grammar	50	27.	2.5
Punctuation	50	27.	1.5
Vocabulary	100	55.	6.6
Literature	200	70.	8.1
Mathematics	210	77.3	.9
Foreign Literature	333	57.2	14.8
Fine Arts	251	54.2	10.3
History and Social Studies	346	77.3	18.9
General Science	292	92.4	12.1
Total Number of Cases	2830		

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It cannot be said that the undergraduates of every institution tested did badly. On the contrary, many did well. Are you by any chance a graduate of, or connected with Lehigh, at South Bethlehem, Pa.? If so, you may be proud, even though that college furnished no candidates for last season's all-American football team. Lehigh did something better. If the Test is any criterion, it produces educated men.

Of the 179 seniors tested at Lehigh, 168 or 94 per cent made better scores as seniors than as sophomores. The majority did far better than this. Only two actually fell off in the two-year interval. Here is a curious fact. Lehigh is an engineering college, yet a large proportion of the senior engineers made their greatest gains in English literature. Thus betraying an intellectual quickening not only in their own field but in non-allied subjects also. Apparently this college is doing a first-class job of turning out men who have been tainted with an education.

In general those colleges which were educational institutions, and not specialists in sport, did well. On the other hand, the results may furnish us with a hint or two for the recent collapse in American industry. By their showing in one institution, less than 15 per cent of the students in the school of business were over the state-wide average. Business men of the future! It is fair, however, to state that other business colleges stood higher though none placed at or anywhere near the top of the list, and business students were among those making the lowest average gain over the two years. Were the small colleges enough better in the general standing to enable one to form conclusions as to their value, educationally speaking? No, because although a small college, Haverford, led the entire list with a remarkably fine showing, some small colleges were at the bottom. As a rule the larger institutions in the State placed above, or near, the state-wide average.

V

Not the least important fact brought out by the Test was the relative achievement of prospective teachers and ordinary undergraduates. Tests were given to teachers and non-teachers studying the following subjects: engineering, mathematics, ancient languages, English, natural science, history, social studies, and business administration. In every subject except the first two named, those not expecting to teach outclassed those who did. Mostly by wide margins!

The outcome in another institution is painfully illustrative of the above result. At this college 69 students of education were given the Test as sophomores and again as seniors; 30, or over two-fifths of the number, when seniors fell below their sophomore grades. Only 19, or 27 per cent, were above the state-wide average as sophomores, and only 13 as seniors. These, mind you, the men and women who will instruct Pennsylvania citizens in the high schools of the future!

The results are also painfully revealing about our football coaches. Some of us have long suspected that these gentlemen were inadequate to fill the rôle of athletic mentors to undergraduate minds; the Test confirms that suspicion. So-called teachers of health education, whom we are trying to cloak with a college degree in order to make them eligible for a position on the faculty, stood at the bottom of a list of students classified by intended occupations. Teachers as a class ranked above the state-wide average; but 101 physical directors were twice as far below this average as any other occupational group tested.

No less illuminating than the rating of teaching candidates were the comparative results of the examination as given to high school and college students. The average intelligence standing of the seniors in four typical high schools, Reading, Altoona, Elkins Park, and Wayne, was above the average of all sophomore candidates for education degrees throughout the State. In other words, these high school students as a group were of better caliber than selected students in college two years beyond them. Men and women who some day would be instructors.

The results of the Test in general culture given to high school and college seniors were also astonishing. In Fine Arts 14 per cent of the girls who were seniors in high school did better than 45 per cent of the senior women in college who got their highest score in this subject. 26 per cent of the boys in high school obtained superior marks in science to 32 per cent of the college seniors, men who received their highest score in science.

If, then, the tests were fair and valid, the answer to the question: Is college worth while for all students may be said to have been given emphatically. But are the tests sound? The results entirely trustworthy? Do they really give us a true valuation of this cross section of the American undergraduate mind of today? Are they in any way faulty? The members of the commission believe so, and indeed they themselves bring strong charges against the tests.

"The results, if negative, may be but a passing phase of the mind in question." They also point out that "the tests reveal nothing as to a person's social attitudes, or sense of values, or religious sensitiveness, or esthetic appreciation, or mental poise, or emotional stability or physical stamina." All these values, or the majority of them, are part of the make-up of an educated mind, and none of them is measured by the tests. There is also the undoubted fact that many of us do our worst on examinations, of any kind. Moreover it is often pointed out that what is termed "mere knowledge" is not in itself

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of great importance. Thus a student might conceivably obtain a high mark on the Test with an accumulation of mental wares which happened to fit, and yet remain essentially uneducated.

But as Doctor Max McConn, the dean of Lehigh, says—with the record of his institution behind him he can well afford to joke—"Does this concession nullify the Test? Does it admit a valid plea in extenuation for seniors who are ignoramuses and the colleges that produce them?"

Hardly. And as the Study points out, in the interpretation of the tests it was not hoped to discover what the student accepted or rejected from certain courses, but to reveal the sum total of his experience with the ideas involved in each field tested. This shifts the emphasis from teacher to student. The final results are not what the teacher thinks or marks; but constitute an index of the student's complete intellectual life up to the time the tests are given.

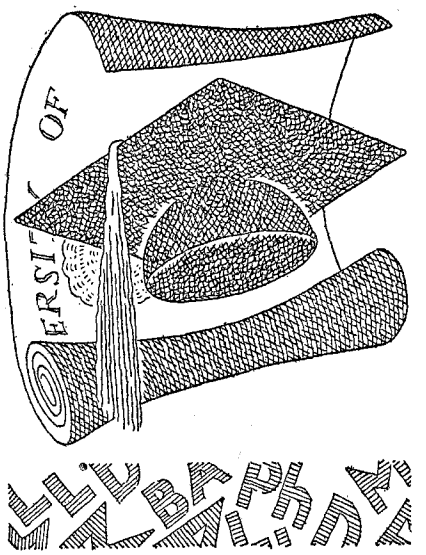
Now a college education at present, even in the most humble institution of learning, costs each student between four and five thousand dollars. The amount the majority of undergraduates in Pennsylvania appear to have added to the total of their intellectual life in relation to such an enormous sum of money is surely disappointing.

VI

Where does the fault lie? With the students themselves? The teachers? Or the college administration?

The Study places the blame for the present state of higher education in this country on none of those named; but rather on the so-called credit system, one germane to the colleges and universities of the United States. This system whereby one takes a certain number of courses and receives a fixed number of points for every course passed, automatically entitles one to a degree when the necessary number of points are acquired.

The result is that as soon as a student passes a course, directly he knows he has obtained his passing mark and credit in a subject, he feels he is through with it for good. There is no impulsion or desire on his part to proceed further, to master the subject more fully, no stimulus toward self-education, which after all is the best education. No wonder the seniors did badly in the Test. There was no well-thought-out or co-ordinated plan in their college course; once they had finished a subject they proceeded earnestly to forget it and dashed



off at the next hurdle in the curriculum. In this connection the Study reports:

"In only a handful of our institutions, outside of our professional schools, is there such a thing as a comprehensive design towards which a student shall work, or are the unit parts of his so-called education ever brought together, integrated, and tested as a coherent intellectual achievement. He leaves high school or college with his little bag of unrelated parts under his arm—the dwindling remnants of his various courses; if he is to put any of them together in working order he must do so alone or in a later institution."

As showing how the credit system works out with individuals, how far it comes from appraising correctly the intellectual contents of the undergraduate mind, and also how imperfectly it functions in helping him really to educate himself, several instances brought out by the tests will suffice. In one of the most reputable colleges of the state was a boy who, except for a high mark in history, had failed or received D's in the rest of his courses for three years, and been demoted from the junior to the sophomore class. When the Test was given he stood at the top by a large margin. Why had he failed in college? Because although he had done a wide and vast amount of reading, he had not conformed to the college requirements for class attendance. His low marks were due not to stupidity, but to non-conformity with class regulations; he later graduated with good marks in his proper class.

In another college a young woman about to receive a *magna cum laude* degree took the Test and stood fifth from the bottom in a class of 48, and in the lowest 10 per cent of the State. It appeared on investigation that she was well known as a credit hunter, ambitious, eager to please her teachers, that she took mainly courses that were easy and in which she was able to obtain good marks. Here was a student about to graduate with honors who should really have been refused a degree!

As long as the pupil continues to satisfy the college requirements, does the reading, and passes his examinations, the teacher is satisfied. No attempt is made to discover whether he is taking advantage of his opportunities, whether he is on the road to becoming an educated man. During an inquiry into the causes of a boy's low marks in biology, a teacher explained: "The boy is careless and inattentive. He doesn't do his assignments on time and hates to study. The other day when he was supposed to be doing his biology, I

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found him in the library reading Darwin's *Origin of Species.*"

Just so long as the credit system remains in American education, so long may we expect things of this sort to happen, and the same sort of results as were revealed by the Tests.

VII

According to the findings of the Study many students took and doubtless are taking degrees from Pennsylvania colleges who should not even have been admitted as freshmen! And one-third of all graduates could easily be surpassed in academic knowledge by pupils in the 10th and 12th grades of secondary schools. Yet these were men and women who received an A.B. degree and were turned loose upon the world as educated citizens. If the Study has done nothing else, it has shown conclusively that the American college degree means almost nothing as a standard of educational development. A fact long suspected but never proved with any definiteness before.

What can be done? What has been done? Those who know tell you that the most hopeful thing about American education today is that it is in a state of flux. Experiment and change are in the air. This is not perhaps so helpful to the experimentees, but it will result in lasting benefit to those who come along later.

One thing seems certain, as long as we retain the credit system, tests such as these will always produce the same results. The course-credit system is the automat of American education. You put your coin, a certain number of hours per week, into the slot, and automatically out pops a credit for the course. Ten points for English A, 8 points for German B, and so forth. More than a few college authorities appreciate perfectly the drawbacks of such a plan and many are working upon a system whereby early in his career the student chooses one special field of interest, being excused from ordinary course requirements. He supplements his work by independent reading in preparation for a divisional examination at the end of his senior year in which he is tested on the work of his whole college life.

The honors plan, or the divisional idea as it is sometimes called, or modifications of it, is being tried in many colleges throughout the country. More colleges are likely to attempt it in the future. Colleges now working under some such scheme include Princeton and Harvard and Swarthmore in the East, Chicago and Minnesota in the Middle West, and one or two on the Pacific Coast. In some institutions the plan has been limited to students of high standing, men who obviously need it least, permitting low-grade students to continue playing with the course-credit system. That the plan will be extended in most colleges to include all undergraduates, thus assuring that every one to receive a degree obtains a certain standard of educational development, seems highly probable.

But although the course-credit system must and should receive no small share of the blame for the wretched showing in the Test, neither this system nor yet the college authorities are entirely responsible. One reason for the lack of a real educational atmosphere in so many institutions lies, according to the Study, in the mental caliber and the attitude of many candidates for a degree. The indiscriminate admission to college of students who lack entirely the background, the purpose, and the mental stature necessary for real intellectual achievement, not only dooms their slight efforts to failure in advance, but pulls down the standards of the entire class and the college.

In other words, the results of the Study show that we have been trying to educate many who would not and could not be educated, who had not the slightest desire for the only education a college can supply. Each fall thousands of applicants beat upon the doors of our higher institutions of learning. How can a faculty merely by entrance examinations choose those likely to benefit from the instruction to be furnished? How is an applicant to know whether or not he is, in the current term, college material? To whom can he turn for guidance? To whom can the authorities turn for support when they see fit to refuse him admission?

One part of the Study was to discover exactly what was learned at college. That question has been answered, but there remains a larger question: Should I go to college? This problem, which has been troubling hundreds of thousands of young men as they left high school (and which unfortunately did not trouble others as it should), was not shirked by those in charge. With the colleges changing their methods and with the material coming to college picked from minds who can really benefit by what they will receive, the intellectual atmosphere of our universities will be changed.

Insofar as those coming along are concerned, there is every reason to be hopeful. To them college will be worthwhile.

Next month Mr. Tunis's second article, "Who Should Go to College?" discussing the relationship of the high schools to the colleges, will appear.

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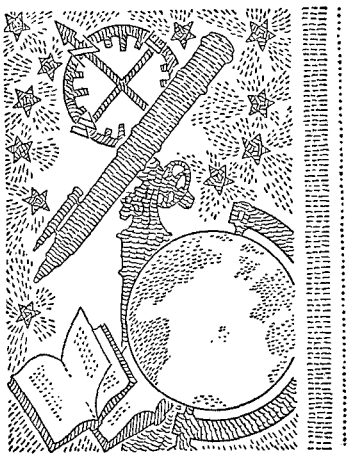
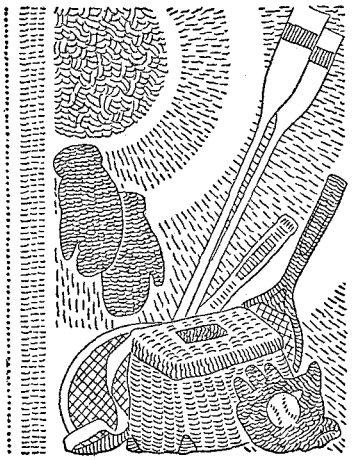


Let Us Play

By Arthur Farwell

There are many methods of having a good time. Dr. Farwell points to a few ways which many have forgotten — those enjoyments which come from our own resources



Too much of all of us goes unlived—and who is there that in his heart does not know it? It follows upon the modern, perhaps more truly the American, disease. And this sense of unlivedness necessarily associates itself with the enjoyments which we believe life might hold for us if we were free to pursue them. The question ferments just now, for even if we are not to be permitted to throw away the clock-punch and all be as happy as tramps, many of us, or some of us, according to the disportings of recent social and political evolution, are having curtailed somewhat the hours of the daily grind and thus are to be enabled to devote more time to the things we enjoy. With an increased opportunity of pursuing our heart's desires would we and our fellow slaves-of-Time do the same things as we have commonly done with such off-hours as we have had? How many, reflecting a little on this matter, would not sadly confess: we have done those things which we do not want to do, and we have left undone those things which we do want to do? For we will do numberless trivial things in the feverishness of despair that we would not do if we should consult our real desires and had in some degree a congenial opportunity in which to satisfy them. Scripture directly charges us to "rejoice evermore." Here is a conscience to prick us for the non-fulfilment of our joys, beyond the familiar one which harries us for the commission of our sins.

I am aware that this is dangerous ground, for none of us likes to have his enjoyments questioned. What would we discover if we could have a national poll on the question of how the truest enjoyment of life could be realized with some appreciable addition of spare time in the day or the week for its pursuance? Suppose the census-taker were instructed to put this question to every adult individual, and by some magical process were able to get an honest answer. What a revelation of the national character it would be! For we index and measure our real selves by our deepest and most honest desires. And these, it may be further said, are for every individual both path and spur to his greatest creative powers. And then, if these rushing millions were in fact liberated somewhat, each to put into operation the cherished program which he had communicated to the census-taker, would we not witness a transformation in the American scene beyond the prediction of any of our prophets?

The catalog of answers, then, to our hypothetical census-taker, would give us a basic chart of the entire field of cultural (and anti-cultural!) tendencies in our national democratic scheme of life. It would give us as well the quantitative proportion of these tendencies. There are activities of the body, of physical recreation, understood by all, even those who are not its devotees. In these days when the automobile has almost become an inseparable part of the physical anatomy of every individual, nearly every one engages in physical recreation. But its ramifications are very numerous, and combine at many points with mental activities which carry it far beyond mere physical exhilaration. This we see in such forms of activity as hand-craft, games of skill, in many forms of dancing. Then there are activities of the emotions and their expression which, culturally speaking, comprise the entire world of the arts. Since the birth of our many "community" art movements, largely musical and dramatic, this sphere of activities has been widely opened to the people at large, and is no longer thought of as something available only to adepts in the "fine arts." There are activities of the reasoning mind, where neither the body nor the emotions are called prominently into play. In the present age the activities of this faculty carry us naturally toward the field of science and invention. From this province psychology is not to be excluded, even if philosophy is practically dead. Psychoanalysis, or reasoning about the emotions, has latterly almost taken on the aspect of a form of national recreation. And there are activities of that mysterious higher part, the intuition, taken in its more specialized sense as the faculty of perceiving hitherto unrealized truth in spheres be-

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yond the physical. The exercise of this faculty will claim the fewest devotees, but will grip most strongly those who find this path the one they most enjoy. Its pursuit produces such quota as we have of seekers after spiritual truth, of contemplatives and seers.

Now when we have taken into account the sensing apparatus, the feeling apparatus, the reasoning apparatus and the intuiting apparatus, we have said all, except as for the will, which we can set to work in any of these spheres at pleasure. And the enjoyments of any of the activities comprehended in these spheres, separately or in combination, are open to every individual who seeks them.

The body, with its instincts and senses, would seem unquestionably to claim the great majority of people. In this sphere, then, lies the whole dominion of recreations and sports. It is a matter widely recognized by governmental agencies, federal, state and municipal, in their parks, recreation centers, golf courses and the like, as well as by social movements and organizations of many kinds, in their widespread provision for recreation, chiefly in the nature of bodily movement and exercise. We may dispute our soul and its claims, but there are few to dispute the existence and claims of the body.

The possible joys of living in the body are far-reaching indeed, but our brief, if we are to find a more individual and satisfying self-expression, must be held for living in one of the superior regions of our four-fold anatomy. Directly above the body, or should we say one degree more deeply within, lies the world of our emotions with its inconceivable gamut of sentiments, feelings, and passions. With one accord we as a nation insist upon being fed and stimulated in this glowing and dynamic part of our being. Here is the vital spot, the very turning point in our national cultural evolution as such, democratically considered. Surrounded by unfeeling machines, commerce, speed, motion, we must nevertheless continue to *feel,* in our most human selves. How have we managed to do this? Not having in ourselves the knowledge of how to engage in those activities built upon the power of expressing and appealing to the emotions, we have turned to the few who have specialized in this knowledge. We have, in short, surrendered our emotional selves to the movie and the radio. Why tax our brains and our energies to fulfil, by our own activities, this great and insistent phase of our existence, when the dime or the dollar could get somebody to do it for us? If we have craved the sense of the passion of life-conflicts, we have handed out the coin and watched the screen-shadow of somebody, somewhere, who had studied the art of acting. If we have wanted the vibrant thrill of voice or violin, we have turned the knob and the dial and listened to some one, somewhere, who had cultivated the art of music. And we have remained the same supine beings, helpless unto ourselves to these ends. Through mere passive subjection of ourselves to prevailing amusements, we have remained dead in that part of us which should be the most alive, namely, our creative faculty. But surely a nation which for the supplying of one of its most imperative needs has turned *en masse* to the artist, can no longer think of the arts, generally, as "high-brow." They have become, even if crude or debased, too much a part of the national being.

What of the vacuum in American life which movie and radio rushed in to fill? Its source and sort are worth our attention. Some years since, Langdon Mitchell, in an admirable study of "The American Malady" (the "unrest" so much discussed some fifteen years ago), put his finger with poignant accuracy on the cause of this emotional vacuum in the national life. Roughly, the line of thought which he followed was as follows. The popular life of the European countries in the last centuries had had a peculiar richness, picturesqueness, and satisfaction in the many popular recreations of an emotionally and artistically expressive character, sometimes referred to as "folk-arts." These had developed through a long period and served as a constant source of relief and enjoyment. Among them were folk-dances, folk-songs, church festivals with their pageantry, the Carnival with its kaleidoscopic panorama of colorful events, traditional plays, "house-music," and much besides. These, with many holidays for their exercise, gave the people a continual opportunity for animated participation in self-created pleasurable expressive activities. Then with the discovery of America, and especially with the long and arduous conquest of the great West, the immigrants and descendants of the early settlers lost the memory of these traditional artistic recreations, as well as the opportunity for practising them. Every energy had to be given to the conquest of the land and the securing of the means of existence. And when at length this was achieved, and prosperity made possible a degree of leisure for enjoyment, the people found themselves without these folk-arts, without the knowledge or the means of creating this emotionally colorful life of expressive activities to counterbalance the practical routine of work and commerce. Long denied by force of circumstances, the need for such a life now irresistibly reasserted itself, and without the possibility of these outlets and satisfactions, a condition of general unrest was bound to ensue. Such is the picture drawn by Mr. Mitchell, and with this in mind it will readily be seen why the American people welcomed the movie enthusiastically, plunged headlong into its sea of emotional offerings and were willing to pay such immense sums to its purveyors. And the same can be said of the radio which

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followed it up. The entertainments offered by these inventions usurped at a stroke the place which would otherwise be taken by enjoyable self-created activities. Such activities would be slow to develop, but these newly invented enjoyments were quick and handy.

There is evidence at the present time that the sheer novelty of movie and radio is wearing off, that these modes of entertainment have been exploited up to their bearing load, possibly beyond it, and are settling back to a less important place in the national life. Investigations and check-ups have recently been made in this direction which seem to indicate that many people are going back, or forward perhaps, to things which they can do themselves. The general condition of the times is probably partly accountable for this. Devastating as the depression has been, it has here and there been a blessing in disguise, and it may yet prove to be a lever helping to swing the people over to a recognition of their own limitless creative capacities. Unemployment in the large cities has been responsible for the inauguration of a number of unusual musical and dramatic undertakings, some of which are likely to carry over into a happier time. Small towns and farm communities are already showing a tendency in these directions, with the resurrection of the "Dan Tucker" and other pleasures of the barn-dance, with the development of bands and orchestras involving competitions of such organizations, the "community" production of plays and simple types of pageantry with music and dancing. Undoubtedly the introduction of these and similar activities into our schools and colleges has begun to reflect itself in the general life. These "frills of education," so violently opposed by certain reactionaries, have arisen in response to an imperative need that must be reckoned with. In this matter there is battle before us. Perhaps only through our educational system can the knowledge of how to proceed in such affairs be given back widely to the people. It may be that after all we are on the way to the implantation of folk-arts more appropriate to our needs than those which were lost in crossing the plains.

Let us assume, then, or hope at least, that we are approaching that national turning point beyond which the idea of the arts and their purpose will be less remote than they have been from the sympathies of the average American. Movie and radio, in their own peculiarly appointed way, have demonstrated to us, as a nation, that we are unwilling to live without benefit of art. That the particular way in which they have brought this truth to us is distasteful to many, is here beside the mark. And through the same agency we must also recognize the immediate relation of the arts to our emotional life. This emotion is the stuff of which the loves and hatreds of our "fever called living" are made, and made too often in disorder and chaos. Here in movie and radio, in forms of art, no longer being thus erratically lived, these passions have been selected, ordered, reviewed, reshaped in concentrated symmetries for the quickening and sustaining of our emotional organism, as food is taken for the nourishment of the body. There is this profound difference: the body *demands* its nourishment as a *necessity*—the emotional organism *desires* its nourishment as a *passion*. For this reason artists sometimes starve, while butchers and grocers seldom do.

It is in general in the sphere of the arts, then, that we think of the *cultivated* enjoyment of the emotions. And when we have recognized the bearing of this cultivation on the relation of "community" or "folk" arts to the people as a whole, we are in a position to consider the person who wishes to enter in a more intimate and individual way into the world of the arts. One must be convinced, from a host of reasons, that a genuine hunger for such closer knowledge and enjoyment of the arts is rapidly awakening in many people, young and old, in America today, and widely among persons who have had previously little opportunity for artistic contacts. For the individual who feels this drawing, but who lacks experience in this direction, the greatest difficulty, perhaps, is the bewildering vastness of the sphere itself. How shall one orient oneself? To give oneself the opportunity of reacting to every presumably worth-while and available musical performance, play, painting, literary production, is naturally a course to pursue. But somehow it is not always an all-sufficient one. Aside from bewilderment the very loneliness of this course, if one is unfamiliar with the ground and has not a good travelling companion, can easily prove a fatal discouragement. The human touch is an integral part of this life in the arts; one wants companionship here as in every other path of life, if it is to yield its due meed of enjoyment. A friend, a table, and a glass of beer are much greater factors in the philosophy of the arts than most people imagine. One partial substitute for friends is books. I believe that one newly seeking a greater familiarity with any one of the arts will derive more from biography than from too early a perusal of criticism. Let us find who and what these fellows were who wrote all this prized and immortal music, who painted all these intriguing paintings. Their lives frequently thrill with interest; they were humans like ourselves, let us make them human to ourselves, and their work will take on fresh glow.

What about the phonograph and radio? It may be said at once that, in America at least, the radio, as at present administered, is next to worthless for our present purpose. The notable exceptions which the latter offers must however be given their due. Sunday afternoons, in the concert season, one can hear many of the

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world's greatest orchestral works splendidly presented by the best American symphony orchestras, and the same holds for specially announced important works given at other times. Accidents will happen, however, in the best regulated broadcasts. A program will all too frequently be interrupted by advertising—for chewing gum or floor polish. With the phonograph, on the other hand, one determines his own program, and hears it through. The library of records of the world's masterworks of music is now stupendous, and the prices at which they can be had of late are amazingly low. Any one who would enter the true world of music through these means must begin by shutting off the deluge of cheap truck that is served out to him along with soap, tooth-powder, and cosmetics, over the air. And with all this broadcasting and recording is there any hope of resuscitating the true amateur, as performer? May one suggest that there is still scarcely any better way to enjoy music than to perform it? If in the way of ensembles, piano and string groups, so much the better.

Our municipalities, often so helpful to us with museums for masterpieces of painting and sculpture, for some unexplained reason generally place music not among the arts, but among park recreations, in the form of municipal concerts. Even in the greatest of our cities these are too often merely cheap band concerts handed out as political jobs to precinct band leaders, and scarcely fit for any one's consumption. In the graphic arts our cities thus feed our finer sentiments and emotions, but in music merely our primitive instinct for rhythm and sound. All of our cities should profit by the valuable work that has been done in Cleveland, New York, and Boston, and probably some other cities, with chamber music and small orchestra concerts in art museums and public libraries. Music appears today to be the dominant art of the Western world.

It is probable that in America, in the last few decades, a great many more individuals have unexpectedly found in themselves a genuine gift for acting than have discovered a capacity in any other of the arts. For this we may thank the "little theater" and "community theater" movements, which have well-nigh preserved the stage from extinction in its late eclipse by the movies. However much of study and preparation must be brought to the art of acting, ideally or professionally considered, the individual who approaches it through these movements almost entirely escapes it. He is simply cast for a part, rehearsed and tried out, and there are plenty of unimportant parts to give the novice at the outset. Not alone in acting does this movement offer opportunity for intimate contact with the theater. There are costumes to be designed and executed, the problems of stage lighting to be mastered, properties to be found or made, and many mechanical contrivances to be designed and built. Then—if one dare breathe it—there are plays to be written.

What the individual might do with painting is a little harder to say. To my surprise the other day I found an opera-singer acquaintance with a brush in his hand and his easel before him. With him the inauguration of this praiseworthy avocation had been simply a matter of going bravely to bat. He thought he could paint and so he started painting. Winston Churchill did the same, and one should certainly not miss the delight and profit of reading "My Adventures with a Paint Brush" from his book *Amid These Storms*. This mode of attack is aimed straight at the heart of the enemy, and need not be too bold for an adventurous spirit. A city of some size will usually have an excellent art gallery where we may indeed find much to learn and enjoy, and the directors and attendants of which will doubtless be found glad to render us assistance in study and research.

With a little time at one's disposal, writing, as an avocation, will appeal to many an individual, whether or not he has any intention of pursuing that more elusive creature, literature. There is not a town from Bangor to San Diego without its unwritten stories, tragic, Rabelasian, quaint, exciting, and if we are able to tell them pretty well, why not try writing them? Or if not stories, something else. We may not be destined to fame in the pursuit of these hobbies, but we are speaking here not of fame, but of fun, on a level above the physical, where those who once find pleasure will be loth to go back and exchange it for the other. It is direction we are after here, not mileage. A word in general, however, must be said of the exceptional individual of genius in any of the arts. Amid all these necessary democratic considerations, we should not fail to point out the error of their ways to those occasional misguided persons who march blindly on, reiterating the shibboleth of "mass culture or nothing." For the true genius is the leader of the race, whatever may be its form of social organization, and in the end will always be recognized and revered as such.

Noteworthy talent, after all, first manifests itself in these tentative and non-professional essays in creative achievement, from which tender sprout grow the artistic status and honor of a nation, its signal to the world of the most emotionally glowing quality and aspiration of its population, its claim to peerage among mature and cultivated peoples. As such, creative talent should have in America such national and in fact governmental encouragement as it has long had in European countries. There, not only museums exhibiting past achievement are maintained but musical performance inclusive of native current work is subsidized, and living artists of recognized genius in different arts are on occasion given financial support by their govern-

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ments. Sentiment to this end has been growing apace in America with the rapid growth of native talent. If this sentiment could be adequately assembled and made manifest, the national administration might finally be led to see that it can rise to the level of those of the European nations only by an active and practical recognition and support of the national art endeavor in some degree comparable with that of those nations.

It will now easily be apparent on reflection that the faculty of reason, the rationalizing mind, will have been called into operation constantly in all these artistic activities. They will not get far without it. In proportion as the faculty is strongly developed in the individual, will the intellectual aspect of his work become apparent. But while the enjoyment of the faculty of reason is more or less spontaneously incorporated into the activity of the artist, there are other forms of activity where the whole weight is necessarily thrown in this direction. Notably is this the case with scientific endeavor, where the object is the discovery of truth in the physical sphere, to analyze, categorize, and measure. Scientists are by no means without a degree of emotional enthusiasm toward their work, even though that work has no reference to the expression of it, but they are quite liable to suffer from a deprivation of sufficient emotional enjoyment. Darwin complained of the atrophy of his musical sense, and I once heard one of America's greatest scientists, on being treated to some richly colorful harmonies in which a composer was expressing his feelings concerning a scene in Dante's *Inferno,* exclaim with warmth, "Ah, you artists have the best of it!" There was the confession, straight out. Yet there will be some individuals who will find in some of the many lines of scientific endeavor a pleasure for themselves beyond any other.

Of enjoyments to be sought in the high and elusive sphere of the intuition, nothing more than a hint can be given here. This is the sphere where without benefit of instinct, emotion, or reason, one spontaneously perceives hitherto unperceived truth, to which he can merely give assent, and to which, if it be genuine, others will later give assent. The superior type of artist, scientist, and philosopher is well acquainted with this faculty, which flashes the lightnings of inspiration into the heavier and less luminous spheres of emotion and reason. Except for the higher order of poets, such creators seldom *practise* intuition; they merely accept it and thank God for it when it comes along. Its conscious and purposeful practice is more usually left to the sphere of spiritual perception, and the method of its practice is that last resource and most neglected occupation of the western world, meditation. In itself this is probably the highest form of activity possible to the human being, for whether incidentally in the arts and sciences, or purposefully in the search for truth and illumination, it is the source of that vision without which the people perish. Meditation, as an activity for leisure, will scarcely make a wide appeal in America, yet I am inclined to believe that our country needs the exercise of this faculty more than any other at the present time.

Unless something untoward happens in our national evolution, we are, then, to have increasing leisure for the pursuit of these many self-developing cultural activities, giving pleasurable and often creative exercise for whatsoever of our varied faculties we wish to employ. The problem of the many who will not avail themselves of this opportunity, who will misuse and abuse the extra time which may be granted them, will remain with us, to be grappled with by the sociologist and the penologist. Meanwhile, for the many who will not be blind to the present implications, leisure and cultural opportunity in combination will continue to work as they have always worked, to productive ends in the sphere of man's higher capacities. But in America we shall witness this combination of factors at work in a set of conditions wholly different from those of the classic examples of history. We may, correspondingly, expect a very different result. If slavery gave leisure to the Greek, if aristocracy bred the "leisure class" of Europe, here it is a question not of a division between the leisured and the non-leisured, but of a proportion of leisure for each working individual. It is not to be thought that the general cultural condition thus produced would be the same as that which we now witness in our own American leisure class. For this latter, in all its doings, is scarcely more than a replica of the leisure class of Europe. Such a new cultural condition as that projected would necessarily liberate the expression of a more American attitude and give the American character a more mature and distinctive form. It might indeed be the real beginning of the fulfillment of Emerson's prophecy that "we shall one day cast out the passion for Europe by the passion for America." American creative art of all kinds, under these conditions, would leap forward and assume an entirely new status. For the prejudice against the American as artist has never been shared by our people at large, all too evident as it has been in the attitude of our dominant cultured leisure and semi-leisure class, which represents about 3 per cent of our population. The artist, both as artist and as American, would at last hold his proper place in America. His creative power, arising at its best to genius, has now been established. The only thing that would hold him back would be the inertia of the American people in their capacity of response to him. But with the present immense movement for cultural appreciation and activity in America, this inertia is already rapidly diminishing. Probably

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much of the ordinary prejudice of the American to culture, the cultural idea, has been due to the simple fact that the culture to which his attention has been called in the past was not his own. Let him build up a rich life vitalized with his own values, and one day he will also value the charm of the past for whatever it may hold for him.

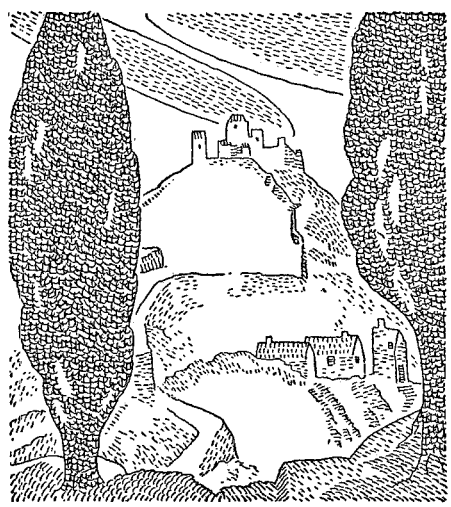
In facing squarely the entire question of the cultural evolution of America, one must be stupid indeed who ignores, even in himself, the claims of skepticism and pessimism. The whole matter of this evolution and its hopes must be weighed against the commercial, materialistic, and imperialistic momentum of the recent past and the present.

But change is in the air. The age is weary of its past, and it is within the power of the will of man to repudiate the past and redirect the future. America is forward-looking and action-loving. Where it will arrive is a question of where it wills to go. Let the attention of the life-hungry American people be directed to the fairer spots on the horizon of possibility, and their own dynamic quality will be answerable for the outcome.

Echoes at Livorno

A Conversation on American Standards

By Stark Young



I REMEMBER now what another *monsignore,* a friend of mine, said to me when we were sitting one day in a garden far above Rome. "I sit here in Rome," he said, "and look at things not so much as they seem when they pass before me but as they remain when they are over." That, however, was many years ago, and this *monsignore* at my Livorno hotel was another man.

My new friend, as the old had been, was trained in the same ageless school of the Church, the listening to the world around you, the waiting, the habit of living under the rule of what is larger than yourself. But compared to my other *monsignore,* he was larger, or at least taller; he seemed less abstracted from daily matters, more active, with less of a kind of spiritual self-indulgence. He looked like the portrait of the Medici cardinal in Pisa who got the papal fine cancelled for his town: a ruddy face on a strong neck, dark hair, and a thin dark beard, level, half-melancholy eyes, and a mouth large, sensuous and final. He looked like a man who would be more radiant but for a kind of brutality of clearness with which he saw things. His voice appeared to be direct, compact; but it had a sound of meditation in it that made you listen, as if you had heard it before. His hands, short-fingered, looked matter-of-fact and honest, but with an almost mystical quietness about them.

I had a sense from the start that *Monsignore* was using me for study: I served his purpose just then alongside something that was turning in his mind. By the time our third little conversation had arrived, he had, I felt, got the subject around to education and from that on to wherever it was that he had wished to get. At any rate, when we paused in front of the Duomo, with its façade by the English Inigo Jones, and he had commented on the columns, I found myself speaking with wonder at the teaching I had at college —about capitals, for example, I said, the three styles, Doric, Ionic and Corinthian, as if I had not later on seen scores of styles, a whole collection of Byzantine designs alone. As to that, *Monsignore* said, he could only declare that he learned nothing at college; all he knew came afterward, he said. I said that on the contrary I learned a great deal at college, but that all I did not know had come afterward, alas!

He smiled as if at some sinful beginning, one of those wicked indulgences, so full of the half-permitted truth,

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that carry us far into intimate chatter; and we took up again the walk we had started, out past the town, then the road toward Montenero, then off that road through farm paths, and at length some distance along the shore. It was here, sitting on the low dunes of sand, we were so long talking, on through the sunset into the dusk. Behind us for a little space went the sand, rush-grown, toward the higher dunes and the pine trees. It was past six in the evening, and soon would come that time when there are no shadows; the full light of day, hushed and intense, would be everywhere, and silence gather in which we should hear the sea coming in steadily on the shore, the farm voices, men and dogs, passing wheels, and the cicadas, farther inland. Already the sun had dropped from sight and gone, the rays were dying in the lucid trees.

We had by now settled on what *Monsignore* had designed; it was a young countryman of mine that he wanted to discuss.

This young man, *Monsignore* quickly assured me, was not one of those people that come to Italy in order to write back to their friends in New York or Paris how they lie for hours in the sun finding a nearby flower immaculate. He was more genuine than that. He had really come to Livorno to be alone for a few days, with thoughtful intentions. "I have before this been struck, may I say," my companion went on, "with this way in which your countrymen, if one may be forgiven for observing it, make up their minds to think. It's like your churches opening up their doors on Sunday, is it not?"

I said that it was.

"He was a tall young man, more slender than supple, with brown eyes set in a face that was—well, you would have put it down at first as innocent; then you would have said, perhaps, that it was unwritten upon, as some sand might be where only the simplest rhythm of the tide had left a mark."

"The tides of our American life are simple, at least for the individual," I said.

He nodded, and went on, "But about my young friend's face—it looked as if haunted by motion, if that means anything to you. Neither harassed, over-worked nor passionate he was, but he gave you the curious sense of a young man almost exhausted by passions and movements outside of him. These tore at him, but he himself could not feel them. However, we'll let the passions go, what matter? The chief issue for himself was that he was careering."

"I recognize that item," I said.

"Not any career for any particular thing, no particular direction——"

"Just careering, *Monsignore.*"

He nodded his head, and opening his snuffbox, which I declined; he took one pinch for one nostril, one for the other. "Exactly. Save that at the moment he had been doing some writing; the careering had set toward authorship."

"Now, my dear friend," *Monsignore* went on, smiling at me, "I ought to say at the outset that this is not a story, much less a love story. I've not lived more than sixty years, and heard confessions for nigh on to forty, only to think he was in love with anybody; though I've no doubt he, like most of his contemporaries in the world today, believes that love in him, when he does fall in love, will be more passionate and profound than men's loves of the past. Be that as it may, the young man had not written much so far, but he had got what he called his contacts well started in New York; they seemed largely maturer people than he; most of them had reached the stage where they were successful or had inherited or were apparently living as happy art martyrs. The young man had diverse angles at which he might have burst out with a book; what angle was still the problem, but burst he meant to do. I liked this young man from your country."

Monsignore was looking at me, troubled.

"I see you did," I said.

"He was like a dear child wandering toward a great childish noise."

"It's clear who that's meant for, *Monsignore,*" I said. "Only I'm not sure we wander. We follow the noise."

"And what is all noise but wandering?"

He laughed, smacking his hands together and taking a new tone.

"I gathered from him, dear *Signore,* that all the young ladies in your country are writing novels, and that in these they are wont to set forth with quite unprecedented boldness their little passions and private intervals. I have, naturally, great reverence for the human soul; but I confess, when I had read three or four of these works—which my friend with great kindness lent me—I found them as monotonous as the confessions of—what shall we say, some organ?—about as monotonous as the confessions of a kidney. Our chambermaids in Italy have doubtless their moments, but they are not so expressive, fortunately, not even in the confessional, or what would become of us? But with my young friend these authoresses were to be taken seriously, both for their candor and for their success. Of the success there's nothing to say, not of so wide a term. As to the candor I tried to explain to him two things: first, that what he called candor was more what I, from my experience with such persons as their writings seemed to show these to be, should call a kind of reserve; it was only about a fifth indeed of what they might have regaled us with. Second, it is a wonderful thing to find

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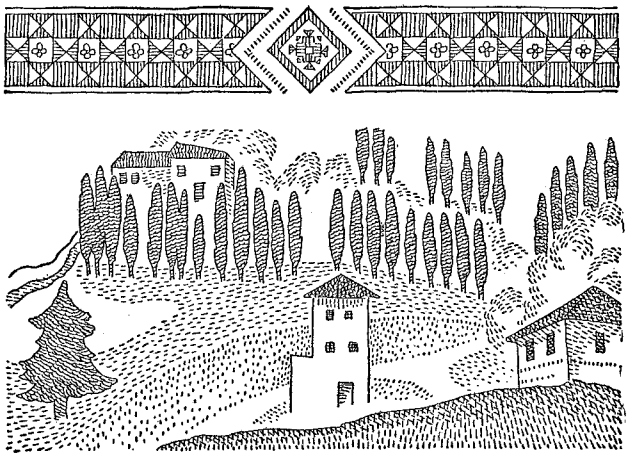

your feelings and thoughts already anticipated by some great artist, to know, I mean to say, that what you feel now was known by him also, in whatever century or land; but to have all you say known long ago by the family doctor or the cook is quite another matter."

Monsignore stopped and looked at me before he went on.

"In sum, I have heard many confessions and I know something of great lyric poetry; but I should not like to read too much in the diary of a girl rabbit."

"But this chap was not a young lady," I said. His eyes were twinkling.

"Nor do I say that he was trying to write good rank, frank action. As a matter of fact what he seemed to have most in mind was making good. 'Make good, at what? That's the mystery of your country,' I said. 'Of America?' he said. 'Of all indeed but the backward countries,' I said. I was teasing him; but he cared nothing about that, so long as people were friendly he felt no need to trouble about analyses."

"Touché!" I had to smile.

"What it amounted to really was that he meant to go after something in art, to grab it was what he meant. Careering—I made myself up a line about that:

Preparing with such energy the evanescence of his days.

Is that handsome?"

"Very," I said.

"Yes. Myself strutting in my own procession, isn't it! Luckily I had too much sense to use it on him."

The wind, not stronger than the moving leaves, had set in landward. I could hear the tide, which on this Mediterranean shore, so old in men's history and thought, rises so slightly; its faint sound seemed only to lie along the rippling sand.

My companion sat looking out toward the line of the sky, silent, his hands resting together as if he had forgotten me. And I too stood watching the horizon, with the islands of Elba, Capraja, and Gorgona, and facing it the old watchtowers at intervals along the shore, and, beyond, the line of the mountains. I turned then to my companion, for I wanted to know what he had done with his young friend. He would tell me, he said, and began speaking, his voice moody but the words hard and distinct. I remember that now for the first time I saw that his hands were old.

What he had done was to try and explain, at every facet he could think of, with every persuasion he could muster, one point: everything worth anything, in the end worth anything, is an echo. All things that count—echoes. Whatever is final and creative cannot be grabbed. Nor seized by the mere will to seize. It was not that the young man was a mere rank egoist, the modern sort who mistakes every bit of indigestion in himself for a cosmic matter. That would have been another case entirely; if violent enough it might even have made him come to something. Not that, no. It was this direct assault, this confidence in the resolution and energy by which you could merely go on and take.

Monsignore looked at me a moment.

"But you cannot take. Not creation, not idea, not the part of life or of art that is final. All is the fine flower, the intangible gathering, within you, of what has come to you, into its own life."

"You've been looking at me, *Monsignore,* as if I seemed to doubt you," I said.

Well—he bowed, drolly—he had known, when he served in Florence and Rome, many of my countrymen, and he saw even now from time to time our American journals and books.

"You'll forgive me, dear *Signore,*" he went on, "of course one despairs of the world, of one's own soul and all that, but you'll forgive me if I observe that, marvellous as your country is, I sometimes despair of it."

"That I can imagine," I said.

"It may be, of course, that this is only because I'm old, or because with time"—he made a gesture of surrender—"in such as me the images of hope fade out."

The images of hope fade out—that was a sentence to hear, sitting there in the evening quiet, by so old a sea!

For a while I waited, thinking over my country, which I must, by all the nature of things, love, and do love from a hundred jealous aspects. But my companion had spoken only fairly. Presently I began to make my confession. Very likely we have had the honor to kill, to take the life out of more human things than any race in history. Such obvious instances as Christmas, for example, which we have turned, with advertising and business enterprise and restless imitation, from what was once an old sweet season into a general dread or horror or jazzed exhaustion. Or Easter, killed with sentimental publicity and with florists' pushing. Or Moth-

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er's Day, somewhat shamelessly a Chamber of Commerce invention, pushed to the limit of salesmanship. And what's more, I could admit, we have achieved the point of the least possible resonance; the empty, dissatisfied center of so many American lives comes from their being like a sound on a string that stops vibrating almost as soon as it is struck. A great litter of capital letters is making propaganda for workable, adolescent ideals. Delicate things, infinitely human, infinitely deep and intangible, old in the race, are exploited, pushed to where they are accessible for the popular traffic, sometimes made so low and common that we are kept from laughing only by knowing that something is being promoted through this means, everything belongs to everybody. Our American life sucks all out of you and puts very little into you. The hospital, the undertaker's art, the pragmatic evasion of bitter fact, have taken the sting out of age and death; and love is prattled over in a great current of affairs, distraction and motion. Death means nothing, life means nothing, passion itself is as safe, flat, and familiar as the ladies' underwear everywhere exhibited in shop windows. Great popular doctrines handle life for us, we have learned to spare ourselves the cost of what we never had. I ask myself, I said to my companion, whether between the forward advance and the great battle there is a no man's land, where nothing happens, and where we are left without the knowledge and pain, and with no memory beyond marching and energy.

When I had brought myself to a stop, I found *Monsignore* looking quietly at me, his mouth a little twisted to one side, meaning what I did not know.

"In all that, my dear friend," he said, "you may not be unique among nations these days."

"But were merely in a position to get there first," I said.

"And it's quite possible that some of Europe, though it knows better, does not like it."

"Besides," I added, "who knows—now that the bottom has dropped out of our vast prosperity, so innocent and voracious—who knows what lines will come into our faces?"

"I have faith that enough nature is left in men to abhor the vacuum they have labored so to create," he said.

"Let's labor to abhor," I said, laughing.

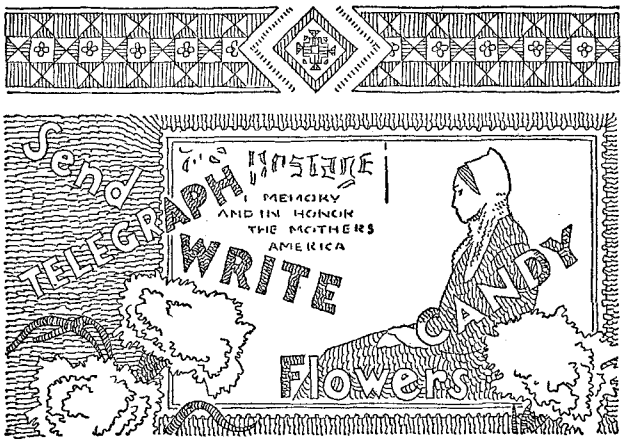
In that case we may as well return to my friend, may God bless him, I mean my God."

"Not my compatriot's," I said.

"Well, no. Careering is his conscience: he prays to something that jumps along ahead of him."

"And what happened to him, *Monsignore?*"

"I only wish I could say that I happened to him," *Monsignore* said.



Then he said, seriously. "Once I went so far as to say to the young man, dash on if you like, some day you will learn that there's no place to go but yourself. But such neat packages of thought are only vanity in the thinker. For the most part I tried to make him feel that all I urged upon him was not merely because I want old things, but because I want to hear the elements and events of my life—those most necessary to me and most beautiful—to hear them as if in a current of my blood, to be somehow listening to my life."

"You said that to the young man?" I asked.

"Ah, no, no! I only tried to take illustrations from life, showing what I meant. For example, consider, I said to him, some law of Galileo's, what love of elevation, what poetry of thought, what balance and passion of character, curiosity or dissatisfaction, led him to it, shaped the form it took as it appeared in his mind. Or consider, what every one knows, how an idea, a creative image in art, will come suddenly, in the midst of something else. You could not have foreseen it, you could not deliberately have caused it. Even I, who am not even a mere talent, may find, when I write, a word waiting already ahead of me. Even as I speak to you, a word may come, I could never say how, that is better than any I could have got up for myself. Or a stage artist creating a rôle—what is breathed into it, what echoes of luster, fatalism and grace, with the color of wit too, and with what echoes in it from those strange caverns of human pity and memory!

"Then I turned the case around, starting at the created end. How little, except with a worthless poet, how little of the poet's life or effort could we ever reconstruct from the poem alone! What comes off from him is the poet himself, but he is not it."

We talked of Shelley, whose body, on that August day more than a hundred years ago, was burned not far away on this very shore where we were now. Shelley's own intentions were quite another matter from his poetry, which was to his will only a sort of by-product. What he meant to be was a divine young fool, stirring

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up revolution and the rights of man. One can think of those flames going up around that body, the smoke, the heat, and of that ghost or soul that we call fire, which arose from them. In the same way as that fire came, in the midst of all his tortured, passionate, unearthly living, came Shelley's poetry.

"Do you remember," *Monsignore* said to me at last, "the poem of Leopardi's about the wind in the trees sounding against the infinite silence? I have wondered if our thoughts, acts, desires, intentions, striking against the unheard, eternal life of men and the world, did not, as waves do, driving against a cliff, or as clouds against the sky wall of wind and air, come back to us as echoes, as patterns only a part of which we caused or could have caused.

"This is what I did one day walking with him," *Monsignore* went on, breaking a leaf from the bay trees along our path. "I tore a leaf in pieces and begged him to reflect how with all these parts of it we yet had not the leaf. The leaf had, therefore, not been the mere sum of its parts; something had been present which was its character or soul and which had now fled, but which save for the leaf we might not have seen. In a fashion we may speak of elusive presences or patterns in the mind and from them light thrown forward on to single things. We may say that in the end we see a thing not for itself but for what without it might have escaped us. This sense of the world is not uncommon among people, certainly it is what the poets and creators and people that influence us must feel. I am sure you have noticed, dear *Signore,* that always on great natures rests the shadow of the abstract."

Without either of us proposing it, we rose and started homeward; dinner at the little hotel would be half over. We went first along the sand for a stretch, then through the rushes and along the path of an old farm, with its pine wood, toward the town. It was already dusk; we could see the branches and leaves, the path ahead and the trees above us now and then, and the light, hushed and intense, narrowing into the sky.

"It has often puzzled me why I should have had this young countryman of yours so often in my thoughts," *Monsignore* said. "Was it because, I have asked myself, he had a goodness, a kind of nursery goodness? Or was it his innocent notion of all beautiful achievement as in the nature of a raid? Who knows?"

"Who knows?" I said, repeating after him.

"In the nature of a raid on what is infinite. On what is immortal, perhaps. I should have said to him no doubt that even if immortality should be denied to the individual, there remains the immortality of succession, in the same kind, in the type; and to that we must respond. Such an idea as this might have changed a bit that curious staccato of his little individualism. These days, however, everybody is himself without reference to any idea—God, for example, to speak in terms of my profession. Everybody is himself without reference to anything larger than himself; and so nobody is anybody. Or what should I have said to him?"

I had been thinking, as we walked along thus dissecting my compatriot, of that boy standing alone beneath the trees or by the glimmering Winander lake, blowing through his hands those mimic hootings to the owls, and how he would hear their answer and the redoubled echoes of it. Then no answering owls, and a pause came such as baffled his best skill. And sometimes in that silence, while he hung listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise carried far into his heart the voice of mountain torrents; or the visible scene entered unawares into his mind, with all its solemn imagery, its rocks, its woods, and its uncertain heaven received into the bosom of the steady lake.

I said nothing of that to *Monsignore,* who went on ahead. Presently he said, repeating something of his last remark:

"Ingenuous will, energy and the infinite. As if there above us now we saw nothing but a case of will and motion! As if that were what comes off to us as the character of the heavens! The character of the heavens —dear *Signore,* I should have said to him——"

He had paused in his steps and turned to me.

"What, *Monsignore?*"

"That to our eyes the wandering stars and the fixed stars are both serene."

I said nothing.

Monsignore sighed. "I wonder how busy he is now."

"Monsignore," I said, "at least I think I know what he thought of you."

"Tut, tut," he said, starting on again, "you're very kind. I'm only an old man with lots of vitality. These are very practical matters we've been talking about."

In a coming number: "When Gentlemen Fell Out" by STEPHEN BONSAL, *the story of one of the most famous duels that ever went unfought in which two Virginians and one Marylander were scheduled to fight three Frenchmen. A picture of Paris in the '90's.*

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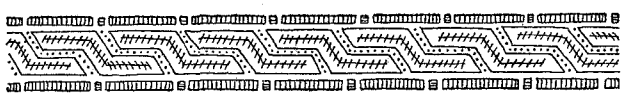
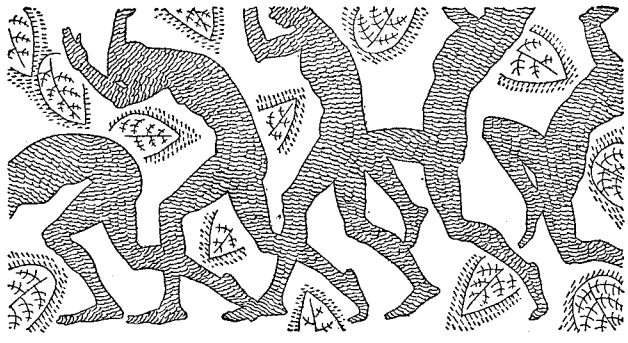


Giver of the Grape

A STORY

By Grace Flandrau



We had visited a number of stations Meuchner wanted to see and now our objective was a country beyond the Loro river. This region had recently been evacuated because of sleeping sickness and nothing remained there except a hospital and a research post where experiments were being carried on. The doctor did not want his wife to go to this place. There was a certain amount of danger and it was not necessary for her to incur it. A Baptist mission was marked on the map nine days' march from the motor road and Meuchner wanted her to stay there until we came back.

But Mrs. Meuchner said she did not like missions or missionaries. "I'd be bored to death, Otto."

"I know it. That's what I told you in Buta. You could have gone back from there with the motors to Stanleyville."

"And missed all this? Otto!"

She meant this travel in the forest. I understood how she felt. The doctor had been in Africa several times and I suppose it was an old story to him. Besides, his whole attitude was different, he did not like either the country or the people, he was only concerned with the scientific end of it. But I could not understand how it could ever become an old story.

We were in the depths, now, of the great equatorial forest. The trees rose to an immense height. Away up, in the high branches, the sun shone mistily, but down where we moved it was dim and cool as a vault. Sometimes the trail climbed steeply and wound round the shoulder of a hill with an ocean of tree tops spreading below, or we traversed swamps for miles on a sidewalk of reeds suspended by ropes of woven vines. We were ferried across rivers in dug-out canoes, the natives beating the water with sticks to frighten off the crocodiles. In places where the forest was less lofty and austere, troops of monkeys raced before us among wildly waving branches, took long leaps from tree to tree or stood peering down, their curled tails making a great scroll against the green. Ant armies streamed along the trail; everywhere were the tracks of wild animals—leopards, antelopes, wild pig. We often came upon pools where elephants had so recently bathed that water still trembled on the underbrush, but the living creatures had always vanished into the jungle fastness.

It was a primeval world and yet there was a sense of human antiquity. This towering virgin forest had been inhabited by human beings from a period that would make our oldest European yesterdays seem recent. But inhabited, as Meuchner pointed out, by people that had made no more marks upon it, left no more record of their lives than the animals. Their villages, built of painted mud and thatch, were abandoned at the death of the chief and rotted back into the teeming mould, borne down by an avalanche of voracious vegetation. Only the important trails, ancient trade routes of the forest, endured and became historic. There was no telling, he said, how many thousands of years the moulded clay of the trail we followed had been travelled by bare brown feet.

I was in a state of continuous expectancy. I don't know just what it was I expected of Africa. I did expect something, I expected to find something strange and potent, and it seems to me this expectation was justified by subsequent experience.

I had never seen either Doctor Meuchner or his wife until he sent for me in Paris. I was taking a special course there in tropical medicine and when the assistant he expected failed him, a friend put in a good word for me. Of course to go to the Congo to investigate sleeping sickness with a man like Meuchner was the chance of a lifetime.

I got on with the doctor very well. He was a very simple man, earnest and friendly and very much the scientist. But Mrs. Meuchner was different. She was years younger than the doctor, young enough, I guessed, to

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be his daughter, and she was very reserved and straight-laced. On the boat coming down she disapproved of the colonial women who liked to drink a little and dance and have a good time. She wouldn't have anything to do with them. But she was contradictory too, because one evening when a drunken little Belgian began paying her attention, she seemed quite pleased and flattered. She was a pale ash blonde with blue eyes, a fair skin, and a thin straight nose. The doctor thought she was the most wonderful woman in the world. I couldn't quite see why. And I wondered too that she should have married a man so much older than herself and whether she was happy. But then she was more like an old maid than a married woman.

Most of the time she did not feel well. Either it was a headache or indigestion or she did not sleep. She didn't sleep well at all, and that was why, I suppose, she always had a room to herself. On boats and hotels she had one room and the doctor and I shared the other. On safari we slept that way too. They never quarrelled and she kissed him good-night with the greatest affection. I always tried to slip away first, but she usually said something about how tired she was and went off, leaving us together.

In the forest, however, her health improved. The travel itself was easy and delightful. We each rode in a deep-seated arm chair mounted on poles and borne on the shoulders of four men. Our baggage and camp equipment followed on the heads of a hundred or more porters. All these men had magnificently musical voices and the air rang with their marching songs. Meuchner told his wife if the noise got on her nerves he would stop the singing.

"Good heavens, Otto, think of hearing a hundred and fifty Paul Robesons all singing at once!"

"You'll hear lots of singing at the mission, if that's what you want."

"Yes—hymns!" she answered making a face. "Poor devils!"

I was sure she would not stay at the mission. It was impossible for him to refuse her anything.

Sometimes she hardly spoke to me and at others she asked me lots of questions, about my family, my childhood, my future, my plans and all that. "Are you in love with anybody, Paul?"

I told her no.

Then she said: "Don't you believe in love? They say people have different ideas now, in your generation——"

She was probably not more than ten years older than I, but she talked that way—"your generation." I think she felt old. She had been brought up by her father. He was too old, she said, to be her father, and was very tyrannical and hidebound.

For an intelligent woman I thought that was a stupid question about "believing in love." I don't think that was what she meant. Anyhow I told her the only thing I knew, which was that when I was in love it seemed to me the one important thing in the universe, and when I was not in love I couldn't even remember what it was like and thought it was all the bunk. She often brought the subject up. Some days she talked about love in a sentimental, idealistic way, sometimes she was cynical and hard about it. Whichever way it was I couldn't get her ideas at all. They did not seem real. She was experienced of course—she had once had a baby who had not lived—but what she said seemed all off the track. I've noticed intellectual women are often that way. Too theoretical. She told me several times how much she loved the doctor. She kept repeating he was a fine man. Well, he was, but what did that have to do with it?

They did not come to any conclusion about the mission and then, as it happened, the matter was decided for them. After eight or nine days' travel we came to the place where the mission had been and found that it had been abandoned. Banana trees were growing through the roofs and the ruined walls were buried in elephant grass taller than they were. It seemed as if that settled the question, but Meuchner remembered a government post on the Loro river where a Belgian might be in residence. If so, his wife could wait for him there. They'll argue about that now, I thought, and it will end by her doing as she pleases.

We were nearing the village of a chief called N'Gala. Our porters had agreed to take us only as far as this place and we would be obliged to get a new outfit there. We carried official letters to this chief ordering him to supply us with as many men as we might need to take us on.

We had heard a good deal about N'Gala. He was the son of one of the important Mangbetu chiefs whom the Belgian government recognized and supported, and lived in his own village surrounded by his own court, occupied solely in waiting for his father to die, when he would inherit his power and lands and his two hundred beautiful wives. The officials did not like N'Gala. His chief offense, it seemed, was laziness, coupled with a more than usual indifference to the purposes of white empire.

N'Gala's laziness did not, however, prevent him from coming, with his suite in the manner of the great chiefs, to meet and welcome us to his village. It was high noon when his herald, a naked old man, stepped from a by-path into the trail. He put an ivory horn to his lips and sounded a few clear, beautiful notes. Close behind him appeared a tall fellow carrying the remains of a Belgian flag and behind him a boy with an old flint-lock gun over his naked shoulder. Then there was a swaying of branches, and the young chief himself, lolling in his

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chair, was borne forward by four bearers. Behind N'Gala crowded the rest of his army—a half dozen naked youths with muzzle-loading guns.

The swinging chair was lowered and N'Gala sprang out. Sprang is the proper word and I use it because the most memorable thing about N'Gala was the way he moved. Surpassingly indolent as he was—I often saw him lie motionless for hours in his reclining chair—when he moved it was with the quickness and perfect grace of a young animal. Unsmilingly, with no comprehensible expression in his enormous brilliant eyes, he drew himself up before Meuchner, saluted in military style and then shook hands, a ceremony he repeated with me and Mrs. Meuchner. He was, for this occasion, grotesquely got up. Over his superb figure was strained a brand new suit of stiff, dark blue denim with several large price tags left on as ornaments. The jacket barely reached his waist, the sleeves did not cover his wrists and the trousers ended below the calves. With this costume he wore a child's straw hat, a purple shirt, and a pair of bright yellow shoes. His skin was golden brown, his features scarcely negroid, lips not exaggerated, and nose short with delicate nostrils widely flared.

We had been walking when he met us and Mrs. Meuchner happened to be in front. N'Gala, therefore, waved away his chair and walked beside her, arrogant but a little sulky. He wanted to head the procession but clearly felt it beneath his dignity to walk beside a woman.

A half an hour later we emerged from the trail into N'Gala's spreading village. Under tall shade trees and drooping palms, little painted houses were scattered, round houses with high peaked roofs of thatch and white walls painted in black and henna designs. The broken sunlight, misty and diffused, lay in yellow splashes on the clean red earth, tenuous pencils of blue smoke rose from little fires that smouldered, too indolent to burn. Naked women with fantastic headdresses stared; brown children, with long pointed Mangbetu heads, clung to their mothers' legs; big-eared mongrel pups shrank back, barking.

N'Gala led us through the village and across a stream choked with ferns and crossed by a bridge of woven vines. Some years before, a party of European royalty had hunted elephants from N'Gala's village and two thatched shelters had been built for them on either side of a lovely clearing. These, the chief indicated, were for our use. The larger of these gîtes, as they are called, would be general sitting- and dining-room with quarters for Meuchner and me to sleep. Mrs. Meuchner would occupy the other.

The open space between the houses was a mass of porters and camp equipment. Our boys put our chairs on the veranda of the main house and we sat down to watch the loads unpacked. N'Gala too installed himself to watch. His reclining chair was placed for him, several of his courtiers crouched nearby and two of his wives stood dutifully behind him.

"I don't see why those two horrid young women should be there," Mrs. Meuchner complained, frowning at them.

"I don't see why that detestable young chief should be here," Meuchner said irritably. "I'll send him packing."

"Oh, no, please," she exclaimed. "Let him stay, I think he's amusing."

N'Gala lay back, looking intently at everything that came out of boxes. Meuchner had already read to him in Bangala the official order to furnish us with porters —N'Gala himself could not read—and had spoken to him very urgently, arrogantly I thought, about providing these men without delay. Meuchner, as is the case with a good many white men, had a fanatical dislike of the natives. While Meuchner talked, N'Gala avidly inspected his attire, and the doctor had no sooner done than the chief asked for his boots.

"Damn him, he hasn't even been listening." Meuchner, usually so good-natured, was furious. He refused sharply to part with his boots and N'Gala then indicated with his finger that he would accept his leather knapsack, his cartridge belt, or a thermos bottle.

Meuchner shouted something in Bangala. He was annoyed beyond reason. Indeed, there is always something beyond reason in the violence of feeling with which whites who do not like them, detest blacks. N'Gala, however, was not easily offended. He stuck two fingers in his mouth indicating he would like a cigarette and, when I had given it to him, sank gracefully onto his chaise longue.

"We're going to have trouble with that scoundrel," Meuchner fumed. "God knows how long he'll hold us up. Look at him now."

"Well, dearest," Mrs. Meuchner smiled, "I can't think of anything I'd rather do. I think he's charming to look at."

"You'll get chance enough." Meuchner began again in Bangala about the porters, wanting N'Gala to state precisely when he could get them there. Nor would he let up until N'Gala had languidly waved away a courtier in search of the royal drummer. There are usually only one or two men in a village who understand the intricate language of the signal drum and when the fellow came Meuchner commanded N'Gala to start sending word at once.

Like a squat animal the great hollow log, carved with legs and head, stood under its own peaked roof on the top of a little hill. The drummer bent over it, his hands working deftly, his face close to the lips of the instrument as if he were both listening and talking to it. He gave what must have been a call and waited, gave it

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again. Then first from one distant point then another an answer came, faint but sonorous, a kind of staccato whisper.

"Oh," Mrs. Meuchner exclaimed, "little pale birds on the horizon of sound." She sometimes talked that way. "I like it here."

But she was still displeased by the presence of the two stringy girls, inadequate to the picture, who stood behind N'Gala's chair. Prestige demands many wives and N'Gala being still a young prince and poor, had had to sacrifice quality to quantity. He had some forty or fifty wives, we discovered, but none of them of the first class.

The soldiers had gone. An old counsellor had seated himself on the steps of our house; one or two attendants stood beside the chief brushing away with buffalo tails the flies that threatened to settle on his face. The girls were naked except for little aprons of bark in front and little woven mats behind, but from the tops of their peaked heads rose the impressive Mangbetu coiffure—a swaying halo of black hair wound on an invisible reed frame.

"He's waiting for whiskey, that fellow," Meuchner remarked, frowning.

"I know. We ought to give him some," his wife answered.

"I'd just as soon give him the whiskey but the trouble is he'll stay here all day if he thinks he can get drinks." It annoyed Meuchner to have the chief around.

We had quite a discussion about the whiskey. There was a partly filled bottle and we didn't know whether to pour out the drink where he could not see us or ostentatiously display the bottle so that he should perceive how little there was. Also we were undecided whether to give it to him raw, in the hope that he would dislike the taste, or fill it with water to make it last longer.

N'Gala watched with sharp interest our proceedings and when the cup was filled one of his attendants sprang forward and handed it to him. The chief smelled it, smiled broadly—he never smiled except when he was given a present or had been dancing—and settled back to his drink. Fortunately the dining-room table was soon set up and the boys began to bring in the food. And as it is a mark of disrespect among Mangbetus to watch people eat, N'Gala felt obliged to leave. He rose, saluted, shook hands again, and withdrew. His attendants carried off his chair, his umbrella, his child's straw hat he had flung on the ground. His young wives walked behind. As he left Mrs. Meuchner pointed with her finger at his denim suit and shook her head.

He understood her. Indeed it is remarkable how these people do understand one's thoughts without a word, almost without a gesture. And when he came back late that afternoon everything about him, his very walk, was different. We heard the drumming first and then saw N'Gala stride across the clearing, the red gold of sunset admirably setting off his bronze skin, the leopards' tails that dragged from his belt, the scarlet parrot feathers on his head. He straddled—lusty, insolent, puffed up with the vanity of a child and the dominating arrogance of a tyrant. He was naked except for a flaring loin of cloth of pounded bark striped in henna and black. The belt that bound his slender waist was thrust full of ivory-handled knives and the skin of a totem animal hung from it. The yellow leopards' tails that trailed on the ground were tufted with red feathers, his chest and broad smooth shoulders were sprinkled with saffron, and huge teeth strung on elephant hair hung around his neck.

We had known several Mangbetu chiefs who were richer and more powerful than N'Gala, but they were old. This was the first time we had seen youth enhanced by all the trappings of savage royalty. But as I write the word savage I take it back, I hesitate even at the word primitive. Nor did a good deal of time spent among these aristocrats of Central Africa—the Mangbetus—do anything to resolve that doubt or answer that question.

Meuchner was talking about that very thing now, while N'Gala's people streamed across the plaza assembling for the dance. "Take the headdress of the women, so sculptural, so really distinguished, and their costume, their houses, painting, music, dancing, the elaborate ceremony that surrounds a great chief, the ritual of the whole thing. All of that belongs to a definite culture narrow but deep and unmistakable. And *what* culture?" His scientific curiosity was tormented by the unsolvable problem. What were these people? Had they developed their culture autonomously thousands of years before even the Arabs ventured into the regions south of the great deserts? Or had it been modified by these or by earlier foreign influences, Egyptian or Eastern? At any rate it was, he pointed out, a culture solely of beauty, without written language of any kind, no manuscripts, no graven stones, nothing but immeasurably ancient traditions.

"But they were artists," Meuchner went on. "Gad, I wish I could have come among them first, before the foreign slave raiders, ivory traders, missionaries, and all the rest got here. Now we only see the remnants of their art, but even now there is enough to indicate what fine musicians, sculptors, painters, architects they once were. The trouble is we don't learn a damn thing about them from their art. Nothing literal—no story telling. It tells only beauty."

Now that the murderous sun's rays slanted, we were able to take off our helmets and enjoy the slight breeze that brought cool airs from the forest. Women came softly, carrying little stools of carved ebony, their black halos swaying, their slender arms and legs encased in

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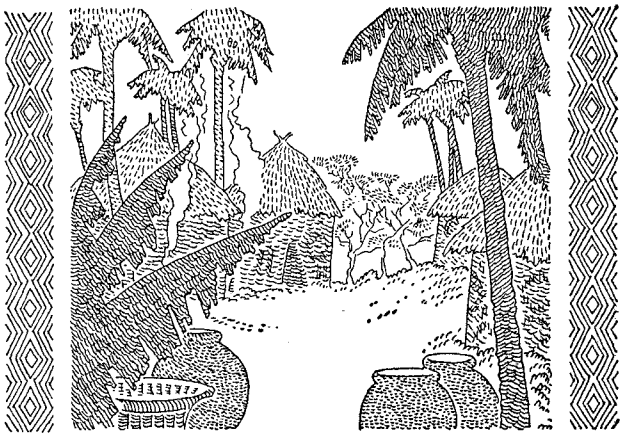

bronze ornaments, women as beautifully angular as figures on an Egyptian frieze, no bones showing, legs and elbows drawn to a point. The musicians seated themselves on woven mats and began playing, chins up, shoulders rocking, slapping strange skin drums with their palms, pounding wooden drums with sticks. Above the throbbing jazz of the drums the seed rattles swished and hissed and a single woman dressed in what must have been heraldic costume held a pole covered with copper bells.

Meuchner was interested now. His personal detestation of the blacks did not affect his scientific concern with them. Mrs. Meuchner lay in her canvas chair, her eyes on N'Gala. He was striding back and forth before his women. These had finished a preliminary dance and were seated in a great semi-circle on their little stools. The drumming, without losing a beat, died down in volume almost to a whisper. Then suddenly the strangely dressed woman rose and began shaking her copper bells, wooden cymbals clashed, the volume of the drums rose wildly and N'Gala leaped toward us and began to dance. Two of his wives slowly followed him, witch men danced backward in front of him waving wands as if to beat spirits of bad omen from the air, or swept the ground beneath his feet, even threw themselves down, grovelling on the dirt, tearing at roots and bits of grass with fingers and teeth.

"There's a symbol, all right," Meuchner exclaimed, "of the power these fellows once had, these chiefs. Why the ancestors of this N'Gala were nothing less than gods to their people, and they spread death around them when they felt like it the way we kill mosquitoes. Butchery, torture, killing for a whim, a superstition, from boredom, for pleasure, lust, anything—and half the time eating the corpse. Even this N'Gala's grandfather"—Mrs. Meuchner turned her attention for a moment away from the spectacle—"yes, Josie, this fellow's grandfather tore one of his wives' eyes out with his bare hands. What's-his-name, the old Colonel in Stanleyville, knew him well."

N'Gala was still dancing. Back of him the women sitting on their stools rocked from side to side, frantically fluttering their pointed hands before their breasts and stomachs in pantomimic obbligato. The dancing of the Mangbetu chiefs is no haphazard matter, you understand. They're trained from babies, the steps are traditional and elaborate. And it's as fine dancing as one can hope to see, virile, dramatic, and full of violent grace. Some of it is clearly narrative, it describes happenings in hunting, war, and so forth; again it is sexual, even what people might call obscene—although I can't help thinking that when it is a very *obvious* obscenity it is something suggested and encouraged by contact with whites.

When it was over N'Gala's wives led him back to his chair. They dried his body with cloths and slowly fanned him while the other women, unaccompanied, sang a shrill langorous song. When the performance was over N'Gala went straight to Mrs. Meuchner. He stood before her smiling, his immense eyes fastened on her boldly. She herself looked startlingly blonde surrounded by so much darkness, such warm soft bronzes deepening to dusky brown, everything so pigmented, so wrought upon by the tyrant Sun—the human bodies, the vegetation that shouted its green, green answer to the God, the terra-cotta red of the burned earth. She looked frail and unfinished like something, I suddenly thought, to be put out to ripen. Her blue eyes did not have thick enough lashes and often looked as if aware of this exposure and abashed. But stubborn too, always stubborn. N'Gala, handsome, greedy, cocksure as a wilful child, triumphed over her. She was admiring and, as it were, intimidated. The blood rose under her delicate skin and she said something flattering in faulty Bangala, then turned eagerly to Meuchner: "Otto, what on earth shall we give him? We must give him something nice."

"We'll give him enough before we get out of here, let him wait." Now that N'Gala was no longer a demonstrator of archaic esthetics Meuchner's usual feeling of contempt had returned.

But N'Gala's eyes had lighted on a small pin Mrs. Meuchner wore in her cravat, shaped like a fox's head and set with diamonds. I saw her hand go to her throat. She took out the pin and presented it to him. He smiled radiantly. The fox's eye was a little ruby. N'Gala pointed to it with his slender brown finger and laughed out loud with joy.

Occasionally during the days that followed, but only after Meuchner had spoken sharply to N'Gala, we heard the signal drum reiterating its orders to his subjects in distant villages, to give up work or play and come to carry for the whites. But evidently the authority of the young chief was not taken very seriously because no porters came—or at any rate only a handful of stragglers, too few to be of any use to us. Meuchner could not

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reconcile himself to the delay. He fumed and cursed N'Gala, worked irritably over his notes, and talked about what he ought to be doing.

But I did not feel that way. I was anxious of course to get on with the work, and interested in it, but I was not anxious to go away from this place. For hours at a time I lay under the shelter of our thatched veranda, doing nothing. Our little clearing formed the upper end of the village and all around was the forest. Tall shade trees and palms fringed the open space, there was usually a bit of breeze and although the sun blazed murderously hot in the open, the smallest shade brought delicious coolness. All day little birds sang very softly, the slender, naked, haloed women walked leisurely, their feet making no sound; occasionally the old minstrel strolled slowly past, blowing his ivory horn. On a shady knoll nearby N'Gala, driven from our gîte by Meuchner, installed his court where he could look down upon us. He lay all day in his reclining chair. One or two of his courtiers also possessed chairs, the others were stretched on green leaves and from time to time a long pipe, cut from the stem of a banana leaf, passed among them. He never, after that first day, put on his denim overall, but wore his native attire—flaring loin cloth with leopard belt and dangling leopards' tails. And a crest of red parrot feathers in his little woven Mangbetu hat.

Once or twice I shook off the prevailing somnolence to the extent of strolling along leafy lanes to other parts of the village. Nowhere could I see any work being done. This was a chief's village, different from the commoners' villages where plantain and manioc must be cultivated and cotton raised for purposes of empire. Everywhere here were cleanliness, order, the intermittent murmur of soft voices, soft laughter, running water. Women moved with soft footfalls, men slept in the shade, little children played quietly in what seemed to be a state of dreamy ravishment at the mere wonder of being alive.

Today, home in a country where things go fast and make a noise, where one lives for and by reason of forces outside oneself, where time ticks as mechanically as any clock and we move forward to the carefully measured jerks of seconds, minutes, hours, each one demanding and limiting occupations to which we are as much compelled as the wheels of a machine are compelled to revolve—at home, as I say in America, it is hard to live again the essence of those idyllic days in N'Gala's village.

Idleness in the world of action is intolerable because it is a vacuum. It is nothing. Activity is the only reality, idleness merely its reverse—a negative thing and empty. But there in that other world idleness was not a negation of anything. It was positive and far from empty. One experienced the reality of a violent life that had nothing to do with movement, with doing. Those dreamlike days had their own intensity—as dreams have. You became aware that primitive idleness has a *form*, the sense of which grows upon you as the opulent hot days and the forest-scented nights drift by. It has emotion, slow-coiled and slumberous, it lives and calls to something in us older than a knowledge of gasoline engines and incandescent globes, "ancestral voices, prophesying"—no, not prophesying. The past cannot prophesy, it can only reminisce—call back. That is it—call back.

Mrs. Meuchner came to our gîte for meals. The rest of the time I could see her lying on her veranda in her white dress with a book on her lap. There was usually a little crowd of natives standing around her, women, children, and old men, staring. She liked watching them, too. Because of Meuchner, N'Gala no longer dared come to us for cigarettes, so he got into the habit of sending a messenger to Mrs. Meuchner's house each morning to ask for these and other things he wanted. Finally he had his chair moved down and placed beside her veranda, two or three of his courtiers lounging always in attendance.

As in most white men's structures in the Congo, the veranda ran like a broad corridor from front to back through her house. Crowding close to the rear was the jungle, cut back and forming a wall. It was there in the shade that N'Gala established himself. It must be said he looked very fine, his lithe, bronze body sprawled at full length in that bower of violent African green, his inscrutable eyes surveying Mrs. Meuchner and all the objects by which she was surrounded, her work box, scissors, typewriter, cigarette case, writing materials. He could see, too, into her bedroom, her cot with the white mosquito net, her boots, and slippers, her toilet articles laid out on a tin trunk—perfume, creams, comb, brushes, what not, her Chinese embroidered bathrobe hanging up, her nightgown and other articles of dress. Not one of these objects missed N'Gala's fascinated gaze. And he wanted them all.

"I don't see how you can have that young imbecile around," Meuchner used to say.

"I like to look at him. He's like a hot day, a burning day, like the sun itself," she answered. And Meuchner said he supposed that was what it meant to have imagination.

There was nothing Mrs. Meuchner wouldn't do to amuse the young chief. First it was supplying matches for him to scratch. He delighted in that. When she offered N'Gala a cigarette his attendant took it from her and handed it to him, then offered him the match box with a place on the side of it to rub the match. N'Gala would take the box and strike innumerable matches. Then she made me fill her silver lighter. This he found even more interesting and to Meuchner's disgust she gave it to him.

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"But he won't have any essence after we go and the thing will be useless to him," the practical doctor protested. She only smiled.

The greatest amusement of all was for N'Gala to write his name on her typewriter. She would put in a piece of paper and N'Gala, bending over her, excited, pleased and rather scared, would tap as she pointed, first one key, then another, gazing rapturously at the result. When the little bell rang his joy reached its height.

It was a funny sight to see Mrs. Meuchner, so blond and delicate in her white dress and N'Gala bending over her, his magnificent brown body almost naked, his stomach a mass of tribal scars cut in a handsome pattern, the necklace of crocodiles' teeth hanging forward almost touching her hair. But unless she was constantly amusing or giving him things N'Gala ignored her. He lay dreamily in his chair lost in the habitual abstraction of his idleness, his eyes dark and brilliant, alight with something that could never know tenderness, pity, aspiration, or remorse, but that was nevertheless profoundly, burningly, almost mystically alive.

Meuchner was becoming desperate about the porters. As I say, six or eight stragglers had come in but that of course was as good as none. The only thing that reconciled him to the interminable wait was the fact that the rest was doing Mrs. Meuchner so much good. We both remarked on it. She had color now in her cheeks. Her eyes had a clear strong look and she never complained at all of her head or of not sleeping. She appeared ten years younger, really quite blooming and pretty. Meuchner was delighted when I remarked on that. Her restlessness, too, had disappeared. Still he was eager to be gone.

Then Mrs. Meuchner herself offered a way out: "You and Paul take the men we've got and go without me. I'll wait here with the main part of the luggage."

Meuchner protested. It wouldn't do, he said, at all.

"But I thought you didn't want me to go to the medical station?"

"I don't, I didn't, but you said you wanted to go."

"No, no, I said I did not want to stay at that dreary mission. But I love it here."

"I know, Josie, but this is different. Somehow, a native village——"

"Why, how silly! What of it?"

"I don't know. Maybe it's all right." They talked about it quite a while and finally Mrs. Meuchner persuaded him. He began making preparations to go, but at the last minute he couldn't bring himself to leave her alone. I was to stay with her. As soon as he got to the Loro he would get a safari together and send it back for us.

Mrs. Meuchner did not like this: "You're just being silly, Otto. You're keeping Paul from his work and you're treating me as if I were a school girl. It's ridiculous." She was quite sharp about it—indeed it was the only time I ever saw her show impatience with Meuchner, almost dislike. But Meuchner was firm and we saw him off next morning at daybreak.

Now, with Meuchner gone, things were different. N'Gala took on a new air. It was not only that he became more arrogant and openly disdainful in manner but he became in fact, himself. And there was, I believe, something in my attitude as well as in hers, that made that possible. The blacks have acute intuitions. No lasting domination is purely one of force, conquerors must *feel,* I realized, toward the conquered, as Meuchner felt toward these people. They must have an emotional conviction of their superiority. I believe you could think yourself into empire over these highly suggestible people. Meuchner's disdain was not only perceived by N'Gala; it was, when Meuchner was there, shared by him. N'Gala became in part what Meuchner believed him to be. But in me there was no certainty as to my own superiority. Intellectually I suppose I had some such conviction, but not emotionally, and it is emotions the blacks divine and understand. Now, in an atmosphere freed from the white conqueror's disdain, N'Gala achieved again his own stature.

His courtiers reflected this attitude. There was no longer any pretence of respect or obedience to me. The needs of my household were not supplied. Bitterly my town boy had to set about chopping wood and making weary trips to the distant spring for water.

To all this I was indifferent. I was too lost in what I can only describe as a new sense of life, of force, both in me and about me, personal and impersonal—of undivided and universal life. But the word life has come to have too little meaning, or too many meanings, irrelevant; being, creation, procreation—the *rhythm of life's continuance,* here made visible in flesh, made human. As if the races were only symbols, and they, the Africans, were the very symbol of generation—φλοσαλ—of life itself.

I have sometimes come on an opening in the jungle into which the sun has been able to penetrate. Indescribable what you find there. It is airless, burning hot and so still that in all that desperate, tangled, ferocious growth of vines, creepers, grabbing tendrils, suffocating parasites, not a leaf stirs. And yet that stillness is full of the ring and clash of fight more deadly than was ever waged on roaring battlefield. You see the slender lianas devouring, growing into the thing on which they batten, you see the victors, the myriads of green forms turned up in ecstasy, sucking life from the blazing sun, you see the scarlet gorges gaping for the fructifying juices of the mate—the ultimate ferocity of life and death, life for the sake only of life.

But at that time I did not think, an amazing peace

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came upon me, a deep enchantment. There was only one small thrust of uneasiness, and that was concerning Mrs. Meuchner. When Meuchner left, Mrs. Meuchner said she would have her meals sent over to her gîte. She did not, she said, feel sociable. Well, neither did I. But what I did not quite like was that N'Gala no longer withdrew when she ate. In a way he shared these repasts with her. In the chop boxes were several dozen bottles of champagne and other wines. She would pour him a glass and let him drink, even offer him morsels to eat. When he liked what she gave him he would eat the whole dish, when he did not he repulsed it quite angrily. This might be amusing enough but it was, I thought, unwise. It looked—well, queer. I can't put a more definite word to it than that.

She permitted him to go into her room, look at himself in her mirror, examine the contents of boxes and bottles. I don't think he ever stole anything—he scarcely needed to because she gave him anything he asked for. Mrs. Meuchner knew something about drawing. She had once "studied art" as the saying is and she began making sketches of him in different poses. When he approved the result she gave him the drawing. Once she sketched herself in fancifully, but he did not like that and made her rub it out. They were good drawings. I have one now. N'Gala stands before me and in this country of pale, clothed, inelastic bodies I find him more startlingly beautiful than I realized at the time.

Although N'Gala tyrannized over Mrs. Meuchner, her authority, too, increased. What power I had had diminished to nil, but N'Gala's men served her as they did him. She banished what few white men's rags were worn in the village. She demanded a screen of tall palm leaves along the west side of her veranda, the side that faced my gîte, to shut out the late sun. She sent men into the forest to bring her flowers or little animals. She had a gray monkey and a leopard cub. And when the moon rose the dancing began.

Soft-footed, soft-voiced, the people of the village slowly assembled. Little fires burned in the plaza, burning flowers of crimson, blue, and yellow, lifting their living light under the dead glaze of the moon. Rags of white mist floated close to the ground and from the small plantation made by N'Gala's slaves came the rare fragrance of coffee in bloom. The quiet forest was bathed in serene light, a pale wash of color neither silver nor gold, gray nor green—a luminosity not of the world of living things at all and under it cries in the night rising, red glow of little fires, the interwoven beat of the drums, and the moonlit air tainted with dust raised by the pink-palmed horny feet.

N'Gala straddled and stamped, his feet meeting the earth with a thud, gripping it, claiming it. Or made flying leaps returning to the ground with the lightness of a leaf dropping. He looked all dark in the moonlight, a fantastic silhouette making wild significant gestures the meaning of which escaped me. His chair was placed now on Mrs. Meuchner's veranda, and when his dance was over he lay there, coldly triumphant beside her. In these intervals the dark circle of women rose from their stools and began the intricate shuffling dance that took them round and round in a dark circle. Their white teeth shone, their tall head dresses swayed, they smiled a lazy gleaming smile as they passed their master enthroned beside the white woman. Sometimes it was the men who danced, and on those occasions I saw something I cannot forget. They made a smaller circle than the women and first one, then another of the dancers would step from the ranks and dance his own, improvised solo piece. And those solo dances did in motion what music does in sound—they made a scroll, a picture, something complete, elegant, a mood in rhythm as telling, as lovely as a symphonic phrase. Beauty that passes, leaving no record, that has no thought for the morrow—lilies of the field.

As the night passed the circle widened to include them all, old and young, the whole village. Endlessly the wheel of dark forms revolved, chanting, swaying, music and gestures hypnotically repeated, everlastingly the same. Movement without mind, without will, rhythm became both purpose and power, became a rite, a madness, an intoxication without wine—earliest of all intoxications, remote forerunner of the Dionysian mysteries. Only later, and by more civilized people to be linked with wine, with Dionysus, god and giver of the grape. And beautiful as any Bacchic deity, N'Gala moved, dark and beautiful as the very sources of our blood, very giver of the grape. . . .

It was the drumming I couldn't stand. It never flinched, never missed a beat, never paused for breath. It throbbed with the even swiftness of a blood beat, it bored you and made you wild with nerves. In bed I could not escape it and lay bathed in the sweat of a sheer nervous frenzy. How she stood it I don't know or when she went to bed.

Then, unexpectedly, a runner brought a letter from Meuchner. He had reached the Loro River and there he had succeeded in getting together a safari. The men would arrive almost as soon as the runner and would bring Mrs. Meuchner and me to the post on the Loro River. Meantime Meuchner would go on to the medical station beyond the river and he would send his own men back to meet us at the Loro and convey us the rest of the way.

I went at once to take the news to Mrs. Meuchner. I found things as usual over there. N'Gala lay in his chair under the bananas smoking a cigarette with a few of his attendants hanging round. She had evidently requested music because N'Gala's minstrel stood before her blowing softly on his ivory horn.

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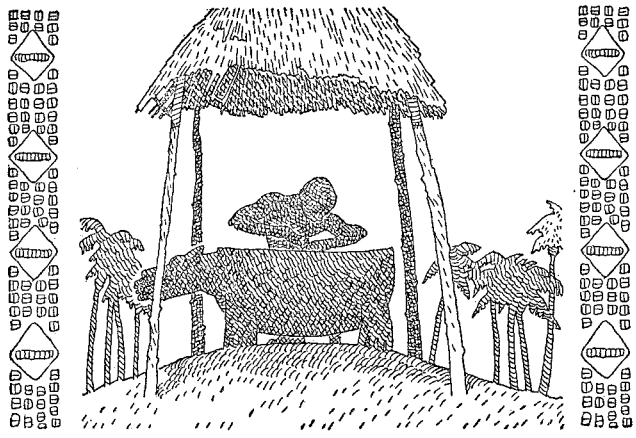

I gave her the letter. She read it and for a moment did not speak. Then she said, "Sit down, Paul." I must say I had begun to feel about N'Gala the way Meuchner did. Handsome as he undoubtedly was and pleasant to look at, it had begun to make me hot around the collar to see him sprawled out there in his disdainful way, taking it as a matter of course that she should feed and amuse and flatter him. No, I did not like it. But I have never been able to tell people what I thought they ought or ought not to do, as was evident enough in the events that followed. Indeed, I suppose I showed myself pretty spineless. Meuchner, however, when I saw him later, never said a word of reproach. It wasn't in him to nag or reproach anybody. When I said, What else could I do? he merely answered, Nothing of course.

Mrs. Meuchner began to talk, very serious and reasonable.

"You know, Paul, I've decided not to go to the medical station at all. There really is some danger and I have a horror of that terrible disease. The Doctor never wanted me to go, but he is so kind, so considerate that he babies me too much—leaving you here, for instance, to keep me company. But I'm sure he will be relieved if I don't come. It is only that he is afraid I'd be lonely. So you take everything you think you and he will need and start right off. I'll just wait here."

I protested—it might be several months, I reminded her.

"Time," she said without looking at me, "goes so quickly."

Well, we argued and argued. Finally I said, "Really, Mrs. Meuchner, I don't feel as if I ought to do it. The Doctor told me to bring you and I must."

She sprang to her feet. "I could have you killed," she burst out and then, as if startled by her words, she brought a kind of smile to her lips and added, "for being such a stubborn boy. We simply won't talk about it any more."

"But"—I began.

She turned on me furiously: "I tell you, once and for all, I'm not going. That's all there is to it."

Our eyes met and I had a strange sensation. I knew when I looked into her eyes I was seeing another woman, a woman I had never seen before. My blood ran a little cold. My blood ran cold not because *I* did not know that woman, but because I knew *she* didn't either.

Next day I went away and Mrs. Meuchner stayed.

It was a long trek to the medical station. I found the second relay of men waiting on the Loro as expected but it was fifteen days in all before I finally got to my destination. During the trip I tried to think about Mrs. Meuchner but I didn't know what to think, about her or about that other woman who had looked at me out of Mrs. Meuchner's eyes. And I said to myself, sometimes we call people mad who are not mad, only the unknown self come up, new-born, unfitted to its world.

Meuchner, as I have said, did not reproach me. He said nothing more just then, than I have reported. But I thought he was in something of a hurry to explain to me what he had been doing and what was yet to do. We went over the place that day and spent half the night with the two French scientists who were there, talking things over. Before we went to bed Meuchner said: "This way you'll be able to carry on while I'm gone. I'll just go back to Mrs. Meuchner right away."

I heard afterward that when he reached the Loro, the river had risen—the rainy season had now set in and he was obliged to wait there a fortnight before he could cross. It must have been more than a month before he got back to N'Gala's village and it was a considerable time afterward that a runner came bringing me a letter from Meuchner. He said he had left at once for the United States with Mrs. Meuchner. He said I was to go too, that the expedition was abandoned. He gave me careful instructions about my return. I was not to go back as we had come, through N'Gala's country. Indeed I was not to return to the Congo at all but to travel by safari to Tanganyika Lake, cross into East Africa and go out that way.

It was some months later that I got back to America. I sent my notes at once to Meuchner and asked him to let me see him. I had no reply and I have never heard from him since. Naturally I was curious to know something of the Meuchners and learned a year or so later that Meuchner had been ill after his return, a breakdown of some kind, and that he and Mrs. Meuchner were no longer together.

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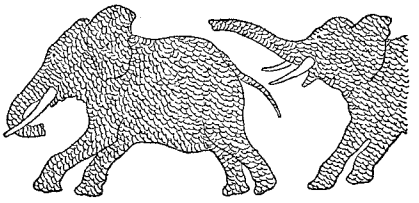

Republicans in a Political Jam

By John Corbin

By what it calls "defending the Constitution," the G. O. P. has jockeyed itself into a stand essentially "un-Constitutional." Mr. Corbin shows that the Constitution, replacing the Articles of Confederation, represented a move from individualism to collectivism—and that the cause of the change was a situation very similar to ours today

WHEN the Democratic party in recent campaigns spoke well of a protective tariff, lovers of the jewel consistency lifted an eyebrow. When of late the New Deal set up a federal authority far beyond the dreams of Washington and Hamilton they broke out an ironic smile. But their derision did not reach its climax until the Republican party, nonplussed by this bland appropriation of its historic doctrines, raised a Jeffersonian clamor against federal control and in behalf of state rights and individual liberty.

It is, indeed, no new thing for a political party to steal its opponent's thunder. Even in England it is an incident highly characteristic of the much-lauded two-party system. "The Conservatives found the Liberals in bathing and made way with their clothes." But hitherto the bathers have clad their nakedness shamefacedly, as if in the empty barrel of the cartoonist. Now for the first time they array themselves in the cast-off garments of the marauders and publicly strut in the obvious misfit. And thus we approach a congressional election which involves questions of the utmost novelty and complexity, and upon which depends the fate of recovery from the depression.

Let us not overstress the value of consistency. To do so, as Emerson said, is the virtue of little minds. It is a new world we are living in, a world inconceivable to the generation that framed our Constitution and gave birth to our historic parties and the opposing principles they have hitherto championed. Perhaps the Republicans have the rights of our present situation, while the Democrats are sadly misguided. And let us, at least to begin with, put aside all matters of mere opinion, of political and constitutional interpretations which, however honestly conceived, are liable to suspicion of partisan coloring. So far as possible let us confine ourselves to matters of demonstrable fact.

The first of the big guns of latter-day Republicanism was fired by Ogden Mills at Topeka on January 31. "This government," he said, "was founded on the principle that the individual has the inalienable right to 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.'" Mr. Mills must certainly be aware of the fact that "this government" was founded on a constitution written in 1787, and that the phrase he quotes is not from that Constitution but from the Declaration of Independence, written by Thomas Jefferson over a decade before. But let us regard these as peccadilloes and leave them to his conscience and his prayers.

A further error is crucial in the present discussion and cannot be ignored. A government was indeed founded on the principle Mr. Mills cites, that of the Articles of Confederation under which we fought the Revolution. Being chiefly conditioned by regard for individual liberty and state rights, by particularism as opposed to collectivism, it proved lamentably inefficient — "imbecile," as Washington called it. For the lack of the power of taxation and of all authority over individuals, it must have cost us our freedom from England if it had not been for the patient genius of Washington plus financial and military aid from France. After the Revolution, it could neither meet its own trifling expenses nor borrow money—being unable even to pay the interest on loans already contracted. Nor do those facts mark the depth of its imbecility. Thanks to the genius of our negotiators in Paris, the treaty of peace with England was vastly advantageous to us, making possible a national life of the utmost dignity and prosperity; but the government of the Articles of Confederation was so enfeebled by its particularism that it could not oblige the several States, and notably Washington's own Virginia, to respect the few rights which the treaty pledged to England. And so England also disregarded the treaty—continuing, among other things, to occupy and exploit vast regions which she had ceded to us. In a word, the reign of the particularism which Mr. Mills now lauds made us bankrupt and gave rise to international complications which culminated in the War of 1812.

Especially it is to be observed that the word "individual," which Mr. Mills reads into the Declaration, does not occur in it, and that neither in the Declaration nor in the Constitution as drafted is there any comprehensive statement of the rights of the individual as against collective control. That achievement did not take place until the first Congress elected under the Constitution wrote ten amendments and the States ratified them. The Bill of Rights proved a necessary, a highly important, addition to the Constitution; but it was an afterthought. So far as the records show, the great Convention of 1787 never contemplated anything of the kind. Yet Republican spokesmen of today, without exception, speak of the Bill of Rights as if it were the be-all and the end-all of

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the political philosophy of the Fathers. Says William R. Castle, Jr., once Republican Under-Secretary of State, "To me the Bill of Rights is the heart of the American Constitution." Perhaps the ablest onslaught on the present Democratic policies is that of James W. Wadsworth, Jr., once a Senator from New York and now in the House of Representatives. He sees in the New Deal only a "regimentation" of individuals which means "the abandonment of the American conception of liberty under a constitution;" and he says that, as result of an alleged disregard of the Tenth Amendment, "Our children will live as subjects in a land where their forefathers lived as masters."

Historically, to put a plain case briefly, the Bill of Rights was a mere appendage to a vast and comprehensive structure built mainly on a principle quite different and intrinsically opposed to it. The heart and soul of the Constitution of 1787, as the framers of it declared and as historians of all stripes agree, lie in the power it bestows on the national government of asserting its will upon individuals. Why, otherwise, would it have been necessary to add ten amendments strictly delimiting the powers conferred? Nothing in the development of a century and a half is more curious, and more significant in the present bedlam of invective, than the muddling of ideas as result of which, in the philosophy of "the party of Washington and Hamilton," the tail now wags the dog.

In general terms and *mutatis mutandis,* the period from 1776 to 1788 found us in precisely the same predicament from which we suffer today. We were victims of the paradox of poverty amid plenty. Possessed of a land which even then was fabulously rich potentially, we were bankrupt as a nation. The old Congress of sovereign states and of a liberty merely individual could call upon the states for their quotas of troops and money and the states were in honor bound to respond; but they simply refused, and that was that. Even over the smallest man Jack who saw fit to defy its authority it had no power. One result was Washington's ragged and starveling army and the tragic prolongation of a war that might and should have been won in half the time and at far less than half the expense of blood and treasure. Another result was a vast inflation of currency. Congress had every intention of maintaining the Continental paper at par, and if the states had paid their quotas it would have been able to do so; but as result of their particularist recalcitrations there was no resort except to the printing press. The worth of "Continental" money became proverbially nothing. During and after the war Congress strove mightily to achieve the power of levying a small tax, four per cent, upon imports. Unanimous consent of the States was needful, and there was always a minority, especially Rhode Island, New York, and Virginia, that preferred small local advantages at the expense of their neighbors to the transcendent good of the nation.

The Constitution of 1787, like the New Deal, was primarily an instrument of national control, of effective planning. As regards both men and money it bestowed upon the nation power over individuals—if you will, the power of "regimentation." No sooner was it put to work than an era of national dignity and prosperity dawned which continued with minor and transient interruptions down to 1929.

The lack of a proper guarantee of individual and state rights is of the utmost interest historically and has a direct bearing on our present predicament. Democratic and Socialist writers have imputed a motive of class tyrrany. A convention of landowners, merchants and other capitalists, they say, connived to deprive the American people of the liberties they had won in the Revolution. It will not do, however, to forget that it was these very men of the Convention who had fomented the Revolution, had led it in council-chambers and had fought it in the field. They could not be wholly blind to the cause of liberty. And they included many men who were passionately devoted to State and individual rights, yet who had learned under the old Articles that some abatement of them is needful to secure effective liberty, that the voice of the people is not necessarily the voice of God.

A typical case is that of George Mason, a lifelong democrat who had anticipated Jefferson's declaration of equality in the Virginia Bill of Rights. In the Convention of 1787 Mason averred that he would as soon trust a choice of colors to a blind man as entrust the choice of their President to the American people. Jefferson was in Paris, but, while he echoed the growing demand for a Bill of Rights, he warmly approved the Constitution otherwise, and throughout his life he never failed to declare loyalty to it. Madison at first denied the need of a Bill of Rights, believing that individual liberties were not at all threatened. Even more than Jefferson he believed in the new Constitution, cherished his rather exaggerated reputation as its "Father," and in his old age warmly testified as to the character and motives of the men of the Convention.

As the debates in ratifying conventions show clearly, the lack of a Bill of Rights was due to no sinister purpose but to the fact that the Convention overestimated the strength of the House of Representatives as they were constituting it, and underestimated the strength of the instrument as a whole. As the House comes fresh from the people every two years and was intended to wield "the power of the purse," which had been decisive throughout English history, they thought it sufficiently safeguarded popular liberties. And it was many long years before the Executive achieved its present power—a power far greater than that of any other government founded on the popular will and amenable to it. It was only after Washington and Hamilton had, in Madison's graphic phrase, "administrationed" the Constitution into authority, and after Marshall had made the Supreme Court its bulwark, that the need of a Bill of Rights became obvious to men of both parties. Yet from the start there was no real opposition to the Bill, even on the part of Hamilton.

All the great Federalist leaders were strong in their belief in the people as source of original and ultimate authority, strong also in their belief in individual liberty so far as it is compatible with salutary national control. Washington, Adams, and Hamilton put themselves explicitly and repeatedly on record to this effect. But, unlike our modern Republican spokesmen, they conceived of a nation's liberty as having a dual nature. Without an authorized collective control, they believed, not only the nation but the individual himself must fall short of his true development. What had happened under the

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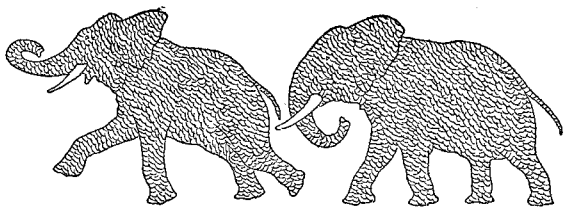

Articles of Confederation was typical of an unbalanced particularism. First an impotent Congress squandered the blood and treasure of the nation; and then, at Newburgh in 1781, the army launched a movement for a military dictatorship which must have plunged the country into uncharted seas of turmoil and civil slaughter except for Washington's unswerving belief in republican principles and in the fundamental capacity of the people for free institutions.

The problem of liberty, in short, is to strike a just balance between individualism and collectivism—what the Fathers called "the republican balance." As in a twin star, the red and the green swing in their respective orbits, fusing their radiance to make the pure white light. Or, adapting the homelier phrase of Oom Paul Kruger, individual liberty and collective authority are hands that wash each other. The Convention of 1787 recognized gladly the particularist principle of state rights and individual liberty embodied in the old Articles; but they added to it the opposed and counterbalancing principle of federal control.

All this is of course elementary, the A B C of our history which should be familiar to every schoolboy. In repeating it I own to a sense of shame. But it is not shame for myself. Modern Republican leaders one and all have seen fit to deny it, and their denial can only be the result of crass ignorance or of the mendacity so natural to politicians caught in a jam. Being very charitable, I impute only ignorance. Yet it is an ignorance ingrained and of long standing. From Harding to Hoover and thereafter, the self-vaunted party of Washington and Hamilton has interpreted the Constitution after the manner of the schoolgirl who argued that the moon is a much more valuable orb than the sun. For does not the moon shine at night, when without it everything is dark? The sun shines only by day, when every one can see. We became so used to national control, and to the prosperity which for so long it brought us, that in our political philosophy we thought only of moonshine. Yet even with this most charitable interpretation I view the Republican propaganda, as the political phrase goes, with alarm. For a just appreciation of what the Constitution stands for is the *sine qua non* of an orderly and permanent emergence from the catastrophe which during four years has engulfed us.

Already, it may be thought, a color of partisanship has crept into these remarks. Perhaps I may be permitted to state that since Grover Cleveland I have voted for every Republican candidate for President—except that, when Theodore Roosevelt bolted the party, I reluctantly followed him. If today I look upon the New Deal cheerfully and even hopefully, it is because it seems to me to be as thoroughly in the spirit of the Constitution as the Republican fulminations are opposed to it. Nor is my objection to those fulminations based on the fact that they display what, being still charitable, I call crass ignorance. Majestic as is the fabric erected by the Federalists, and vital as is the political principle which it embodies, its form and content were determined by the eighteenth century and we are living in the twentieth—under conditions farther removed from the Federalists than they were removed from Magna Carta. My indictment of the Republican party is that, for almost half a century, it has been not only oblivious of its historic principles but also sand-blind to the needs of the contemporary world.

In 1787 the country was overwhelmingly agricultural; our commerce was small and our manufacturers barely beginning. The functional units of the nation were territorial, the thirteen States. Since then, the importance of the States has steadily declined, and not merely as result of the Civil War. As the country has become industrialized, commercialized, agriculture has shrunk in relative importance, being only one of half a dozen basic industries, each of which has a national extension. The problem of control, of collective liberty, is now chiefly concerned not with States but with the several basic industries which are the vital organs of the modern nation. How shall we endow them with a maximum of particularist liberty and at the same time see to it that they are duly subservient to the needs and interests of the whole?

Again, perhaps, an apology is due for an observation platitudinous and trite; yet again the excuse is that the heir of the Federalist party, of the party of Washington and Hamilton, is blind to the situation that confronts it, mumbling dead phrases once thundered by its historic opponents. Ignoring the fact that the most extreme of the new measures are temporary, aimed at relieving the depression, it denounces one and all of them as irresponsibly autocratic. Ignoring the fact that they are all freely conferred by a Congress freely elected, with no shadow of military domination, they denounce them as Bolshevist or Fascist, apparently not knowing the difference, and wave the bogey of revolution. It is no new thing for a political party to be caught in a jam, but never before have we seen an appeal so ignoble to popular ignorance and terror.

Meantime there are abundant reasons, also ignored by Republicans, for regarding the New Deal, so far as it is likely to prove permanent, as the spontaneous and inevitable development of our historic Constitution—a development that was in progress long before the World War. Since the middle of the nineteenth century the new "industrial States" have been prone to conduct themselves in a manner inimical to the public interest, and there has been need to bring them under control. Railways gave secret rebates and other bribes to favored shippers; big industries killed off competitors by predatory price-cutting and then, having established a monopoly, mulcted the public. Precisely as in 1787, there was a crying need of federal control, the only difference being that the recalcitrant units of the nation were now not territorial but industrial.

The history of this new Federalism has not yet been written and cannot be written because we are still in the main stream of its development and can only guess at the final outcome. It is, however, obvious that it is taking place within the bounds of the Constitution. A little reflection will show, I think, that as yet it has merely applied the principles of the instrument of 1787 to the very different world of the nineteen-thirties.

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Two means were devised for coping with the new "industrial states" when they rebelled against public right and the national interest. In the Sherman act of 1890 and the Clayton act that supplemented it, Congress sought to regulate the "trusts" by the traditional method of blanket legislation. But, necessary as those measures were and salutary in the main, they proved incapable of coping with the infinitely varied and complicated industrial order of today, creating almost as many inequities as they corrected. Meantime a novel and far different attack on the problem was taking form tentatively and gropingly.

As if admitting its own inability to cope directly with the situation, Congress delegated its authority, and something more than that, to appointed tribunals; and since then it has steadily though always reluctantly increased their powers. As established in 1887, the Interstate Commerce Commission had only the power of investigating and reporting to Congress, a sort of espionage. Today it has vast powers, not only legislative but executive and judicial. It fixes rates and fares; it seeks out and remedies abuses small and great; it determines business policies, even sanctioning and superintending regional regroupings and other "agreements in restraint of trade" such as the Sherman act punishes in Atlanta jail. Nor does it stand alone. In their respective fields the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Reserve Board and countless other administrative tribunals wield a similar power.

For almost half a century progress in the industrial government of the nation has been registered by two concurrent phenomena. Congress has delegated its historic function; and, in order to make possible the effective use of the new authority, it has suspended in specific instances the operation of the Sherman act. The process reached its first and temporary culmination under stress of the World War, the industrial conduct of which was placed in the hands of administrative tribunals. Midway in the present depression it became evident to President Roosevelt and his scholarly advisers that if we are to avoid the recurrence of such cataclysms, insuring to capital and to labor a steady and equitable enjoyment of plenty, it can only be by a permanent administration of our basic industries proceeding from the national government. It was clearly foreseen that to institute this sweeping reform at once must necessarily complicate the process of recovery and perhaps retard it; but the temporary sacrifice seemed justified and more than justified by the ultimate gain.

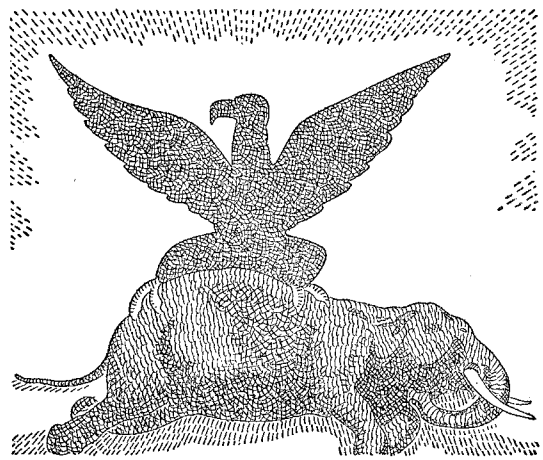
From McKinley to Hoover, the Republican party, with a single lucid interval when Theodore Roosevelt put teeth into the Interstate Commerce law, had deprecated the development of industrial tribunals, had muddled it and fuddled it, making them too often the meddlesome pests they called them. Franklin Roosevelt accepts the inevitable, welcomes it and cherishes it as the one sure salvation of the industrial order of today. In a similar predicament, John Milton spoke his mind with no uncertain voice:

> I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
> By the known rules of ancient liberty,
> When straight a barbarous noise environs me
> Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs . . .
> Who bawl for freedom in their senseless mood
> And still revolt when Truth would set them free.

To be more modern and polite, partisan Republicans and reactionary Democrats denounce the New Deal as Bolshevist and Fascist, while Socialists denounce it as state capitalism; whereas, to any one who takes thought as to its historic origin and its manifest contemporary purpose, it is simply an adaptation of the basic principle of our balanced Constitution to the needs of the modern industrial nation. Far from being "revolution," it is the orderly and salutary evolution of the age-old instrument of our liberties.

In one matter, a matter of the utmost importance, the New Deal has liberalized and given clear direction to the administrative tribunal. As developed by the Republicans, it was rigidly and often stupidly autocratic. Ill-paid appointees of the Administration, often mere office-seekers, governed our great and vital industries with an iron hand. In the case of the Federal Reserve, Paul Warburg urged that the regional banks be permitted to send representatives to Washington who should form at least a large minority of the Board. Government without representation is tyranny! So far as Republicans took notice of the suggestion they derided it. Franklin Roosevelt not only recognized the essential validity of the idea but gave it an extension which embodies both our constitutional principle of "State" rights and the complementary principle of national control. Under the several codes, our basic industries govern themselves, being subject to interference from Washington only when they infringe upon the rights of the nation as a whole. Instead of being ruled by commissions of political placemen they have the advantage of being led by tried and true industrialists of their own choosing, presumably the men who have made their several industries what they are. Here again the New Deal is in tune with the great instrument of 1787, one major purpose of which was to see to it that the nation shall be governed by the men whose ability and experience make them most capable of governing it wisely, that the will of the people be given effect, under correction, by what Washington called "the wise and good."

Is it possible that we are progressing toward a new and more significant alignment or parties? Beginning with the Congressional elections now at hand we should be able to form an opinion. The Republicans who see in our Constitution only individualism and State rights do not stand alone. Many among the foremost Democrats have echoed their words and with a sincerity of conviction which is possibly greater. Among them are John W. Davis, ex-Senator Reed of Missouri and Governor Ritchie of Maryland. Even in Mr.



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Roosevelt's official family there are recalcitrants, notably the Secretary of State and the Budget Director. Nor is his popular following sure to be what it was in 1932 and 1933. Any radical and drastic course of action inevitably makes enemies; and the New Deal has worked many unnecessary hardships upon untold thousands of minor industrialists. And with all his genius for playing politics President Roosevelt is not proof against grave errors of judgment, of which the cancellation of air-mail contracts and the brutal assault upon the honor of Andrew Mellon are by no means solitary examples.

Yet interesting as the coming elections will be as bearing on the New Deal and the personal prestige of Franklin Roosevelt, they bid fair to have a more fundamental and permanent interest as affecting the modern development of the Constitution and of political parties under it. That very able publicist and newspaper correspondent, David Lawrence, has proposed that men of both parties who oppose the New Deal come together to form a new party to be called Constitutional Democratic. For Democrats of the nineteenth-century tradition, it may still be possible to see the Bill of Rights as the heart of the Constitution, to stand for an individualism and a particularism which ignore the need of a complementary Federal control. But alas for all those who have hitherto vaunted themselves disciples of Washington and Hamilton! When their view of the Constitution identifies them with a Democratic party, as in all reason it eventually must, they will indeed be in a jam. Far better the barrel of obvious shame than a masquerade so deeply un-Republican and so essentially un-Constitutional.

Yet for the country as a whole the situation may well prove salutary. Now at last the issue is clearly drawn and inescapable. Political forces are at work which are at once dynamic and irreconcilable; and such forces have a way of sweeping aside individuals who, whether from ignorance or from miscalculated astuteness, have lightheartedly belied them.

ESCAPE THE PATTERN

By Conrad Aiken

Escape the pattern to another pattern:
avoid the ending for another ending:
hate the face now, you fool, to love it later—
or love it now to hate.

Here's the magician
come for his evening tricks with bags and sleeves
marked cards and easy fingers. Here's the illusion
come for the morning with an eye of sunrise
and every grassblade golden. Here's the deception
who framed our hearts and minds and dwells there now
as naturally as blood. Here's the division
between one truth and other which is false
between one lie and other which is true
between one hour and other which is nothing
between one eye and other which is hell.
What will you have, be angry with your hand,
despise your eye, dissect your fancy,
shed out that broad humanity that lies
foul, rich, dishonest, and profound, in blood?
will you say yes to the heart, no to the belly?
and who says yes or no?

Cry down to the dark
which is below you, and is waiting for you,
and ask her for an answer. She is a pattern
begot of patterns and begetting patterns;
mad beyond madness; will tease you on
from false to false forever.

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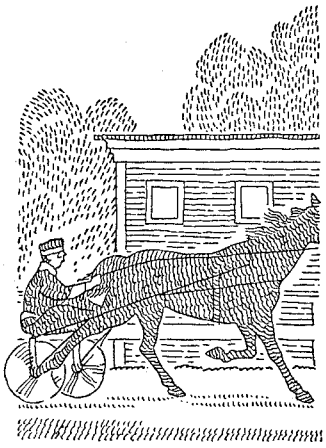
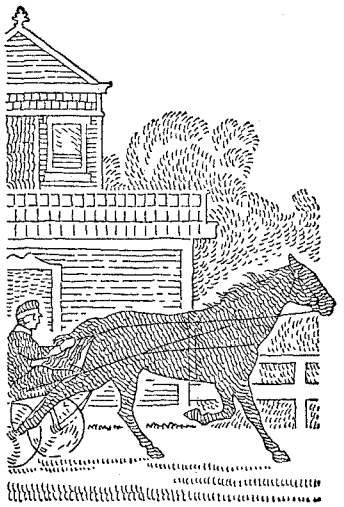


The Combination

A Story of the Race-Track

By Evan Shipman



Fred Dunbar, the trainer, was a little man who walked with his chest out; he had quick, sharp eyes like a bird's, a nose like a beak, and a mouth that was tight yet half smiling much of the time. His skin was tanned and drawn tight over his cheek bones. There was something half pompous, half humorous in his manner. In order to look down at something, quizzically, which was an attitude of his, he had to stand a little away. He liked to sit back in the camp chairs after the morning's work was done, smoke a cigar, and listen to all the talk and the fuss with horses going on behind him.

His caretakers thought Dunbar was the greatest driver in the country. When Will Broderick ran beside his Lady Lucia, to uncheck her after a heat, Dunbar would be hoarse and a little excited from the drive. They would go in past the betting men at the drawgate, and he would stop and light a cigar, and call to a bookie, "How'd you like that heat, Frank? What'll you give us in the next? Come on, now, I've got a horse in this race; I'll give you a little action. Lay me a hundred and a half against fifty, what do you say?"

But the bookies were scared, or knew enough to wait. And Fred Dunbar, with his whip in his hand and his cigar in his mouth, strode back to the stables and sat outside the door while Will washed her down.

"Went a pretty nice heat, eh, Will? Take your time, take your time, my boy. They've got two heats to go before we're called again."

And he would saunter back to the drawgate to kid the bookies—and end up by taking their odds.

"Ain't he the damnedest old man?" said Tommy, working in the next stall. "Talks like the smartest man in the country, but they take him. Yes, sir, they take him just like Simple Simon here's going to take that field of hoppled pacers tomorrow. I know what to do with my money. And don't you let me down, you wall-eyed, pimple-neck stud, or you'll get—do you know what you'll get? The hose."

And he shook the hose-length at the stallion, who retreated lazily to the back of the stall.

Along in the season Lady Lucia threw a curb, and her owner decided to turn her out to pasture. Will was out of a job, but he hung around with the combination, not caring much, for a while, whether he worked or not. He slept late in the mornings, and hit it up with the boys about every night.

One morning after breakfast Dunbar called back to Tom, "Where's Broderick?"

"Why he's keeping fast company these days, Fred. Don't have no time for us. A gentleman of leisure, our Will is. He's probably in the blankets."

"Well, you find him and tell him I want to see him."

"What is it, a new horse coming, Fred?"

"Yes. Old Pence is sick. I'm going to take over Stamina."

"Crutches, bandages, splints, and all, eh?"

"That's my business. You go find Will."

Will came, looking pretty hazy, and they went over together to Pence's stall.

"This will be a tough job, Will. We're pointing him for the ten-thousand-dollar event. You'll have your work cut out for you, if we keep this old cripple going. I don't know; I don't hardly know if we'll get there."

They found Pence packing up, and they went in to look over Stamina. He was dark chestnut—a big, angular gelding. This was his seventh year at the races. He didn't carry an extra pound of flesh. He hardly moved in the stall. He just stood there, with his head lowered. He was a little light-waisted, but he looked speed, even though it was an ugly, hammer-headed speed. But the head showed blood. The eyes were large, the hair thin, thinning away to black skin over the cheek bones. He was neither good tempered nor bad tempered—he just wanted to be let alone. Except on the track, he didn't live. In the stable he dozed with his head lowered. When a caretaker spoke to him he moved, but you had to look out, reaching for him. He would lay back his ears and grab viciously. His hide was so thin and sensitive you had to use the softest brushes, and his old legs had been "fired" and blistered so often that he hated to be worked on behind. He would let go behind against the stall more through irritation—annoyance—than to reach the groom. He ignored the groom and (which made him a constant problem) he ignored his food. Twice a week, when he was turned the right way of the track, he came to life.

This was Stamina, who had come out first as a two-year-old and had been through a dozen trainers' hands, and who had won races everywhere from the Grand Circuit to the little tracks of western Pennsylvania and Ohio. This was the discard, who always seemed good for just one more comeback.

The men stood in the corner of the

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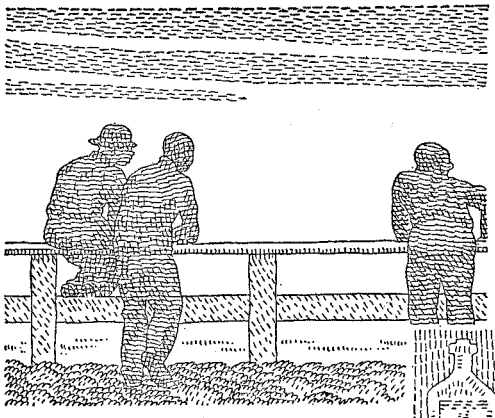

stall looking at him. They took off the bandages and cottons. The hair of the legs was riffled going down from the firing irons. And still the tendons in front were spongy—slightly warm to the touch. But he had magnificent feet, a true trotter's hoof as big as a soup plate.

"How much have you been with him?" asked Fred.

"I'll tell you. I ain't dared go any fast miles. I don't think he needs them. I've been a mile in 12. But I've brushed him last quarters. I've just seen that he has his speed. Sharpening him up like that. When you race him you won't need to work him. He don't jog sound. He don't come out of his stall sound. But when he turns the right way of the track he forgets those old legs of his. He's a dead-game horse."

"I'll say he's dead game," said Dunbar, thinking, 'How in the Dickens can he ever trot with that under-pinning?' "By gorry, Pence, if they were all like him we wouldn't have to turn any of them out, would we?"

Will went to work on Stamina. He sized up the horse and how he would take care of him, just as Fred Dunbar planned his training. He would let him alone as much as possible. The time to have him on the guy line would be when they began to race. No use making him any more sour than he was. He stopped using scurfing, hot liniments on the old legs, and used plain cold water, doing the horse up again every time the cottons dried. He fooled Stamina by feeding him five or six times a day—a little—and also in the middle of the night, instead of the usual big ration three times. He bought clover and green grass from the kids who came around in the morning. He kept cut plug in his trunk for Stamina, who disdained sugar. Tobacco was the only thing Stamina was enthusiastic about.

Will Broderick was a big fellow—quiet, sullen, dark. Not sullen from bad temper, but he always seemed to be brooding about something. He did his work quietly and thoroughly, not talking, laughing, kidding all the time, like Tom. And yet all the fellows he chose to go with were the gay, happy-go-lucky ones. He seemed always to stay on the outside of their good times. Nothing was ever so good to Will as it seemed when he was planning it. But as soon as it was over, it became something to talk about and to look back on. He wasn't satisfied with the way things went. He didn't want to be a trainer, because no caretaker he went around with wanted to be a trainer. But he wasn't satisfied.

What he liked best was to be in the outfit and hear Tom chattering away and kidding him and the others, and to have Fred out there in the camp chair smoking, making comments, watching everything. Then he felt safe and all right. But why should that make him feel safe? He could take care of himself. He didn't owe any man for a living. He never had to be out of a job five minutes. Trainers knew there wasn't a better caretaker in the game. What he liked was the outfit and the other combinations, where he knew all the boys and could drop around and talk about the good times they had had in this town and that town, then have a quick "shot" with them, and then move on and visit some more.

"Gee, Tom," he would say, "do you remember that stiff race at Rutland with old Simple Simon, and how we were walking him till ten o'clock cooling him out? I guess the old son-of-a-gun knew he had been to the races that day."

Will liked all kinds of horses. The way a horse acted had come to be a kind of second nature with him. He liked the flighty feminine way of a filly, like Lady Lucia. He liked the determined cantankerousness of old race mares. Then there were the old geldings—mild, gentle, but notional, maybe. And stud colts, some of them as bad as boys just beginning to chase around. There was one in the stable, a roan. He was a mean little devil. During his training as a two-year-old he had his groom buffaloed. One morning bringing in a forkful of hay and putting it on the rack, the groom turned his back on the colt for a second, and right away this little roan was up on his hind legs, striking at the boy's head with his forefeet like a boxer. He opened a three-inch cut, and the boy just managed to back out of the stall, half blinded with the blood in his eyes.

All of them were outside, waiting to go to lunch, and Will said, "Fred, let me take care of that roan colt, and Harry can have one of my string."

"Go ahead. Tame him, Will," said Fred, laughing. "But look out he don't tame you."

Will went in to him with a hose-length in his hand, and after he came out they understood each other.

One day, when they were clipping, the roan started acting up, and Fred said, "Put the twister on him, Will." Will gave it a couple of turns, and a funny thing happened. Great big tears rolled down out of the colt's eyes. "Look at the tough guy now, will you?" said Fred. "It didn't take him long to say 'Uncle' for all he's so bad!"

Stamina came along well. Will had about thirty dollars left from his spree. He gave it to Fred to put down on the future books. "You ain't going to bet on *him,* are you?" asked Fred.

"Sure. Ain't you? He's got a chance now at fifteen to one."

"I ain't going to bet on him until the day of the race. You'll get just as good odds then. Let me keep that for you and get a pool ticket."

Will slept behind the bar in Stamina's stall. He kept the grain under his cot for the morning feed. One morning getting towards race day, he felt something nudging him in his sleep and woke to find Stamina pushing the covers off him. Just as he looked at the alarm clock, it went off. The old boy was anxious for breakfast. 'Well, I've got him eating anyway,' he thought.

The other trainers joked Dunbar about his cripple. They saw the workouts, of course, and knew there had been no fast miles. There were three horses entered who had beaten 2:08 in their work. The week before the race Dunbar said, "I've got to tighten him up to a fast mile. They're going to trot around 2:06 three times in that race, and even if he could do it once, he wouldn't

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be able to come *back* and do it without a fast mile under his belt. I'm going to work him today in about 2:06. It may cook him, but I've got to take the chance."

Every groom in the stable was on the rail when he went away the third time out for fast work. Stamina's gait was perfection when he was turned the right way of the track at speed. High in front, he struck the track hard—that was the trouble with his tendons—seeming to mount in the air, almost climbing, as he struck his stride. Behind, the hock action was a little stiff but perfectly placed and with great power, opening and closing like a pair of scissors. The head was held high, turned a little to one side; he never moved it. He went with his tail straight out and blowing—he would not have it bound. He turned to go away like a shot (Fred said he could turn on a ten-cent piece), skipped a couple of times finding his gait, and was going like a locomotive at the wire. He had raced on half-mile tracks so much the sharp turns never bothered him. He went into them hugging the rail close, seeming to lean with the bias.

"Quarter in 31 flat," said Tom, with a watch. Fred eased him off a little in the backstretch, and he came to the half—Stamina taking a strong hold on the bit—in 1:04. On the backstretch they heard the old man cluck to him once at the three-quarter pole, and coming around the lower turn he seemed to fly. He straightened out into the homestretch with the old man just sitting there with a firm hold, a kind of smile on his face, and he went by them at a two-minute gait, with his ears pricked, seeming to climb ever higher with that flashy, flung-out, forward stroke. The mile was in 06½.

"If he cools out O. K., we've got a chance," said Fred. He went back to the stables with Will to watch how the gelding came out.

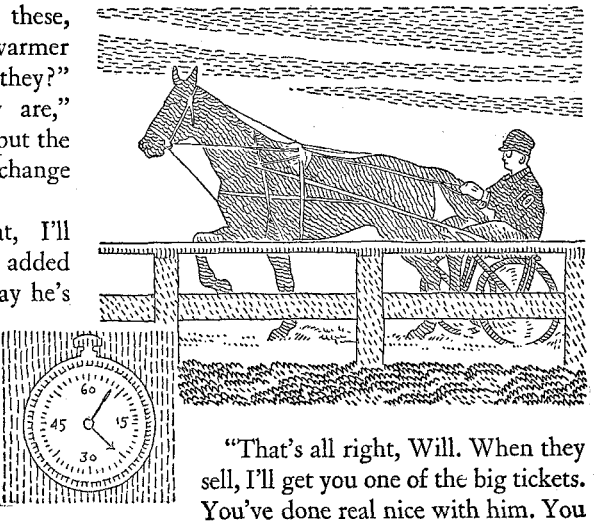
"He hits the track so damned hard. That's the trouble. You can hear him all over the grounds, can't you? But he was on the bit all the way. I just clucked to him that once. Say, if he was sound, wouldn't he be a trotter!"

"Looks to me like he's a trotter now, Fred."

"And you know, by God, it *hurts* him. It *must* hurt him with those for-'ard legs," Fred went on, stooping to feel the tendons. "But feel these, Will, they ain't any warmer than they usually are, are they?"

"I don't believe they are," said Will. "I'm going to put the ice-packs on tonight and change them every hour."

"After the first heat, I'll freeze them with ether," added Fred. "You know, the way he's come round, he just might stay sound all season. Say, I wonder if Hodson and Crozier and them saw that work?"



"Sure they did. Hodson was standing under his awning there with a watch on you all the time. It'll be all over the track by noon."

"Ain't it the truth!" agreed Fred. "We'll have to go with the runners where they train by moonlight. I don't care where you are in this game, everybody seems to know your business as well as you do. Why, if we were training at Barton, Vermont, some old bird would have the watch on us and write down about it."

"Can't even ring 'em around here, can they, Fred?" asked Will, laughing.

"Why land sakes, no. I should say not. Say, did you ever hear of that stunt Walt Beldon tried to pull a few years ago?"

"No."

"Well, they were smart. You see where he landed up, don't you?"

"Set him down for life, didn't they?"

"Yes, they did. And he was one lucky man they didn't lynch him out to Oswego. He went down through that central New York country with a stable, and he'd been winning about everywhere with an awful pretty gray pacer named 'The Ghost.' Well, at Oswego one afternoon it came on to rain, and before they could get a blanket on her, the crowd saw one of the nicest-looking chestnuts you ever see. They say things hummed around there for a little while. The next time I saw him I said, 'Walt, when I get you to do any paintin' for me I want you to be good and sure they ain't water-colors!' "

"Say, Fred, how about that thirty dollars? I won't get any odds now. You know what he'll sell for in the pools. And they'll slash the future book odds tonight."

"That's all right, Will. When they sell, I'll get you one of the big tickets. You've done real nice with him. You know, I've got him on shares. It will mean a lot to me to win that race. A lot to Ed Pence, too. By gorry, two weeks ago I wouldn't have given us a chance."

Stamina came out of the work as well as could be expected. Will didn't notice that he was any sorer than he had been when he led him out in the morning. Early as it was, he had an audience. The betting men had cut the odds, and they were around to see how he looked. Long as most of them had been around the tracks, they couldn't tell if a horse was right or not, and they kept asking grooms, "How does he look? Does he look all right to you? Is he lame this morning?"

The night before the race, they kept looking at the sky from five o'clock on, but it promised clear, and the paper said clear. Fred and most of the boys sat around in chairs near Stamina's stall, not saying much. Stamina stood with his head out the upper door and his eyes closed, getting the breeze that came up after dark.

The boy from the secretary's office came around. He said, "Did you hear what position you drew, Mr. Dunbar?"

"No. That's right—what position did I draw?"

"Tenth."

"Second tier at the outside! God damn it, wouldn't you know it! And Hodson and Crozier, where are they? Got the pole, I suppose."

"Second and fourth. Mr. Garrison's got the pole."

"Don't that beat all?" asked Fred. "I never knew it to fail. God damn it, I've got to go round all those horses, and there they are up in the first tier and can go just as tight as I can. Just the

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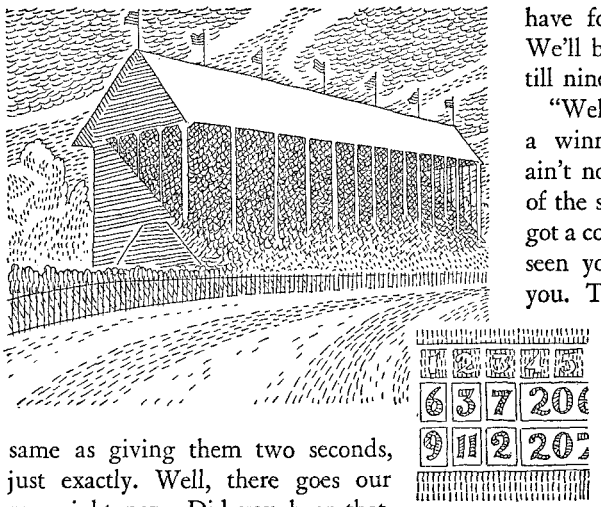

same as giving them two seconds, just exactly. Well, there goes our race right now. Did you hear that, Will? Did you hear that, Tom? Tenth position!"

"Somebody had to draw it," said Tom.

"Yes. And that somebody seems to be always me. It means they get the first heat, that's all—just as sure as you're sitting there. Why, I can't go round all those horses and then brush home with them. And I wanted to go right out from the word!"

He sat there awhile, quiet. They all felt pretty blue. He got up and said, "Well, goodnight, boys. I'm going home. See you in the morning."

It came off hot the next day. Will knew it would be a scorcher from the mist that hung low in ragged strips over the infield. He fed at ten o'clock. When he came in at that time with the manger, Stamina knew it was a race day. Tom was going to help him on the horse, and they had everything in order early. Fred did not say anything that morning—he just stayed in front of the stall waiting for the auction pools to start selling in the tents across the way.

When they were ready to sell, old Ike passed along in front of all the stables, picking up the crowd, yelling, "Dinner's served and dinner's ready. All hot, boys. Right over in the tent."

Fred got up and joined the crowd of gamblers strolling over. From the stalls they could hear Frank Muzzy's voice, loud and nasal, starting the selling, calling out the names of the choices.

"Well, it won't be long now," said Tom.

"Say," he added, "I've got a couple of janes coming this afternoon."

"You're good, aren't you," jeered Will. "A lot of time you're going to have for janes this afternoon. We'll be cooling this horse out till nine o'clock."

"Well, they can see me lead in a winner, can't they? There ain't no law keeping them out of the stands, is there? Look, I got a couple of duckets. They've seen you. They want to meet you. The other one says she thinks you're handsome."

"Yes. I'll bet it was the other one."

They hitched, and Tom went over to get Fred.

Tom came back and said, "He says for you to warm him up the first mile. Around 2:50. Gee, they're selling over there. Senator Wilkes, 100; Guy Austin, 100; Fleet Abbe, 75; our horse, 50; the field, 25. Fred's taking about every one on us, and what he don't take, that bunch down at the hotel does. He must have changed his mind since last night. Guess the old man had to crab a little or he wouldn't 'a felt like it was a horse race, would he?"

"Oh, he'll be out there driving for the money," said Will.

He hopped into the sulky at the drawgate. The crowd was beginning to filter in already, and the infield was filling up with cars. A black mass of bettors overflowed the white flaps of the tent. Will jogged a couple of miles with his legs hanging down out of the high stirrups, calling to the grooms he passed, joking, feeling good in the heat. As he turned Stamina the right way of the track to score down, the boys jogging on yelled, "Ah-hah, second trainer now," and he clucked to his horse and went on around easy.

Fred was there when he got back. He took a ticket from a big bunch he had in his breast-pocket. "There you are, Will. Calls for three hundred and fifty dollars."

"Thank you, Fred. Are they playing him very heavy?"

"Oh, they're nibbling. But I've got an order in that will cover most of them, I guess. The big-money boys can't seem to see anything but Senator Wilkes and Guy Austin."

Before they were ready to parade for the first heat, the girls came around.

"Now go on, like good girls," said Tom. "We ain't got no time for you now. The boss there would scalp me if he even caught me talking to you. Here are your tickets, now shoo."

"Oh, is that your boss?" asked one of the girls, looking at Will. "He looks so young. I thought you worked for Mr. Dunbar, Tommy."

"He does, day times," said Fred coming up. "And come to think of it, I've got a couple of places open. Can't I give you girls a job?"

"Why it all depends what doing, Mr. Dunbar," said one of the girls giggling. "But we just love horses."

The girls walked off toward the stands, the starter's bell jangled for the third time, and "Bring on your horses!" they heard through the megaphone.

"All set, boys?" said Fred.

"All set, Fred."

"Okay, let's go."

They opened a lane through the crowd to the drawgate. Fred gathered up the reins and hopped on and went on down toward the wire at a quick trot. They heard him whistling as he went.

"Say, it's hot enough, isn't it?" said Will.

"Old Stamina will like that. All those old birds do. Limbers their joints up. Stops the creaking."

They found themselves a place on the fence.

"What do you think of the skirts?" asked Tom.

"Well, one of 'em isn't no girl. She's old enough to be my mother."

"That's mine," said Tom. "None of your young skittish fillies for me. I like 'em with experience. Drive 'em on a loose rein."

"You could throw the lines away with that one," said Will.

"That's okay by me. I ain't no damn fool trainer, out to get my bones busted. I'm just a groom, and nice easy jog's my gait."

"The tall dark one's pretty nice. She don't pack much flesh though, does she?"

"Yere, she's the other one's daughter. They call her Slats."

"One of those mother-and-daughter teams! Ain't you a bird!"

"Look out, Will. They're through warming up. There they go down to score."

The big field was hard to get away. The drivers who had drawn the back tier were always trying to score out of

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place. The starter banged his bell angrily and threatened. He had yelled time after time, "Dunbar, Dunbar, take that horse back! Score in your own position. You are a trailer, and I want you to follow those horses down!"

Finally, after fifteen minutes of this, he rang the bell and called all the drivers in front of the stand, and warned them. The drivers turned the horses and went up to the distance pole, watching each other, measuring their room. Then the pole horse turned, and they all swung round, calling, catching their horses against a break, and came down together fast in two lines.

The starter leaned far out of his stand and yelled "Go!"

Immediately the whole field bore in a wedge toward the left, toward the pole. Dust obscured the first turn; there was only the bunched pack of horses. You could hear the drivers' voices as they called to each other to keep back, to bear out. It was a very close fit, and sulkies brushed wheels. On the backstretch they thinned out, and you could see Senator Wilkes in the lead with Guy Austin tucked in behind him, his nose right on the shoulder of the Wilkes horse's driver. The rest were in a bunch spread across the track a length or so back. Dunbar, scoring in tenth position, had trailed the fifth horse of the first tier. He had tried to hustle his horse out and around as they went into the first turn. But he was too far on the outside. He didn't make up an inch. On the backstretch, when they began to string out, he was twelve lengths behind the leaders.

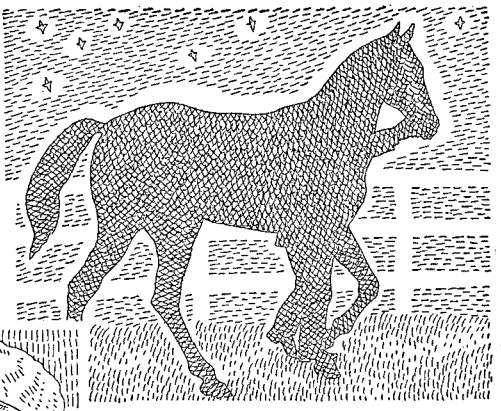
"There he is," said Tom, "back in the bunch. He won't try for the heat now. He'll just try to bring him up for a good position next out."

"There goes Guy Austin out to tackle the Senator."

"There's Fred getting clear of those other rangatangs."

The leaders were brushing for the outside position, coming into the stretch the first lap of the course. Fred made his bid right there, touching Stamina with his whip once and coming around the others to trot up third a couple of lengths back. Then he tucked in and let the first two fight it out. And the first two went a long brush from the three-quarter pole home, the drivers lifting and whipping.

Fred stayed comfortably behind them into the home stretch; but there Stamina began to tire. Fred glanced behind to see the others in a pack, bearing on him—the long way round had told on his horse. Fred used the whip, hard, once. He felt Stamina respond, and drove him, lifting the bit and calling him the rest of the way. He just saved third place. Guy Austin won the heat.



When Fred came back he said. "I went a faster heat than they did. And out there in that bad footing. They were all out at the finish and I think I had a little left. If we don't make a mistake, I think we've got 'em, boys."

"What do you think, Tom?" asked Will, when they got in the stall.

"Why, I think he's got them beat. That old man drove an awful heady heat. He didn't ask for a bit more than he had to. They'll have to chase *him* this heat. We score in third position."

"It means a lot to me to get this race. Say, Tom, you've got five minutes. Skip over to Goldie's and get a pint. I feel mean as the devil. It's all right watching the sons-of-guns when you ain't got anything down, but this way it gets to you."

"Yere, and how would you like to drive 'em with all you owned on their nose like that old man sometimes. He don't never blink an eye."

"Oh, he don't, don't he? What do you think he's doing now? I'll bet you that pint he's in the office getting a shot."

"Maybe he is. They come pretty close to him getting away on the first turn. Did you notice the sulky? The paint's all rubbed there. Well, here goes for the pint, if you don't hog it all, we'll give old skin-and-bones there a shot."

They went out again. This time the horses got away early. Stamina, in third place, went away trotting a storm, heading the others at the eighth and drawing clear length by the quarter. Then Fred eased him back, the others tight behind him, the drivers easing off, calling "Whoa! whoa!" and waiting to leave it to a sprint home. Fred judged when they would come out. He started his drive a second before, and then the lane home was crowded with horses. They never got beyond his wheel, and he went under the wire, glancing back.

Coming in everybody was talking to Fred at once. He had a grin a mile wide on his face. "Say, Frank," he called to Muzzy, "what are the odds now?"

"A ton of coal to yesterday's *Globe*, it looks like, don't it, Fred?"

"Say, can't that old fool turn on! Why, I was easing him back at the wire. . . ." And Fred stood there holding his whip, chewing his cigar, telling the circle all about it. Then he went through the crowd back to the stables.

"How's he coming, boys?"

"He's okay, Fred, but bring up a can of that ether. You can't tell when they'll begin to burn."

But they didn't burn him that day. He went a bang-up last heat, and won the race, Guy Austin at him every inch of the way. He had the pole, winning the heat before—and they never could quite take it from him. He only won by a long neck, but Fred hadn't used the whip, and coming in he said to the boys, "You know I don't know just *how* much I did have that heat. All the way up the stretch there while I was calling on him I saw he had his eye turned back watching the other horses. I don't know if *he* cut that finish fine, or if I did!"

While Will was cooling him out on the circle, Fred went to collect. When he came and gave him the money, Will said, "Were you nervous after the first heat? I was sweating plenty right then."

"No. Not so much after the first heat. I was a little mite scared after the second though, but I didn't say anything. I knew I could out-brush them, but I hated like the Old Harry to have them take me the whole way the third heat, like I knew they would."

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"You should have took Muzzy's bet. I could have scared up an old *Globe* somewheres."

"Muzzy's bet! You know what he did, don't you? He and his crowd went right back over and took every ticket in sight at two-to-one that Guy Austin would trim me. And I don't mind telling you for all my talk, I'd have traded horses with Hodson myself before we went out."

"I'll bet old Pence will be tickled when you wire him."

"Won't he though! This will be better for him than half a dozen doctors. And it comes like pretty good news to me, too. Well, it's been a tough day—I'll bet I lost five pounds. Good night, boys. He went a nice race."

Tom called from under the awning:

"Better bank that roll, Fred. Those sharpshooting poker players down at the hotel will be laying for you. They've been waiting for this all spring. Muzzey's got his eye on you. He told me so."

"I'm going to bed," said Fred. "But wait a minute, Will. You've got three-fifty in that roll. Why don't you leave three hundred of that with me? You won't want to raise more than fifty dollars worth of hell."

"I ain't got no use for it right off. You better take it."

"You're right! It'll look a damn sight bigger at the end of the season than after one of those crap sessions."

It was dark, and they were still putting Stamina away. He cooled out slowly. Round after round of slow walking on the circle until Will was almost asleep leading him. Tom came back from supper and took the horse.

Will went over to the stall. He didn't want to go to supper. He fished in the straw and found the bottle and emptied it. He was pretty tired. He didn't feel especially good. He thought of the race. 'Well,' he thought, 'it was just another race.' He hadn't got much kick out of it. He had a damn sight more kick out of the fast work three days before and seeing whether old bones there would come out of it. Even winning the money didn't mean much. What could he do with it? He couldn't think of anything. 'I owe a little around,' he thought. 'I'll square that up. Hell, I'll send half of it home. They'll know what to do with it.'

The night was heavy and hot. It was getting late, and still they weren't put away. Tom came in with the horse. They stripped him and guyed him.

"I'll finish him up," said Will. "You run over to Goldie's and fill up this bottle. I feel mean tonight."

He worked over the old horse, hand rubbing him, massaging the tired muscles with long, easy strokes.

'Here's the guy should feel good about the race,' he thought. 'But he don't care. Ten to one he won't even eat his supper.'

He worked with long, easing strokes over the kidneys and quarters. Stamina drowsed, his head dropping lower and lower, soothed by the caressing pass of hands bringing life again where there had been numbness, weariness, ache. Will finished up and filled the manger.

He stood outside the door watching whether Stamina would eat. The horse moved slowly across the stall, snuffed the oats once, and moved away—back across the stall to the door, reaching his head out the upper door for a cool that wasn't there.

"Well, old man, you don't have to eat 'em if you don't want to. Take this to go to sleep on."

Will got some plug out of the tray of his trunk. Stamina pricked his ears and reached for it. Will left him chewing the tobacco. 'That's first money to him,' he thought.

Tom wasn't back with the pint, so he walked down the line to Goldie's stall. Everybody was in bed, or had gone down town. There wasn't a sound down the line of stables except the steady munch of horses inside eating their hay.

He met Tom.

"There's a bunch playing rummy in the Tent. Do you want to go up?"

"No, I'm tired. Let's fix the cots and sit out and drink this. Let's fix them somewhere we can get some air."

"We better leave them close up under the awnings. It'll shower maybe before morning. This can't last. Not like this."

They set the cots up and lit cigarettes and got into bed, handing the bottle back and forth.

MEDUSA IMPOTENT

By Jean Starr Untermeyer

Was it a dreamer sought the Golden Fleece,
A shining robe, an all-enveloping good?
Then add to Jason's search a Hercules
Who dared all feats, and know that so I stood—
Adventurer in a wilder land than Greece,
With worse than minotaurs in every wood,
My heart's high rhythm measured to that peace
Toward which I labored and on which I brood.

And in my pathway stood a nameless thing,
But good and beautiful to me alone.
I could not turn my eye away nor bring
My heart back to its quest. So I atone—
While from a shadowy head pale serpents sting
My stubborn heart that will not turn to stone.

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Cross Section

By Elliott Merrick

A tale of Vermont and the people encountered by a district nurse during the course of a snowy day, written by the author of "True North"

On the main street of Colrain River, Vermont, the temperature was forty below zero. Nurse Holton wasn't feeling very chipper as she walked the creaking snow. She was bound for the Bergnioche farm, on the edge of the town. And she had to force herself to go. It was always that way the first thing in the morning; every day afresh she had to fight a certain reluctance in herself. It wasn't the cold she minded. It was meeting people.

She was a solitary soul by nature, and here she was in a strange town, 200 miles from her home and her boy. For three days she had been travelling the northern counties, by train, by truck, team or bus, as best she could. And every day because of her new job she had to rub shoulders with a hundred or so new people. She felt it was doing something to her. There was the ugly janitor she'd had to bawl out in the Branton high school for keeping the basement so filthy, and the ratty landlady she'd just left who licked her lips and minced out, "Things have gone up so turrible, Missis," and soaked two dollars for a hard bed and a miserable breakfast. People, people. She knew it was silly to let them get under her skin.

The Bergnioche farm was typical—barn ten times the size of the house, all work, no comfort. She went through a broken gate into the dooryard, and finding the storm door in front was nailed shut, she knocked at the back. The woman was French and could speak no English. She went and fetched her husband from the barn, a thin, toil-bitten man with hollow cheeks. His manner was a mixture of surliness and fear.

Standing in the kitchen Mrs. Holton said distinctly. "I am the supervising nurse. I travel all around and see my twelve nurses in many many counties and see about the work that they are doing. Under the CWA we are giving medical examinations to all the school children in the State. Now when Miss Hilliard was working in the high school here she found your son Jean had very bad eyes. He cannot see anything but the biggest letters. Truly, he is almost blind."

The man blinked his eyes and his face hardened. He had frost on his lashes. "Jean is better now, he tol' me he is better. He can see good now. He is all right." He turned his back with a gesture of unmistakable dismissal and commenced fumbling with a letter on the cupboard shelf.

"But I want you to let us give him treatment and get him glasses. If you cannot pay, a society is raising money——"

"Cost me nothing?"

"Cost you nothing."

The man seized a pair of scissors from the table and cut a piece out of the envelope he was holding. "That is good. This my name. Good."

The Frenchwoman spoke to him rapidly.

"Yes, my other son. He is twenty-seven, he can't see good neither. Can't hardly work no more."

Mrs. Holton followed the sweep of his arm to a window. A stoop-shouldered lad in a tattered coat was leading a pair of horses through the yard. "We will try to help him too," she said.

"Good, good," said the man excitedly. "Lady, I gotta buy grain for my stock. Cost a hunerd dollars. Last year my oats don' grow. We got no hunerd dollars. I don' know what we gonna do."

"Maybe you can borrow it?"

"Yes," he said, "I t'ink maybe. Lady, we much obliged for you to come here."

"People, people, poor things," she said to herself. "How sad it is sometimes. I shouldn't let it hurt me." She was walking back to the graded school in the centre of town. "I'll be so glad to

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get home Friday night, and I'll send Mrs. Quinn home and lock the doors and if any one calls I'll be out." She wondered how Mrs. Quinn was getting on with Billy, and if she was spoiling him. Probably—just like her.

Miss Hilliard was in the fourth grade room as planned. Mrs. Holton was introduced to the teacher and sat watching both nurse and teacher for a moment. The teacher was calling them one after another to her desk, filling the cards out with name, address, case history, then sending them over to Miss Hilliard, who weighed them, measured them, felt their glands and muscles, asked them questions, looked at their teeth, ears, heads, tonsils, posture, gave them sight and hearing tests.

Next in line in front of the teacher was a husky, fair-haired boy with freckles on his nose. He was a sturdy, self-reliant chap, dressed in corduroys and a soft gray flannel shirt with big brown buttons. The teacher bustled over and bent to Mrs. Holton's ear.

"Isn't it disgraceful," she hissed. "This boy's father went to Ohio, with another woman, they do say. Tom's mother is trying to run the farm, a small dairy just out of town, and they work dreadfully hard, although they *are* making a go of it. Mornings before school he drives in with his mother and they deliver bottled milk all around town and take the rest to the creamery. Isn't it dreadful that a boy his age has to do a man's work!"

"Why," asked the nurse, genuinely surprised, "what's dreadful about it? Is it too much for him? Is he all tired out when he gets to school?"

"No-o. He's very strong for his age." The teacher was eyeing her askance.

"I think it's fine, particularly that they're making a go of it. He appears to be one of the healthiest boys in the room. By the time he's worked his way through school he may be worth two ordinary men." She wanted to add, *Work sometimes keeps people from becoming like you,* but she remembered just in time that she was paid to be tactful. "Thomas, come over here," she said.

He came striding across.

"Well, son, they tell me you're in the milk business already."

"Yes," he said, "I am."

"That's fine. I wish you luck. Only do this for me. Don't lift full milk cans or even half full ones if you can possibly help it. Roll them instead. If you've got to lift them, make your knees take the weight, like this. Don't take the strain on your stomach muscles. You don't want to get a rupture. You'll grow up a stronger man if you'll take care now for a few years. You'll be able to lick your weight in wildcats. Will you do this for me, Tom?" She was pleading with him. Heavens, how she liked this boy. She hoped her son would grow up like that.

He looked her square in the eye. "Yes, Miss. Ma tells me the same thing. I'm as careful as I am able."

"Righto." She shook hands with him as with an adult.

Mrs. Holton was examining them while Miss Hilliard wrote down her findings. This was a smart little boy in a neat tweed suit, John McGovern.

"What does your father do, John?"

"He's assistant superintendent at the woolen mill."

"How old are you?"

"Nine last month, second of January, going on ten now."

Examinations were nothing new to him, it seemed. Not much like the country children, shy as rabbits.

"Do you have vegetables to eat besides potatoes?"

"Sure, all kinds, peas, beans, beets, carrots, corn, spinach, cabbage sometimes, but my father doesn't like cabbage much."

"Do you drink milk every day?"

"Yes, I have a glass of milk for breakfast and a glass for dinner and one for supper and sometimes I have two glasses."

Irvine Marseilles next, a painfully thin little chap with a dried-up face. His lank blond hair hung down over his sunken eyes. He was forever brushing it back and shaking his head with a kind of pitiful defiance. Unmistakably he'd had rickets as a baby.

"Well, Irvine, what does your father do?"

"He's a mill hand, sometimes."

"How much milk do you drink every day, Irvine?"

He hung his head. A half minute passed.

"How much milk do you drink every day, Irvine?"

"Don't drink any. We gotta leave it for the baby."

"How much milk do you get at your house every day?"

"A quart, but we gotta leave it for the baby."

After all, there were funds to provide milk for children just like this. "Would you like some milk every day if you could get it, Irvine?"

"Yes, but we gotta leave it for the baby."

The nurses looked at each other above the child's head. They'd get milk for this boy if they had to steal it. Miss Hilliard was blinking rather unprofessionally. Mrs. Holton was thinking of a child she'd examined in New York once, and when they asked him if he always slept with his window open he said, "Ain't got no window." The social worker found that he slept on a closet floor.

Irvine had blue rings under his eyes. "Do you go to bed early?"

"Yes, I go in the night sometime."

"Do you go to bed before the others?"

"No, we all go together."

"About what time is that? About half past nine?"

"Yes, about ten o'clock about."

"Do you ever have any cod liver oil, Irvine?"

"Coddle iver oil?"

"Yes, that's it, Coddle iver oil—thick stuff on a spoon."

"What's that? We don't have any of that."

Mary Payton next. "Well, Mary, tell me do you have vegetables beside potatoes to eat at your house?"

"Yes, ma'am, I always have two kinds of vegetables for my dinner."

"That's fine. Now tell me, what did you have for dinner yesterday?"

Mary's face lit up. "I had potatoes and gravy and I had a cup of tea and a chocolate marshmallow cake and a piece of pumpkin pie."

Paul Garrow had perfect teeth, white and well-spaced and without a flaw. It would be good to show his teeth to the class as an example of the benefits of persistent tooth brushing.

"Do you brush your teeth every day, Paul?"

"I never brush my teeth. I got no tooth brush."

Mrs. Holton wasn't surprised. Things like that were always happening.

By 10:30 they had finished and Mrs.

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Holton was walking down the street to catch her bus. The "bus" was a seven-passenger Cadillac limousine of uncertain age, parked outside the town's largest grocery store. Two men were seated in the car, the older of whom got out and ushered her ceremoniously into the front seat beside the driver.

"You'll find the heater nice there, ma'am, right under your feet. It's a good'n, cost twenty-two dollars. But you can get the same thing for fourteen now. The fare? A dollar to Hingham's Mills. Steep? Yes, now you come to mention it, it is a mite steep, the road I mean." He pocketed her dollar complacently.

"This kind of weather makes most folks friendly," he went on. "You friendly, ma'am?"

"Oh, I won't bite."

"Glad to hear it. You never can tell about strangers, 'specially well-dressed women. Say Seth, I bet you thirty cents this is Mrs. Holton, the travelling nurse."

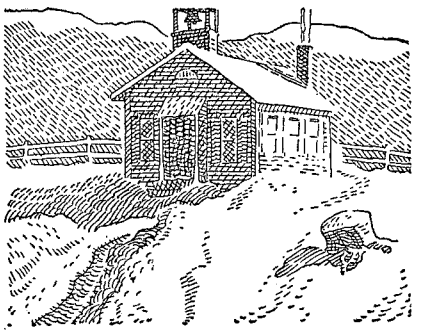
"Gawan," said the driver. "You must think I'm easy."

"How did you know I was the nurse?" Mrs. Holton asked, wide-eyed and a trifle nettled. A town of 3000 people, and do they know every single stranger by name and his life history?

"Well, it said in the personals column you was expected up along this way this week, and not many people travelling this weather. Those that can, stick by the stove. 'Sides, you *look* like a nurse. Anyway, I happened to be talking to Irey Jeevers last evening when we come through Hingham's Mills and he said his sister-in-law, Josephine Norton, the nurse, had a letter from you to meet her this morning in West Hingham at school No. 4."

They were climbing a long hill out of town. Mrs. Holton scratched a little hole on the frosted pane with her fingernail. Clouds of drift were whirling across the fields and snow had already settled into the road inches deep. The road was a plowed double track with snow walls on either side four, five and sometimes eight feet high. The drift whisked over the crest of the north wall and settled innocently into the trench. She was glad she'd left her old Ford home this trip.

"That's the way it is," she sighed aloud. "Places I go people are always telling me who I am. But I don't know



anything about them. How do you know so much about people anyway?"

"Well, you see," he said, "we got nothin' much else to know about. Now people like you, you got a lot of other things."

"Oh, rubbish. You don't believe that and neither do I. But I see you're a philosopher."

"Yes, I got to be. Runnin' a bus route like this that don't pay nothin' a feller's got to be a philosopher. That's my son there. I broke my leg walkin' on some slippery ice five weeks ago and I can't drive yet. 'Minds me of one of our best stories around here. Harry Batchume slipped flat on the walk in town one Sat'day night. Minister Stone come along and says, 'Well, Harry, the wicked stand upon slippery places.' Says Harry, 'Yes, Mr. Stone, I see they do. But I can't.' Ha! I hire my son to drive for me nowadays. We went to law agin each other awhile back. We fit over a car we both claimed to own. We called each other all kinds of liars in the court, but 'twant no good. Judge threw the case out, and now we got to settle our own fights. Seems a pity, don't it."

The son chuckled and raised a hand to the driver of a huge truck that approached and passed. The cold milk cans rocked together with a sound like jangling bells.

They travelled for an hour without a stop and at length drew up at a crossroads where a man and woman were waiting with a team and double sleigh. It was the girl who was going. She was a buxom wench, bright haired, with a large mouth and cheeks as red as fire. She threw her suitcase in and bounced her 200 pounds onto the back seat with a terrific quantity of motion. "My God, it's cold," she informed the world in general.

"Oh, come now," offered Mr. Allen, the bus-owner, "tain't so awful cold."

"Yeah!" she exclaimed with ready anger. "If you'd drove fifteen miles in an open sleigh, you'd be shakin' your cheap false teeth right out onto the floor. Settin' in here with a heater! Whada *you* know about it?"

"Tain't fifteen miles from here to Jameses' place and you know it."

"Well," with a toss of the head, "it's five anyway. Great Jesus, who cares. It feels like five hundred. Hey! I want a smoke."

This announcement met with complete silence. The bus rolled on.

"It's too crowded for you to smoke in here today, Sal," said Mr. Allen. "We got to keep the windows closed 'n' all."

"Aw chase yourself. My God, haven't one of you birds got a cigarette?"

"Not me," said the driver, stuffing a pack of Camels deeper into his breast pocket.

Sal lapsed into sulky silence till they stopped at a village of three houses, a gas pump and a store to leave a bag of mail. Then she popped out the open door with surprising agility. "Don't be long now," called Mr. Allen. "We got no time to wait for you."

The minutes passed. Mr. Allen drummed his fingers on his knee and then disappeared into the store.

"She works out all around here," the driver volunteered for Mrs. Holton's edification. "She's worked for every family this side of the notch, pretty near. Always changin' places. She's got done now at Jameses', I presume. No more sense than a sick hen."

Mr. Allen came out with an enigmatic expression on his face. "I told her we'd leave her in one more minute."

Just as the driver was whirring the starter she pranced her fat legs down the steps. A banner of smoke and steam streamed behind her and she flaunted a butt between her lips. The springs sagged when she got in.

She was addressing the driver now. "Yeah, young feller, there was a day when you were almighty glad to keep me in cigarettes." A red flush crept up over his ears and neck.

A tramped-hard path wound to the top of a knoll of spruces. The schoolhouse, set among the trees, was a square white clapboard building with an extra large window on the south side and a brick chimney. Against the north wall there was an enormous stack of chunk

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wood; out front a flagpole, out back a double outhouse. Just a lonely little one-room country schoolhouse of the kind that no one knows anything about, unless to think quaint or obsolete. Where, she wondered, are the millions who get their sole education there?

She knocked and entered. The barrage of eyes. Sixteen pairs of eyes, bright, frightened, impudent, friendly.

Josephine Norton was there, unobtrusive as a mouse, examining them slowly and inefficiently, but thoroughly. The teacher, Miss Somebody-or-other, was young and very pretty and bursting with sex, repressed or flowering, one couldn't tell which. She mothered every child with a pat of the hand and a caress of the voice, and her long tapering silken legs moved around the room in voluptuous lunges and pauses. One could imagine her with perfect composure and fitness peopling a rural school such as this with eight grades complete in as many years.

There were fourteen pupils in seven grades. A monstrous cast-iron stove filled one corner. It was fenced round with a knobby tin protector and proclaimed itself made in Minneapolis. On the floor under the stove were knitted wool or ragged leather mittens and two pairs of shoes. Most of the boys wore overalls, and on their feet knee-length rubber boots, than which Mrs. Holton knew there is nothing colder. A sentence chalked in beautiful normal school script, "Today is Thursday," dived under a festoon of coats, scarves and toques hung by the front blackboard. On the wall was the usual picture of the Parthenon looking like a good place to keep away from, and a picture of Theodore Roosevelt ditto.

It was not until after lunch that examinations could be resumed. Five children in the school were from one family, the Stevens family. The two older girls had noticeable swellings at their throats. "Goitre," said Mrs. Holton, feeling the lump. "Goitre," Miss Norton wrote down.

"Did a doctor ever see you about this swelling, Mary Jane?"

"Yes, miss, a doctor saw it and said it was bad and told Ma to get some kind of salt, but we never got any I know about."

"Send a note to Mrs. Stevens, Miss Norton, this evening. Go and see her as soon as you have time. Iodized salt might keep the younger ones from getting it. There are five more at home you say?"

They plugged away all afternoon until school closed. There was the usual number of dairymen's children who never drank any milk because they didn't like it, who were fed with less care than the pigs or the chickens, who were starving to death in the midst of plenty. There were the usual bad teeth and enlarged tonsils, and here and there a child who was physically perfect. There was a boy with a tooth growing out of the middle of his palate and another with a curiously shaped throat that made one think of a fish.

When it came time to leave, the path to the main road was blotted out. Mrs. Holton could feel it beneath her feet. When she stepped off it she sank nearly to the waist. The blown snow danced across the fields whispering and shrieking. It obscured the distant woods and erased the nearby telephone poles and gave the landscape a dim, ghost-like whiteness. For half an hour she stamped up and down the main road waiting for the bus to St. Albans. Her feet were getting numb when it appeared round the bend, throwing out snow in sheets, like spray from a motor-boat. It was an aged seven-passenger Packard this time.

She found herself wedged in the back seat between an ample-bosomed woman with a dirty, careworn face, and a trim little old lady all in crisp black who was so old she smelt old. In front with the boy-driver sat a dark, hawk-like man, very small and powerful, with a black mustache and a muskrat fur hat. He looked like a good hand with a shovel or an axe, lithe, compact and enduring. He held on his lap a baby of about twelve months. The large woman was fondling a boy of three, wrapped in a blanket. The car was stuffed with their canvas bags tied up with rope.

"It ees making bad weathair," said the muskrat hat from the front.

It was agreed upon with infinite variations by all the occupants that the weather was bad. "In Can-a-dah it ees worse," said the Frenchman, sagely shaking his head and extracting from his sheepskin cigarette papers and tabac. The match flared. It was nearly dark. The driver switched on the headlights and turned them off again. It was bad with them off and worse with them on. It was that time of winter twilight when there is not enough light to cast a shadow, when hollows and ridges of snow melt into one dull, gray plain, all level and sombre and deceiving, although very beautiful if one does not have to go anywhere. The driver wrestled with the wheel where the drifts were deep. Sometimes he shifted to second and the wheels spun and the back end slewed.

"What is his name?" Mrs. Holton asked the mother.

"Hees name ees Francis," the woman answered. "François, *dis bon jour à madame.*"

The child looked her over coolly and chirped, "How do, lady."

They topped a hill and looked across another valley of gray and black patches to a black mountain at whose base as though for protection twinkled lights from five or six farmhouses, miles apart—pinpoints of light from kerosene lamps shining through frosted window panes. Like a beleaguered land, thought Mrs. Holton, and she remembered the McCormick salesman who had told her that all the farm machinery in this region was worn out, the barns unpainted, the roofs leaking, the people holding on. But they have wood, they have food, they have clothing, she thought, and there are the snowshoe paths under the hemlock branches.

Looking across the darkening valley, counting the scattered lonely lights, it seemed odd that she had ever thought this United States a crowded country.

"I hope you are not nervous, my dear," said the little lady in black. "I have been visiting my daughter in Craftonbury Common, and I begin to wonder whether I shall get back to Holyoke ever. The car does not seem to run at all well in this deep snow."

"By morning the road will be chuck full to the top," said the driver, "and nothing will pass."

They hurtled into a drift at thirty-five. Snow flew over the top and thudded against the windshield. The Packard staggered through and ground on again. "He ees a good driver, our driver," said the Frenchman.

They passed a gaunt maple by the roadside, shattered and seared at its massive fork by a stroke of lightning long ago.

"Maman," said the three-year-old from the blanket, *"regardez le grand arbre,* all broke to pieces."

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"We go now to a place, New Jairsay, and François, he spik then Anglish *seulement,*" said the father. He explained that they had been living all winter in a cabin near Three Rivers, very hungry sometimes. He had a job in New Jersey, through relatives. Two days it had taken them to get this far, thanks to the border formalities and the snow. The snow they could cope with and understand, but the immigration authorities! Their voices were hushed with fear. They had seen families like themselves, with papers, sent back. These families had no place to go back to. No matter, nobody cared. Tonight at St. Albans if they could catch the train they were going straight on through to Newark. "We have not money to stop."

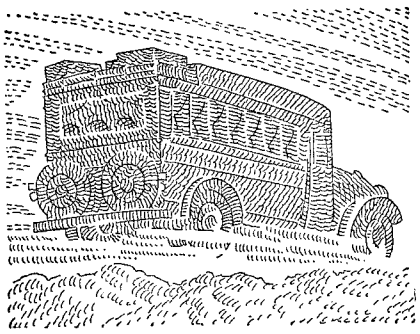
The car rushed into a drift between open fields; the wheel pulled off to the right. The driver clutched it frantically and rose half out of his seat. No strength could straighten the wheel. They stalled diagonally across the road in a snow bank whose top fell softly in upon the hood.

"Oh, now we are stopped. I knew we should be stopped," wailed the old lady.

"But he ees a good driver, our driver," the Frenchman cried. "When he poof come through the snow back there, I nevaire think he make it, that wan."

Our driver was trying to back, trying to rock her ahead and back. The wheels spun; the right back wheel spun a hole for itself and the car sank at an angle into the roadside ditch. He jumped out with a curse and untied a shovel from the spare tire. After looking things over he poked his head in the door. "It's bad," he said. "I'm going to run for a team. It will take me twenty minutes. You see that light up there? You better walk up there and get warm. Here, Frenchie, you can be shovelling while I'm gone if you want." He departed on the dead run.

Mrs. Holton took the three-year-old by the hand, and the old lady by the arm. The Frenchwoman, whose name was Marie Lapin, came behind carrying the baby. They staggered slowly to the light, ducking their heads in the whirlwinds that enveloped them. They were cold when they started and colder when they stamped onto the back porch of the farmhouse.



Mrs. VanNess, the farmer's wife, was glad that if they *had* to get stuck they got stuck near her house. "We ain't had a visit from a living soul in four weeks." She ushered them through a vast, low-ceilinged kitchen into a stuffy sitting-room heated by a tall black chunk stove as tall as two barrels. A little boy in overalls appeared from somewhere to stare. Marie drew a baby's bottle from her pocket and glanced around appealingly.

"I'll get it warmed," said Mrs. Holton and followed the farmer's wife back into the kitchen.

"Sure, sure," said Mrs. VanNess, scurrying to the white corner cupboard for a saucepan. "What do you know about that! Travellin' this weather with a baby. Got no home a-tall like as not. Poor folks!"

"They're French Canadians," said Mrs. Holton. "They're going to New Jersey. The man's got a job. They've been living in a cabin somewhere all winter."

"Well now, you don't say." She opened the stove damper and the fire began to snap.

In the sitting-room Marie was striding up and down saying, *"Quel dommage, mon dieu, mon dieu,"* and looking at the clock. When the milk was warmed the baby fastened onto the nipple avidly. Marie sank into a chair and cuddled her close. Peace filled the room, and a comfortable atmosphere of security. This was a breathing space in the struggle for existence, until Marie, unable to sit still, started up to pace the floor again. The astonished baby let the bottle slip from her dimpled fingers and it fell to the floor with a crash. Marie was inconsolable.

"Johnny," said Mrs. VanNess, "run and get one of those nursing bottles off the top shelf in the jelly closet." In five minutes the baby had another bottle of milk. Mrs. VanNess busied herself fixing them fried egg sandwiches and glasses of milk.

As they were finishing, the driver burst in gasping, "All ready, folks."

They bustled into their wraps and tramped through the kitchen. "No, you can't pay me," Mrs. VanNess laughed. "Where do you think you are, in the city?"

"François," said Marie, *"dis adieu à la bonne madame."*

"Bon soir, good night, bye-bye," François piped, running out the door without a look.

Two hours later they pulled into St. Albans, late, but still in time to catch the through train. Mrs. Holton got off at the hotel a block before the railway station. As she gathered up her bag and scrambled out, the old lady, with her bonnet now slightly awry, pressed her hand and said with feeling, "Good-bye, my dear, and may God bless you." She gave a jerky little nod of her head that was amazingly Bohemian in its enthusiasm. The Frenchman doffed his muskrat with a sweep and said, "Good luck, good luck, good luck to you," and would have said more could he have found the words. Marie smiled silently, a sibylline smile of great understanding that for an instant transfigured her tired face. She seemed to know that Mrs. Holton had a boy of her own at home. That and a thousand other bits of worldly, maternal, child-wise knowledge were in her smile—even a knowledge of her own irremediable shortcomings. Our driver removed his cigarette and nodded with a friendly grunt, "So long."

She almost hated to leave them. As she turned to slam the door François opened one eye which shone like a fragment of onyx from under his mother's full bosom. *"Bon soir,* good night, bye-bye," he murmured, and the lid fell down on the onyx jewel.

They were gone, a little package of humanity wrapped up in a glass-and-iron box, sliding off through the snow never to be seen again. So many people, so many lives, touching and parting again, troubled and friendly and sublime. She looked up at the icy sky, and a burst of happiness tore her heart with longing. *"Bon soir,"* she whispered after them, "good night, bye-bye."

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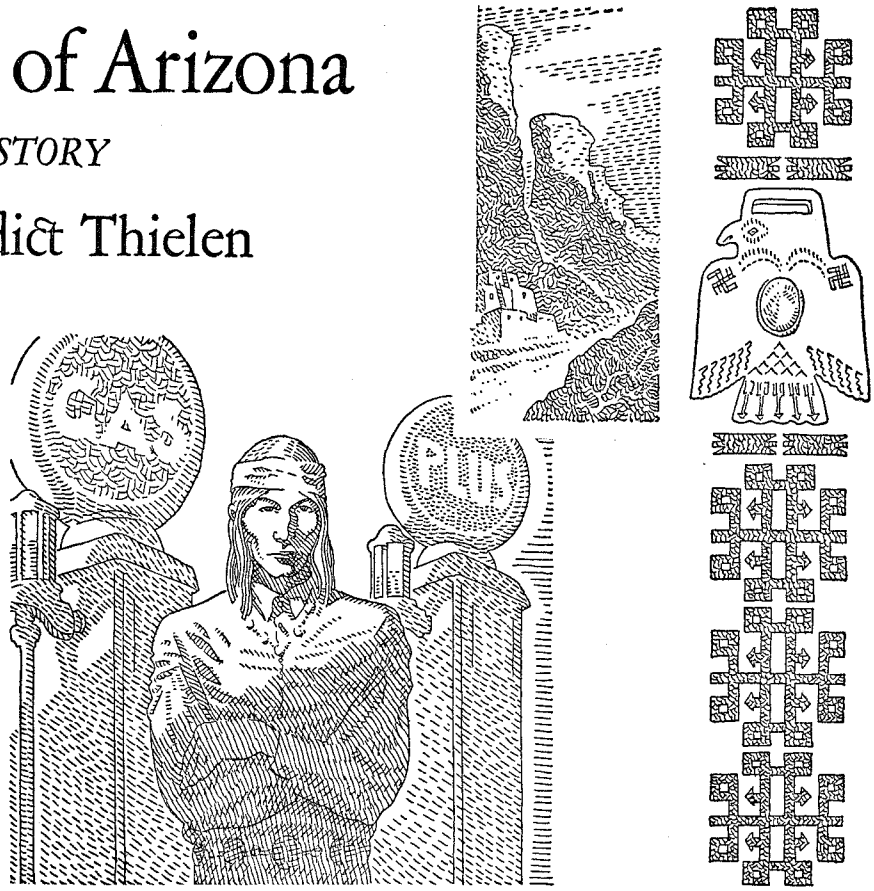
Souvenir of Arizona

A STORY

By Benedict Thielen



THEY had the tank filled and a quart of oil put in the motor and the man was just taking his wallet out of his pocket when the girl said:

"Oh, why don't we get something to eat while we're here? Don't you feel hungry?"

The man frowned and looked back down the road.

"That fellow'll pass us if we do," he said.

"Oh, well . . ."

"Well, you know what a time I had to pass him." He turned to the storekeeper standing by the red gasoline pump. "One of those regular road hogs. Never give you an inch of room if they can help it."

The storekeeper nodded his head.

"I feel sort of hungry, Harry," the girl said.

The man sighed and said, "Oh, come on; let's go on."

The girl bit her lip and said, "All right."

The man leaned toward her suddenly.

"What's the matter, don't you feel good, Gertrude?"

She looked past him at the long red butte on the other side of the road and the heat shimmering above the plain. Her eyes looked tired and even in the late glowing light her face seemed pale.

"Oh, well, all right, come on then," he said and opened the door of the car.

"You don't really mind, do you?" she said, looking up at him and smiling for a second.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "Only I hate to have that fellow pass me."

"Oh, well, you'll pass him again," she said. "You . . . you're such a good driver."

He smiled down at her and patted her on the shoulder.

"My little girl tired?"

She shook her head and smiled again. He cleared his throat and looked around him as they walked toward the house.

"Great country, all right." He took out his watch. "We better not take too long here, though. We've got eighty miles more to go."

"Couldn't we stay here?" she said. "This looks like a nice place."

"Oh, you wouldn't want to stay here," he said. He called to the man walking ahead of them. "What are the roads like from here to the Canyon?"

"Pretty fair," the man said, turning his head partly.

"See?"

He looked down at her.

"Well, I just thought . . ." she said.

He stopped walking and put his hands on his hips, facing her.

"Now, look here, if you want to run things, why go ahead; good Lord, I guess I wouldn't mind having a little rest once in a while for a change, driving all day long this way, but if you want me to plan everything and arrange everything and take all the responsibility, why then . . ."

"No, no, that's all right," she said quickly.

"Well, of course, if you're going to be sore . . ."

He jerked open the door of the lunchroom and they went in.

"I know what I'm going to have," she said as they sat down at a table. "I'm going to have a ham sandwich and a glass of milk. What are you going to have, Harry?"

"What? Oh, I don't know. I don't know as I want anything."

He looked beyond her out of the window.

"You ought to have something," she said.

"Oh, well, all right." He sighed and turned to the man behind the counter. "Make mine the same. Only I'll have some beer instead of milk."

"We don't have beer."

"No beer? What's the idea?"

"Indian reservation," said the storekeeper. "We can't carry it."

"Well, well!" He turned to the girl. "Hear that, Gertrude? They can't sell beer because it's on an Indian reservation?"

"Goodness, is this an Indian reservation?" He nodded his head, looking around him with a pleased expression.

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"That's what it is. I told you we were going to see some pretty wild country."

The man brought over the sandwiches and two glasses of milk.

"How are they?" said Harry. "A pretty bad lot?"

"Who?" said the man.

"The Indians. What kind of Indians are they out here, anyhow?"

"Navajos."

"Navajos, eh?" He turned to the girl. "They're a bad lot, the Navajos. Have much trouble with them?" he asked the man.

"Oh, no. They're all right."

"You see much of them?"

"Well, I trade with them."

"Oh, so you trade with them. Hear that, Gertrude? He trades with the Indians. Well, I guess we're in the real West, all right, aren't we?"

He looked around the room and then out the window. The red of the butte across the road was darkening to violet and the sky above it was the color of deep windy water.

"My, that's pretty," she said.

He nodded his head.

A car came suddenly past, rolling red dust behind it.

"Damn!" he said. "There goes that fellow."

He looked at her for a moment reproachfully.

"Let's go see the things in the store, shall we?" she said, looking toward the door at one side of the lunchroom.

He took out his watch.

"It'll only take a minute," she said, getting up and brushing the crumbs from her lap and giving him a quick uncertain smile.

In the store there were sombrero hats, cheap tinware, bottles of patent medicine, bright-colored scarves of brittle silk, piles of soft gray and brown and dull red angular-patterned Navajo rugs, musty-smelling cotton print in long oval bolts, woven baskets and Indian pottery, rows of canned goods, dusty-looking red and green and yellow penny candies and, next to them in a glass case, a pile of silver and turquoise Indian jewelry.

The storekeeper opened the top of the case and she began to examine the jewelry. Harry looked over her shoulder for a few moments, then turned away and leaned against the counter, looking vaguely around the room.

"D'ja see those ten-gallon hats, Gertrude?" He took a cigarette out of his pocket and laughed. "Some lids, all right."

She held up a bracelet of beaten silver set with thick round turquoises.

"Isn't this a beauty, Harry?"

He looked at the storekeeper who was leaning against the wall behind the counter rolling a cigarette.

"Here's where I get nicked," he said and gave a sigh.

She put the bracelet back.

"Would you like that one, sweetheart?" he said, looking down at her and smiling tolerantly.

"Oh, Harry, I'm afraid it's too expensive," she said.

She looked from him to the storekeeper and then at him again.

"That one's twelve dollars," said the storekeeper.

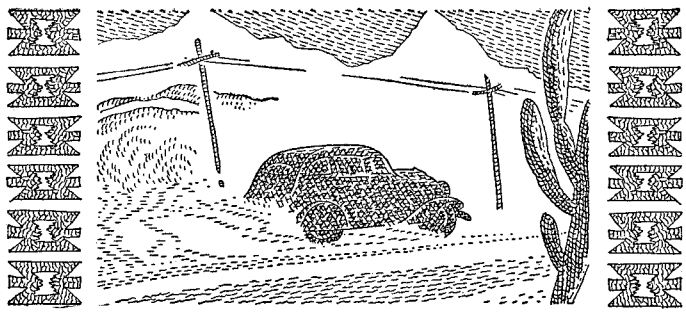
"You like that one, sweetheart?" Harry said, putting his hand for a moment on her shoulder. "Would you like that for a souvenir of the wild and woolly West, would you?"

"Oh, Harry . . ." she said.

"I guess that would prove you'd been in real wild country, all right, wouldn't it?" He turned to the storekeeper. "Back East in Michigan, where we come from, you don't see stuff like this."

The storekeeper nodded his head.

"Go ahead," said Harry. "If you really want it. It'll make a nice souvenir. You can tell all your friends you've been on a real Indian trading post. You . . ."



Just then the door opened and an Indian came in, walking noiselessly in brown soft moccasins. He was tall and his movements as he walked across to the counter were easy and graceful. His long straight black hair was bound by a headband of cerise silk and he wore a shiny black sateen shirt. Around his neck was a string of rough turquoises and on each wrist was a silver bracelet set with turquoises. Under his arm he was carrying a white goat-skin.

"For God's sake . . ." Harry muttered.

He stood staring at him, his mouth slightly open. Gertrude looked down again at the jewelry.

"Look, Gertrude," he said, leaning toward her. "Look at his hair, for God's sake!"

She nodded her head and looked up for a second, then turned again to the showcase in front of her, bending down over it.

The Indian tossed the goat-skin on the counter and the storekeeper picked it up and said a few words in Navajo.

Harry nudged her and said, "Look at his shoes."

She looked up over her shoulder. The Indian turned his head slowly and looked at them without moving for five or six seconds. Then he turned his head slowly away again.

"Look," said Gertrude. "This is a nice one too, Harry."

He nodded his head without looking, watching the Indian. Still watching him, he slowly lighted his cigarette. Then he put his hands in his pockets and strolled across the store to where the Indian and the storekeeper were standing.

She looked up, holding a necklace of rough turquoises in her hand.

"Harry . . ." she began.

He turned his head and winked at her. When he got over to the other side of the store he leaned against the counter, looking down at the goat-skin that was lying there and occasionally looking up at the Indian, who did not seem to notice that he was there.

"Oh, Harry . . ." she called.

He turned his head partly toward her and winked again. Then he cleared his throat and said:

"Well, Chief, how's hunting these days? Heap big good?"

The Indian turned his head slowly and looked at him. Then he turned away again. Harry laughed.

She watched them standing there, Harry looking up and the Indian look-

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ing straight ahead of him, standing perfectly motionless. The light coming from the window behind the counter made highlights on the Indian's dark face and arched strong-looking nose and on Harry's glasses.

Harry turned to the storekeeper with a laugh and said:

"No danger of being scalped or anything, is there?"

The storekeeper shook his head and picked up the goat-skin. He came out from behind the counter and started to walk across the room. The Indian followed him, brushing past Harry, who stood leaning back against the counter, the cigarette hanging from his mouth and a grin on his face. He watched the Indian for a few seconds, then hitched up his trousers and walked back to where Gertrude was standing, bending down over the showcase in which was the silver and turquoise jewelry.

He came close to her and whispered in her ear:

"Did you see the way I kidded old Rain-in-the-Face, just now?"

She nodded her head, looking down at the jewelry.

He turned around and stared at the Indian who was walking toward the door with a piece of cotton print and some red and white labelled cans of soup under his arm. The Indian walked slowly and went out of the door without turning his head.

Harry grinned and said, "Well, they're a real sociable lot, all right, aren't they?" He turned to the storekeeper. "You have much trouble with them?"

"No," said the storekeeper.

"Well," said Harry, "how about that little trinket, sweetheart? Did you find what you wanted yet, because it's getting sort of late." He took out his watch. "Good night, half past six already, we better get going."

She turned slowly away from the showcase.

"All right," she said, looking toward the open door.

He reached in his back pocket for his wallet.

"Well, what's the damage?"

"Well," she said, "well, I don't guess I want one of those after all."

"What?" He looked surprised. "Why not? You think I . . . I begrudge you a little trinket for a souvenir, sweetheart? Why, good night . . ."

"No. No, it isn't that," she said. "Only . . ."

"Only what?"

"Well, I mean it's not really necessary. I have a lot of jewelry already. So . . ."

"So what?"

"So . . . well, it really isn't necessary."

"Now, now," he said, patting her on the arm. "That's not the point. If you like it . . . why, then you'll have it. That's all. Besides, it'll make a nice souvenir."

"I know, but . . ."

He stared down at her.

"Don't you want a souvenir of a real Indian trading post, Gertrude?" He leaned closer to her. "And of our honeymoon?"

She looked down at the floor and blushed.

He threw back his head and laughed.

"You funny kid!"

"Well, I mean I don't think I really want one," she said. "I mean they're really sort of heavy. I don't think they'd look so good on me."

He looked down at the jewelry lying in the showcase.

"Oh, I see . . . well, maybe you're right at that. Maybe they are sort of heavy. I didn't think of that."

"Yes, I really think they're sort of heavy."

He touched her on the arm.

"But for Heaven's sake, sweetheart, don't think I care about the money. I . . . I'd like for you to have some little trinket for a souvenir of Arizona."

"No," she said, shaking her head and looking beyond him out of the door. "No, I really think they're sort of heavy."

He took out his watch.

"Well, I guess we might as well go, then, shall we?"

"Yes," she said. "Let's go."

He turned to the storekeeper.

"Well, so long. It's been a great experience, seeing a real Indian trading post, I mean."

"So long," said the storekeeper. "Good-bye, ma'am."

They drove along going fast over the rough earth road. Thick red dust rolled up behind them and drifted, slowly thinning, across the plain. Above each butte was a flat-bottomed cloud, motionless as a becalmed ship in the deep round sky.

Harry took out his watch and looked at the speedometer.

"I guess it'll take about two hours on these roads," he said.

He glanced over at Gertrude.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" he said.

She looked at him and smiled.

"Nothing. Why?"

"I don't know," he said. "You were so sort of quiet, that's all."

"No, I'm all right. I just . . ."

"Oh, for God's sake, look!" he said. "Old Rain-in-the-Face, himself."

The Indian stepped off the road as they went past, looking straight ahead of him. His cerise headband made a brilliant spot against the dull brick-red earth of the plain.

Harry waved his hand at him and shouted something that Gertrude didn't understand.

He shook his head and laughed.

"Well, he's the real thing, all right," he said. "But they certainly aren't what you might call sociable, are they?"

She smiled and nodded her head.

For a time they were silent. Then he said:

"But still it's sort of too bad you didn't let me get you some little trinket, just for a souvenir. Just to sort of remember the place by."

"Oh, I'll remember it," she said.

"Well, it certainly was an interesting experience, wasn't it?" he said. "A real Indian trading post, with . . . Say, I'll bet that's that fellow up ahead. See that dust?"

"Oh, yes."

"Now we'll see who owns the road . . ."

He straightened up in the seat and the car shot ahead as he pressed his foot down on the accelerator.

The darkening buttes streamed by on either side and a star came out in the pale blue of the fading sky.

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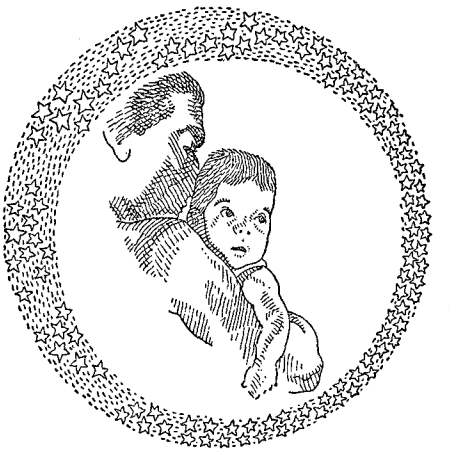
STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY

Liars Are Fathers

By Harold McGuire

Many were the articles and letters replying to "Fathers Are Liars" (March Scribner's). Here's a Chicago advertising man who says he tells his children the truth



I AM a father. My children (there are six of them, four girls and two boys) range in ages from eleven to nineteen. I love them; I am proud of them; and I am raising them agnostics.

Perhaps I am wrong. I am not so fatuous as never to doubt my deepest convictions. And they will be my merciless judges; but I have taught them to be sceptical and critical of everything, of every one, of popular beliefs and "sacred" traditions, of their own unverified opinions, of creeds and formulæ, of chroniclers and historians, of what newspapers say, and "what everybody knows," of ethics and morals, of authorities and statesmen, of what they are told by their teachers, their relatives, and their parents.

I cannot, no one can, utter an opinion that they fear to question. There is no subject that they may not discuss, no question that they may not ask. Nor do they ever receive from me a dogmatic answer.

Is this attitude of mine immoral? Is it, as an orthodox religious friend told me, criminal? Will it be destructive of their character, their capacity for good citizenship, their responsibility, or of what from my viewpoint is most vital, their happiness? Will they suffer for it? These are questions I cannot and would not escape.

That the problem of what to tell or not to tell children disturbs all intelligent parents, that it concerns even those who pursue an opposite course to mine, has received recent affirmation in the widespread discussion of an article which appeared in the March issue of SCRIBNER'S, entitled "Fathers Are Liars." The anonymous author is the father of a boy of twelve. His problem and his viewpoint are summed up in the following quoted paragraphs:

"Month by month, as my boy grows older, I find myself thrust more wholly into the unwilling rôle of dissembler, even liar.

"Most males of forty-six cherish, I suspect, secret denunciations of much that all humanity, this nation, their own home town, even their friends and relatives profess. Do I tell my son of my own furtive creed? I do not. I do not even confess it entire to my wife.

"It is a father's job to be forthright and positive and conservative; a fixed and arbitrary signpost, not a weathervane. It would never do, either now or later, to let authority waver."

Is this father right or am I?

For nothing in the world would I knowingly mislead my children. I would rather deceive them a thousand times than cause them injury now or later. I do not pursue the course I have chosen in order to enlist them as possible martyrs in any cause, even that of intellectual integrity. I believe what I teach them will enable them to lead happier, fuller, more successful lives.

I know, as that anonymous author says, that "in a painfully few years they will be thrust forth, with what armament I have given them, into a world with small compunction or tenderness." At forty-two I know well that that world, in the mass, holds many beliefs that are at variance with fact; but I have observed that from many of these common beliefs result not only major social catastrophes, but much of the misery in individual lives which are sacrificed by thousands to absurd ideals of conduct.

I am sure no one of my girls will ever lose her life in childbirth because a barbaric religion decrees that when child and mother cannot be saved the mother must die.

Neither my boys nor girls are so shielded from knowledge of human nature that they should ever be at disadvantage, in any relation or transaction, because of expecting others to be something more than human.

None of my children, I believe, will ever see nobility in sacrifice for its own sake, in self-denial to no purpose, or sin in harmless pleasure. They will, I am convinced, be free from the sadistic and masochistic tendencies with which the ascetics and fanatics, from that original pole-sitter, Saint Simeon Stylites, through Savonarola to the Puritans, have poisoned and distorted common ideas of the rational enjoyment of life.

This article will not reach the unintelligent, unconscious fathers completely ruled by the mores. But there are certainly countless others, even more in a quandary than the very conscious

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and intelligent author of the above named article, who repeat to their children the sugar-coated, time-honored lies, moral, ethical, and religious, possibly because they confuse ignorance with innocence, but most likely because, like that author, they do not see that to withhold what truth they possess is as productive of results as to tell it.

That author said that he dared not play his son's counters in the game of life as he plays his own; but he *is* playing them nevertheless.

He is equipping his son, as his own father equipped him, with a view of morals that caused him much "bitter anguish," with religion that he believes is at least futile. He is permitting him to fill his mind with those school-book stories of the glories of his country, its history and its leaders, which are so well calculated to make willing cannon-fodder of a boy—in any cause given superficial appearance of being in his country's interest.

He is teaching him undiscriminating respect for the aged, which must at least retard independent thought. He is implanting that uncritical reverence for women, which he admits that few deserve, and which obviously, as a part of the traditional, romantic idea of love and marriage, results so often in the grown man's inability, after disillusionment, ever to learn that women, like men, are people; and that love between the sexes may be no less wonderful for being a matter not of heaven, but of earth.

But worst of all, from my point of view, he is teaching his son conclusions, telling him, as facts, what are at best but the opinions of groups, removing from the field of that boy's critical examination questions which will be vital in his future, and which later he will be forced to meet without the preparation of previous thought and exercise of judgment.

Since humanity has progressed at least so far that it no longer fights plague and disease with religious processions to appease a supposedly angry God, but instead applies the irreligious and effective knowledge of scientists, I believe that in private lives the rule of reason will also be found more trustworthy than unquestioned tradition, platitude or aphorism.

I teach my children that things found beneficial to man are generally good for *them;* but that there is nothing "sacred," in the sense that it should be excepted from critical scrutiny.

I teach them that all real education is self education, wherever it may be obtained.

I teach them that there is no knowledge in the possession of any one that they have no right to, or that they will be the better off for not knowing.

I teach them that whatever man, or a man, has accomplished for his welfare (when it has not been accidental) has been the result of careful observation of facts, of reason leading to generalization, which in turn had to be tested by reference to facts.

I teach them that most of the errors that afflict people are the result of generalizations from insufficient evidence, or the acceptance of unverified or unverifiable premises or conclusions.

I teach them that all popular notions must be viewed with suspicion, and examined critically, because they are usually wrong.

I teach them that their own emotions, sentiments, hopes, fears, and wishful thinking, like the same qualities in all humanity, are the greatest obstacles to unbiased observation and thinking, and to intelligent action.

I teach them that their emotional life is most important, because it is the source of all their joys and sorrows; but that knowledge of life, and the application of intelligence to living, will do more to keep it sweet and satisfactory than rules or traditions or creeds.

I teach them that they can control and direct their lives better if they learn to think clearly, objectively, and dispassionately; but to beware of needlessly offending the "crowd."

I teach them strategy and diplomacy.

I teach them tolerance and kindness.

I teach them not to accept my word as to the truth or value of any of these things.

Needless to say, these ideas are not imparted to them at one time, nor in as complex or succinct a form as they are here set down, but with each of them the process started when they learned to talk, and has continued on these lines.

As to whether it has contributed and will contribute to their success and happiness in life, the evidence to date appears to me very favorable. Even those of our relatives who are too close to their Irish extraction ever to be free from superstition, or who have that race's weakness for authority and dogmatism, concede that the children are "lovely," "intelligent," and "surprisingly capable, in spite of their parents' impossible ideas." But as to their ultimate success in life much, of course, depends on how one defines success.

If it is taken to mean above all the successful acquisition of wealth, this method has a serious disadvantage. It stimulates too much interest in the various other factors of life to allow for that exclusive concentration upon gain, which leaves one so little time to live, and so little capacity for varied enjoyment.

It is a well-known fact that the public, "the crowd," is far more susceptible to impression and suggestion than to reason. It is established that the public is incapable of a sustained critical attitude—that its ideas and impressions are obtained by a process of unconscious absorption. It is also a notable fact that in those fields where there is the least reason to support belief, where its opinions are entirely the result of impression and suggestion, and have therefore the character of faith—the beliefs thus held are the most unshakable. These facts are successfully utilized by orators, statesmen, churchmen, and advertisers. Indeed, the public of this nation has just been aptly characterized as *One Hundred Million Guinea Pigs,* in a book that bristles with facts in support of that title's implication.

I feel that my children, insofar as my inculcation of the sceptical, rational, and scientific attitude is successful, will have a better chance to be with the experimenters, rather than the "experimented-upon," not only in the comparatively indifferent matter of the goods they buy, but in the more vital affairs wherein most people are unconscious victims of the religious, economic, political, or social demagoguery of the moment.

"But," says our anonymous author, "since (they) must get along in this world, it is better to let (them) absorb, without question, the things that this world believes—or pretends to."

I ask, "What world?"

All of us have smug, ignorant, or hypocritical neighbors; all of us build a world of our own of the fifty or more

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friends we choose to make up our social milieu; all of us, who are not bound by direst economic necessity to a particular town or neighborhood, are free to escape the cramping influences of a too narrow environment. Agnostic or sceptical Thomas Edisons and Bertrand Russells, no less than the Coolidges and Cannons, find congenial social groups. There is, as there has always been, a choice. There must even have been men in Salem, some three generations back, who did not school their sons in the virtues of witch-burning.

Fathers are not liars or cowards or hypocrites because they are fathers, but because they are liars or cowards or hypocrites.

Canners, Women, and Workers

By Mary Heaton Vorse

The canning code hearings bring out many interesting aspects of the American canning industry, the people who work in it, and the women who buy its products

In the ballroom of the Raleigh, on the little spindle-legged gilt chairs which have done duty in many a dance, sat the big shots of the canning industry, come for the code hearing. The list of those present was like a social register of the canning industry. Fish canners, fruit canners, vegetable canners were there from all the canning regions of the United States.

At a green baize table sat the cumbersome administrative staff. The deputy administrator represented the Blue Eagle itself and sat in General Johnson's place. There were an assistant deputy, a member of the legal division, a member of the Labor Advisory Board. There was a representative of the Consumers' Advisory Board and since the canning code is one which slops over into agriculture, there was also a representative of the AAA.

And there was the audience. Many women were present from big women's organizations who would soon have their say. Though this industry employs a quarter of a million workers, there were only two or three people from labor unions.

As everybody knows, codes are made by the industry. Labor has no voice in their making. Labor may speak up in a final code hearing or be spoken for by the labor advisors. Though how much Labor is allowed to say is very largely up to the deputy administrator.

Now the stage was set, the hearing under way. The bad code was in everybody's hands and the canners were here to fight for long hours, low wages and no standards. One may judge them from their own mouths. There was a candor and a naïveté in many of their utterances.

Take Mr. G. T. Sanders, for instance, who is of the Litteral Canning Company of Fayetteville, Ark. He comes from that Ozark section whose 276 canning plants range from that of the big canner who packs 300,000 cases to the small family concerns canning the vegetables they raised without outside help. Mr. Sanders spoke benevolently:

"Let me try to give you a picture of just what it means to run a canning plant down in my section of the country.

"On Tuesday morning before seven o'clock our help begin coming in to the plant. They come on Monday and Tuesday pretty much of their own accord, because they know that these are big days and they can get a long day's work with good earnings at the end of the day. Most of us sitting here today are town people with automobiles and street cars right at our front door, but these employees of ours have walked in from their farms two, three, and even five miles away. That means starting as early as five o'clock in the morning, and they need a long day's work to make those hours of walking at each end worth while. And the other side of the picture is that unless they are reasonably sure of a good day's work, a good many of them won't come at all. . . ."

On the subject of wages Mr. Sanders was equally clear. "I wish to object," he cried, "to the proposed minimum wage of the South." This minimum wage is 20 cents an hour. "The average farm wage scale for Arkansas and Missouri for 1932, according to government figures, was 9½ cents per hour and, for 1933, 9 cents per hour. The wage paid common labor in canning factories for 1932 was the same as for farm labor, but in 1933 the canner's wage scale was fixed at 15 cents per hour, which was an increase over both farm and cannery labor scale for 1932 of 60 per cent, and if we are forced to pay the minimum wage recommended in the canners' code, it will be an increase of over 100 per cent over 1932."

The amazing Mr. Sanders was not at all alone in his statements. Listen to Mr. H. E. Gray of the Barron-Gray Company of San José, Calif. He was in Washington to state that "All workers, both housewives and students, want long hours and they so express themselves. The cannery that can supply them with work for long hours each day is the cannery they want to work for." Similar statements came from the canners of Rochester and from the Rio Grande.

One trouble is the fact that the agricultural worker and the canning worker are often one and the same person. So the wage in the canning factory tends to follow the wage of the agricultural laborer, a wage which has been shattered since the depression and which in 1933 was as low as 8 cents an hour in the South.

But wages have always been low in the canning industry. In 1929 in a boom year the average wage paid was 9 3/7 cents per hour in parts of the South. If the minimum wage of 20 cents an hour were granted it still would mean only an infinitesimal amount of labor cost per can. Indeed it is not labor cost,

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but the cost of the container which is one of the greatest items.

From the accounts of the canners sitting in the Raleigh ballroom, a picture of the industry built itself up. It was not a pretty one. The attitude of the canners toward one another may be gleaned from Article 6 of the code.

The companies in the canning industry appear to be gouging, cutthroating and hamstringing one another. There are provisions against price discrimination and false billing. There are provisions against unearned discount for cash, compulsory purchase, fraudulent price for premiums, unfair substitution, commercial bribery, false label or advertisement on container, and unfair interference with a competitor's business.

Three thousand canning plants are scattered through forty-four states. An overwhelming number of the plants are in little towns of under a thousand inhabitants.

The industry has been one of the worst offenders in regard to child labor. It has fought the Child Labor Amendment all along the line. It has always fought all union organization with ferocity.

As it deals with an extremely perishable product, fruits and vegetables, which lose their food value within twenty-four hours, a frightful speed-up occurs at the peak of the season. In this most backward industry few modern methods of control of the delivery of raw products or the flow of production through the cannery have been attempted. It remains anarchic, a sweatshop industry smeared over the whole land.

Attempts to regulate hours have been made with some success in Wisconsin and California, but only for women and children. That such regulation is possible, the experience of Columbia Conserve Company of Indianapolis can show. Here, according to William Hapgood, president of the corporation, they have greatly reduced hours during the peak load of the tomato season. The usual week has been reduced to five days and seven hours.

This in brief is the outline of an industry whose cans enter the home of almost every American family.

It was remarkable that while the canning code was important enough for William Green, president of the A. F. of L., to appear for Labor, so few rank-and-file workers appeared for their unions. No one from the workers of the Pacific Coast, no member of any Negro organization to speak a word against the discrimination in wages for Negro labor. No one to ask for equal pay for equal work for women. No one to point out how the canners have resisted the Child Labor Amendment.

The few representatives there were gave vivid glimpses of what is going on in the canning industry, translated into human terms. Take the citrus fruit workers in Florida. They formed an industrial union of 40,000 people. J. W. Chapman, long, blond, lean Missourian, is their president. It's a hard industry. The rush isn't in the canning, but in the picking. A jobber buys an orchard. The farmer doesn't do the picking himself. Trucks piled high with great swinging crates start off in dark night. On top of the trucks sit the "crows"—the "fruit buzzards"—that's what they call the picking crew. The fog hangs heavy. The trees drip as though it were raining, as they ride through the night, sixty, eighty, or a hundred miles. They are due to pick a whole orchard before dark the next night. The sun comes up blazing hot and their drenched clothes dry on them. Accidents are frequent for the fruit buzzards riding the high piled crates. High ladders cause more accidents. Sleepy men fall off. It is a precarious business and there is no accident compensation. They work through from earliest light until dusk. Stiff, tired and drenched with sweat, they mount the high swinging crates and drive off through the fog.

The workers in the factory fare no better than the fruit buzzards, according to Chapman. One of the greatest sources of complaint is that they do not get paid for canning anything but the perfect segments; the broken segments and the grape fruit juice they are not paid for at all.

One labor supply is made to compete with another. Labor is recruited from the poverty-stricken districts of Arkansas and Missouri. From 75 to 80 per cent of the workers are out-of-towners. Thirty-six men will be fired from a factory and forty more will have arrived from Arkansas. "Forty-five per cent of the children in the schools were not only out-of-towners, but were non-state," Chapman pointed out, *"and their parents had our jobs."*

As to wages, men in the warehouses are getting 25 cents an hour, engineers and firemen 15 and 20 cents. Most of the employers haven't signed the PRA, and those who have, speedily reduced the higher piece-work wages down to the low Southern minimum wage. As to hours, truck drivers, among others, were working 100 hours a week in defiance of law. Employees in the Haines City plant, employees on per hour basis, 60 and 65 hours. As to the observance of Section *7a,* every form of intimidation has been used to prevent the workers from organizing. Recently an organizer was spirited away by night riders and hasn't been heard of since.

A contrasting phase of the industry was represented by Frank J. Manning. He spoke for the workers of the Canners' Industrial Union, who claim 80 per cent of the workers of Campbell's Soup Company, an up-to-date urban industry. Manning protested against the Bedeaux system, a systematic speed-up device. Through it five men now do more work than twelve men formerly performed and do it in a 35-hour week for which they are paid $12.95 and a small bonus. Under the Bedeaux system many important department workers are not even getting a 35-hour week. Manning cried:

"It's been expressed here today that there's danger of deterioration in commodities and crops. I'd like to say something about the deterioration of human beings working under the Bedeaux system for more than 35 hours a week! We feel very, very strongly that anything over a 35-hour week would be a grave injustice upon the worker. It will defeat the purpose of spreading work and increasing purchasing power. Furthermore, it will simply hasten the day when workers of *Campbell's Soup will be themselves on the soup line again,* as they have been *during the past two or three years.* It will also mean more Campbell's Soup workers *will lose their homes* on account of inability to pay taxes."

Take a flight across the country. Look down a moment on the fruit pickers in California. Shabby shacks made of sun-dried boards which look more like outhouses than human habitation are the workers' quarters. Flies swarm, water is scarce. According to law the shacks

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have electric lights for workers who can afford them. Here live the seasonal pickers and canners who "work up the seasons." There are labor laws in California to protect women and children, laws that are constantly infringed upon and broken. When any attempt at unionization is made, using the right which Section *7a* has given them, the cry of Red goes forth, the legionnaires mobilize, "the very best element of society" organizes against the workers.

Yet, bad as these conditions, as pay and hours are, they seem like paradise compared to the sheds in which live the Negro help in the tomato-canning industry along the coast of Delaware and Maryland. Here one will find undreamed of length of hours and unheard of low pay.

If there were few people to speak for the workers, there were plenty to speak for the consumers. Almost all the great women's organizations sent representatives to demand standards in the canning industry, cans to be graded A, B and C, so that you and I may know what we are buying behind the barrier of steel, other than what the magnificent label tells us.

The entry of the consumer on the scene with the government forming an agency by which the consumer may have a voice is an innovation of the first importance. Mrs. Mary Harriman Rumsey heads the Consumers' Advisory Board for the NRA. The idea of protecting consumers' rights and interests is not a new one with her. Long ago while majoring in economics, she became a partisan of the unprotected buyer. It seemed an unjust thing, while labor was organized and the industrialists were highly organized, that the unorganized consumer should have no way whatever of protecting himself, so it is logical she should be at the forefront of the Consumers' Advisory Board, which has recently formed a new agency under the National Emergency Council, which will draft 200 consumers' councils to conduct check on costs. This will also be headed by Mrs. Rumsey. Doctor Frederick Howe, head of the Consumers' Division of AAA, also will join the new agency.

In addition to the vast problem of keeping prices of food products in line with the consumers' pay checks, the consumers' council is undertaking the complex job of educating housewives in the art of intelligent purchasing. These councils have made only a beginning and have been overshadowed by more showy work of the NRA. They well may be the beginning of a new era of consciousness in the buying public.

It seemed, from the numbers of women represented, that the dawning of this day was at hand; the meeting came to life as the various women spoke. Through a long afternoon with spirit and energy the representatives of the big women's organizations broke a lance for the consumers, asking that there shall be more than a wild appeal to the imagination as to what's inside a can.

Miss Julia K. Jaffrey, representing Mrs. Grace Morrison Poole, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, with its 2,000,000 members; Miss Lena M. Phillips, president of the powerful National Council of Women, who have a membership of 5,000,000; Miss Alice L. Edwards, executive secretary of the American Home Economics Association; Mrs. Paul E. Howe, American Association of University Women; Mrs. Franklin W. Fritchy, president of the American Home Makers Association; a representative of the National League of Women Voters.

In all, twenty-one organizations, including the American Federation of Labor, the two Consumers' Advisory Boards, and strangely enough, two packers, Mr. Shook of the Tri-State Packers Association and Mr. William Hapgood of the Columbia Conserve Company, spoke for the inclusion of a clause in the code authority for the study in collaboration with the Department of Agriculture "to promulgate standards for labelling weight and quality grading for the products of the industry."

Grades have already been used in connection with the Warehousing Act, but you and I may not know what we are buying, although if we buy fertilizer it will be plainly stamped upon the bag. Fodder will have its composition and grade stamped, and so will all the mixed foods which are prepared for live stock, such as calf foods and laying mashes for fowls. All these are sold with guarantees as to exactly what they contain. But—not the can you and I buy for our tables.

It is an interesting footnote that there was a dog-food hearing at a later date. Sixty thousand dollars' worth of animal food in the cans was sold last year. It contains such diverse things as horse meat, salmon, reindeer, and even 3,000,000 pounds of frozen whale meat. There is a good chance that there will be grading of a dog food. There is much more chance of your pup knowing if he's going to get grade A than there is of your having a label to inform you what you are buying.

There are other standards to be considered by the consumers than what they are getting. These are the standards of work, the conditions under which women and children are employed. These conditions are now admittedly bad in the canning industry. They will have been but little changed by the provisions of the code.

If the women of this country knew the toll in life that the most defenseless and miserable portion of the working population, the cannery workers, is paying, they would demand not only standards for themselves, but standards for the workers.

Coming "Straws in the Wind"—"Success at Last," a business man's morality, "Children's Radio Programs 1934" by Arthur Mann, "The Church Builds Battleships" by the Reverend David C. Colony, "The New Medievalism" by Ernest Boyd.

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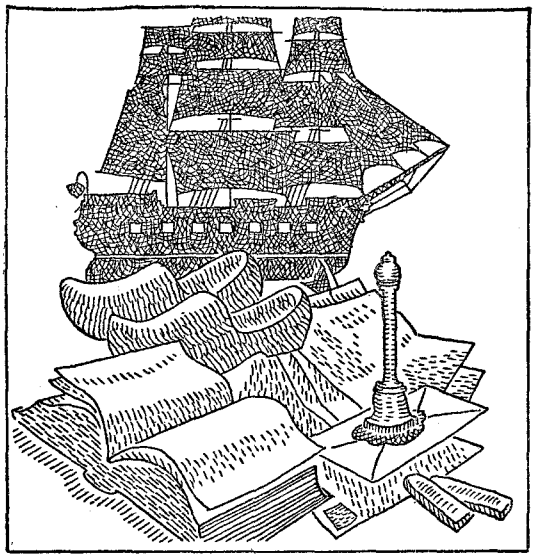

AS I LIKE IT

William Lyon Phelps

Reverence Toward Science . . . Scientific Fashions of Thought . . . Henry James and his Family . . . President Roosevelt at Yale Commencement

WHEN Andrew D. White published his famous book, *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom,* he quite naturally supposed there was no doubt as to the victor. He was a good man and loved truth, and freedom in searching it. He thought Theology had waged a steadily losing battle all along the line; and its defeat, if not so immediate, was as certain as that of King Canute. Religion had lost one position after another; Science, always opposed and hindered and delayed by the struggle with theology, had nevertheless advanced, because the Truth was on its side. Furthermore, this conquest of religion by science was something that all reasonable men should greet with joy; it meant the removing of shackles of superstitition, a free field for independent individual investigators. This was to be at last a brave new world, where men and women, released from all theological or governmental restraint, were to live in the clear and bracing atmosphere of truth.

Very good: very good indeed: we are now living in this Paradise which the former men of science saw afar off. Except in certain localities, there is no restraint on scientific investigation and scientific experiment; the modern hero is the man of science, regarded with universal respect and admiration; and perhaps with some mystical wonder, like the mysterious priests of old. For just as ignorant people believed that the priests had access to sources of knowledge beyond the range of the crowd and that they lived in a world of their own—so today, the vast majority of mankind, being ignorant of science, have almost a superstitious reverence for those who live in laboratories and commune there with occult forces.

Why then is our modern world so full of despair?

Why have the enlightenment of the mind and the tremendous increase in mechanical resources not brought more happiness? Why this bankruptcy of Hope? For if hope deferred maketh the heart sick, hope destroyed maketh the heart dead.

Two hundred years ago the study of Astronomy was not only exciting, it was exhilarating. The heavens declared the glory of God, and those who knew the most about them were like priests of the Most High. Young said the undevout astronomer was mad; today, a very devout astronomer would certainly be regarded by some of his colleagues with suspicion. Addison, a contemporary of Young's, wrote

> The spacious firmament on high,
> With all the blue ethereal sky,
> And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
> Their great Original proclaim:
> The unwearied sun, from day to day,
> Does his Creator's power display,
> And publishes to every land
> The work of an almighty hand.

One of the most distinguished of living astronomers has said:

> Instead of finding, in the light of the stars, that man is materially of high significance in the universe, as we might infer from his vaunted control over most of the terrestrial animals and from his ability to deface or beautify parts of the surface of our small planet, we are led to discover the opposite, to find that he is insignificant to a humiliating degree; and there is nothing so cleansing as humility. Instead of finding that man is the central design of cosmic evolution and the Lord of Creation, we are led to suspect that he is but a brief and trivial incident in a universe where the reverend and important features are space, time, gravity, energy, and radiation; and there is nothing so useful spiritually as natural reverence.

Without considering the fact that (according to many philosophers) space and time, instead of being "reverend and important" features, have no existence whatever, but are merely modes of the mind's behavior, all I can make out of the above quotation is that because man is quantitatively small, he must therefore be insignificant. Now in comparison with a Dinosaur, this astronomer is very small; but his researches and his reputation prove that "insignificant" is the last word to describe him accurately.

Scientific fashions of thought change with such bewildering rapidity that it is only fair to say that these words by Professor —— were published a few years ago; since then, both Sir James Jeans and Sir Arthur Eddington have been steadily leading us away from the materialistic attitude.

My own ignorance of science is so abysmal that any remark of mine on any particular science would be an impertinence. But I am sensitive to mental temperatures; I can tell the direction in which certain scientific pronouncements would lead us.

I heard a justly famous scientific man make an elaborate statement by which we were asked to believe that man had not only no soul, but no mind; that is to say, man was exclusively a

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physical creature. This seemed to me a vicious circle. Here was a man using all the splendid powers of a splendid mind to prove that he had no mind.

After the lecture, I asked another scientific man who was apparently in agreement with the speaker's opinions, "Are you ever dubious about the value of your researches? Does it ever occur to you that the results of all your efforts to reduce man to a collection of particles of matter might have a tragic aspect? I ask the question because the lecturer seemed to be in such high spirits; he believed not only that everything he said was true, but that it was a truth in which we should rejoice. If we do really amount to nothing, aren't you ever in the least disturbed by the results of your investigations?" And he replied, "Ah, but we men of science have such a good time in making the investigations!"

In the realm of applied science, its experts have been of incalculable benefit to mankind. The enormous decrease in infant mortality, the annihilation of many diseases like yellow fever, the saving of physical agony in modern surgery, the all but incredible aids to the preservation of human life and the prolongation of its activities; the overcoming of difficulties in transportation, the resources now furnished to the crippled, the deaf, and the blind, one could go on for hundreds of pages, and not even begin to exhaust the blessings given to humanity by scientific men; and it would take still more pages for me adequately to express my grateful appreciation.

But just as many men are sceptical as to the value of religion, so I am sceptical as to the indiscriminate attitude of reverence to all applied science. An individual poisoner is regarded with detestation, and if caught, is in some danger of execution. Is it a cause of rejoicing that all over the world there are distinguished men of science who employ all their intelligence and all their knowledge and all their energy to the invention and improvement of poisons that in the next war will destroy thousands of innocent women and children? Should our attitude to such inventions be one of unalloyed reverence? Was it beneficial to mankind that the revolver and the automatic were invented? When the next war comes, its wholesale methods of torture and destruction will have had their origin in laboratories.

And it is interesting to observe that, although individuals are restrained now in the production of food and other useful and valuable articles, there is no restraint whatever placed on the amount or the efficiency of production of the means of torture and death. Here the accepted principle is still *laissez-faire*.

I hope that the queries suggested in this article will not make any reader imagine that I am "opposed to science." I might just as well be opposed to gravitation. I sincerely believe that no one respects research men in science more than I do. I am inordinately proud of being a member of the American Philosophical Society, one of whose objects, in the language of its founder, Benjamin Franklin, is to "promote useful knowledge." I am merely asking one general question, which can be compressed into one word,

WHITHER?

Modern novelists are as a rule more cheerful than the books they write; and on the other hand, I wonder if modern scientists are always in their hearts as cheerful as they look. I wonder if they ever have secret misgivings as to the ultimate value to humanity of their contributions. Browning's Pope asked himself this serious question:

> The sum up of what gain or loss to God
> Came of His one more Vicar in the world.

And as all the culture, knowledge, philosophy of the ancient world resulted in a general mental and moral bankruptcy, and were not only powerless to save the world, but left it hopeless, would it be strange if the net results of the prodigious advance of modern science should bring about another collapse? My own attitude toward science is one of respectful agnosticism; I am not sure that its services to the world are wholly beneficial. And I refuse to regard either the mental attitude that it so often encourages, or the engines of destruction that it invents and improves, with undiluted enthusiasm. Before accepting every statement sent out by "science" I want to be certain that it has been definitely and permanently proved to be true.

In the meanwhile there is a possibility that science, after taking away the last hope of mankind, will supply the only possible remedy by inventions so powerful that mankind will be destroyed. A possibility only, not a probability. Hope in the end always triumphs over despair; and religious truth is indestructible.

I shall certainly not commit intellectual suicide by refusing to accept anything proved; having spent a large part of my time on earth searching for truth, I am not going to resist it whenever or wherever I find it. But I cannot help wondering as to ultimate values. "I am quite willing to die," said Renan; "only I should like to know whether death will be of any use to me."

Henry James and his family remain a subject of chronic and intense curiosity on the part of those who still read his works with delight. One of the most important books of the year is the publication of the journal of Henry's sister Alice, called *Alice James: Her Brothers, Her Journal,* with an admirable Introduction by Anna Robeson Burr, herself author of a number of excellent books. (Don't skip the Introduction.)

Alice James was an invalid, all of whose vitality was mental. Never has any one more exclusively lived the life of the mind. Her journal was written in England, between the years 1889–1892. The last entry was two days before her death. She suffered not only from weakness, but from continual bodily pain and nervous horrors; her splendid mind triumphed sufficiently over these fearful adversaries, so that while she found life anything but happy, she found it interesting. But it can hardly be said she enjoyed it—how could she? "I must record that on the 7th of August I was forty-one years old. Glory, glory, hallelujah! Would, oh would it were sixty-one!" She loved what conversation she was able to share, and there are frequent quotations; as when Professor Farlow asked "Why is every man's aunt so entirely different from his mother?" for which remark I share her admiration. The Victorian restraints against which she was in constant rebellion are shown in a passage where, when her shawls and cushions got into inextricable confusion, her friend said "What an awful pity it is that you can't say damn." . . . "Grace gave Mabel Quincy, as a wedding present, a copy of Montaigne with the 'naughty' passages gummed together.

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Could there be anything more deliciously droll?"

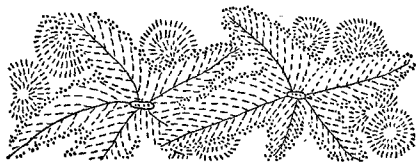
Many remarks by her brother Henry add to the value of the diary; in discussing the adaptability of the American to new circumstances, he said "He hasn't to cease being something else first." When Henry was five, his brother William (one year older) tried to explain to him the nature of God. Hearing God was everywhere, Henry asked if He were the chair or the table. "Oh, no! God isn't a thing; He is everywhere about us; He pervades." "Oh, then He is a skunk." She reports an answer on an exam at Cambridge: "Very little is known of the early life of Christ. The little that is known we get from Archdeacon Farrar."

There is considerable acidity in her comments on various persons and things; but this did not come from her illness, simply from the fastidious nature of her mind. One of the most astounding things to come from one who suffered so terribly is this remark: she says she had "an ever deeper sense of the exquisite truth that human good outweighs all human evil, and that only from amidst the clouds shines out the true illumination."

The Journal is an important addition to the literature produced by this remarkable family; and every reader will wish he had the privilege of her friendship. Indeed I was pleased to read "I am as much amused, dear *Inconnu* (please note the sex, pale shadow of Romance still surviving even in the most rejected and despised of man)," for I felt she was speaking to me. How I wish she had.

I wonder why the romances of Maurice Walsh are not better known in this country. He is an Irishman, with a marvellous sense of humor and an unrestrained love of the open road. He has a style all his own, with a remarkable gift for describing adventures. Stevenson would have loved his books. They are full of excitement and they belong to literature. The latest is *The Road to Nowhere,* and after you have read that, you will immediately want to read *The Key Above the Door,* which with *The Small Dark Man* and *While Rivers Run* can now be had in one volume, called *Romantic Adventurers.*

Mr. Walsh's books are of the splendid old-fashioned kind—love and fighting; but there is also a little book by James Hilton, that no Scribnerian must miss, called *Goodbye, Mr. Chips.* Here is romance where one would least expect to find it. This is the story of a teacher in an English school; if I am the means of your reading it, I shall receive your gratitude. It is a masterpiece.



General Charles H. Sherrill, who was recently Ambassador to Turkey, has written an exceedingly interesting account of his residence there, in the form of a biography of Kemal. The book is called *A Year's Embassy to Mustapha Kemal,* and I learned on every page something I had not known. We are made familiar with one of the most important figures in modern history. I was only vaguely conscious of Mustapha Kemal, but now I feel that every one mustapha copy of this book.

I rejoice to see that the complete works of Thucydides are now published in an English translation in one handy volume in The Modern Library. This is cause for congratulation. There never was, I suppose, a greater historian than Thucydides, and I have never read one who was more interesting.

A wonderfully alluring book of illustrations from photographs is *Men, Fish, and Boats,* designed by Gordon Aymar. The captions for the pictures are by Alfred Stamford. Every person who has ever heard of deep sea fishing off Gloucester or Halifax, every person who loves a boat, will find this volume thrilling.

And another utterly irresistible book of illustrations—intended for children but which will be enjoyed by octogenarians—is *Mike the Cat,* with text and photographs by Creighton Peet. These are marvellous pictures of a cat in the house, who thought he was a tiger. And how this book will delight William Gillette! For the animal is not a fancy Angora; but a genuine calico housecat; what I used to call a grocery-store cat.

Two serious books that will appeal to those who are interested in religion are *Is the Resurrection True?* by D. F. Brundrit, and *Why Go to Church?* by a "London journalist." You will have to send to London for them, unless some American publisher imports them, but they are worth sending for. The book on the Resurrection is written by an English lawyer (barrister), who applies the same tests to the Resurrection story that he would apply to any disputed question. I agree with him that the truth or falsity of the Resurrection is a matter of enormous importance; it has always been difficult for me to understand the position of those clergymen who maintain that it makes no difference. It seems to me it makes all the difference in the world.

The other book is by a metropolitan newspaper man who answers the question the title propounds. It is written in an attractively informal style.

Lord Berners's autobiography *First Childhood* is an entertaining narrative of the boyhood of one brought up in the British aristocracy. He had almost no fun at all; and the school he describes is so unlike that where Mr. Chips taught, it seems strange they could exist in the same country. What is emphasized in this autobiography is the slavery of childhood.

I recommend the following three thrillers: *The Case of the Howling Dog,* by Earle Stanley; *The Prince of Plunder,* by Sydney Horler, and *Shadow on the Wall,* by H. C. Bailey, the last-named being its author's best.

The FANO CLUB is enriched by the addition of the Reverend and Mrs. Harry Miles of New York City, who saw the famous picture on June 5.

The FAERIE QUEENE CLUB is enriched by the addition of the names of Miss Ruth Boyd and Miss Elsewood Smith. The former is the Head of the English Department of Pearl River Junior College at Poplarville, Miss., and the latter is her pupil in the Sophomore class. Salutations.

Mallie J. Murphy of Washington, D. C., sends me interesting information about Spenser editions. Let me recommend again to all who can afford it the fine Variorum edition now in

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process of publication by the Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore.

I was wondering if you were familiar with the seven volume edition of Spenser edited by Professor W. L. Renwick, of Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne? It sells for about eight shillings the volume and would cost less than $15. While I have only the first three volumes, I think the *Faerie Queene* is now out in four volumes. Good type; good paper.

It strikes me as an excellent working edition with a most helpful commentary to each volume. Thus the Shepheardes Calender volume contains 242 pp. of which 82 pp. are commentary or notes.

I too have the Grosart edition, but I had to pay about $60 for it, that however being due perhaps more to its being the large paper edition and the binding, crimson levant morocco. I foolishly took the first set I saw advertised, and have seen less expensive sets advertised in English catalogues.

However, the purpose of my writing—you know how we little fellows like to get one on the big fellow—is due to your having stated that Grosart's is a *ten* volume edition, whereas it is only a nine volume set, the tenth volume never having been published.

Of course, the variorum edition is going to be the greatest contribution to Spenserian scholarship, and I'm hoping that prosperity may some day return and that I shall be in position to buy it.

Professor Renwick's edition is published by The Scholartis Press, 30 Museum Street, London, 1925, 1928, 1930, etc.

It has always seemed strange to me that Booth Tarkington did not receive more and higher recognition from England; and I am glad to include the following notices, sent to me by Mrs. Wm. Henry Trotter, of Chestnut Hill, Pa.:

Mr. Gerald Gould in *The London Observer:* "Presenting Lily Mars" is one of those delightful books that tickle the ribs and get in under them. It is a rich comedy that does not shirk the tragic. It makes me feel that I owe Mr. Tarkington an apology for not having ranked him high enough. Though I have read and admired many of his books I somehow had not expected from him quite the economy of touch or profundity of understanding which he shows in his latest work. This belongs to the grand tradition of restrained, controlled, ironic cosmopolitan-American fiction . . . the tradition, in short, which goes back to Henry James. . . . The vicissitudes, glories, and agonies of stage-life have rarely been rendered with so delicate a touch. . . ." etc.

And in its column "Stage-struck" *London Punch* says: "In 'Presenting Lily Mars' Mr. Booth Tarkington gives a vivid account of a young American dramatist's personal and professional troubles. The amazingly vital Lily may have been a born actress but she was certainly also a lady of such tempestuous temperament that association with her was far indeed from being tranquil. She rushes through the story in a whirlwind of emotions, and although she attracts the dramatist so much that 'her odd sweet voice was incessant in his ears' I cannot suppress the thought that he was lucky not to marry her. . . . This is a tale that will appeal especially to those of us who are keenly interested in plays and players."

Laura T. Taylor of Washington, D. C., sends me interesting information about Gray's *Elegy*. About forty years ago she bought at one of the bookstalls along the Seine the eighth volume of a German anthology. Among the specimens quoted are verses by Ludwig Theobul Kosegarten (1758–1818). These verses are called *Der Dorfkirchhof* and there is no indication anywhere that they are a translation; but of course they are a direct translation of Gray, as the following excerpts will show. I wonder how much credit Kosegarten obtained?

DER DORFKIRCHHOF

ELEGIE

Zu Grabe sinkt der abgeschied'ne Tag,
Die Heerden wanken blökend über's Feld.
Der müde Pflüger sucht sein friedlich Dach,
Und raümt der Dunkelheit und mir die Welt.

Wie mancher theurer Edelstein versprüht
Den Glanz in Tiefen, die kein Loth ermisst!
Wie manche Blum' erröthet und verblüht
In öden Schlunden, die kein Lichtstrahl küsst!

Wie mancher Hampden, welcher unverzagt
Den Dränger seines Dorfs zu Boden schlug,
Wie mancher Milton, der kein Lied gewagt,
Wie mancher Cromwell, nie verfolgt vom Fluch,

Mag hier vermodern! Ihr Geschick verbot
Mit Rednerkraft zu herrschen im Senat,
Zu trotzen draussen und daheim dem Tod,
Sich zu verew'gen durch Gesang und That.

DIE GRABSCHRIFT

Dem Glücke nicht, und nicht dem Ruhm bekannt,
Schläft hier ein Jüngling in dem stillen Staub,
Sein Herz hat für die Weisheit früh gebrannt,
Doch frühe ward sein Geist der Schwermuth Raub.

An interesting and important letter from Bertram L. Hughes, of Cornell University:

When Doctor Bizzell, the President of the University of Oklahoma, suggests that George Eliot's spelling of her name as *Marianne* Evans is a mere affectation, I think he is coming mighty close to the truth.

During the winter that has just passed I read all of George Eliot's novels in connection with work in a seminar in English Literature. I picked her works as a field of study because of her Welsh ancestry, her grandfather George Evans being a native of Flintshire, a place not far from where rests all that is earthly of Yale's great founder.

Now the Celt, no matter from which side of St. George's Channel he hails, almost without exception chooses the solid, time-honored names such as Mary, Margaret, Catherine, when selecting a name for the female offspring. And because the name *Mary* is the greatest favorite among the Welsh it is often coupled, but never joined by spelling; so that there are many by the name of Mary Jane, Mary Ellen, Mary Louise, Mary Ann, and a few other such combinations with Mary. To a slight extent in England today, and to a greater extent in America, with the idea of taking some of the plainness out of them, these names have been metamorphosed into Marijane, Mariellen, Marilouise, and Marian, Marianne, and Marion.

But such names among any family by the name of Evans in Great Britain during or before the Victorian Period would have been as rare as a horse in Detroit in 1934. Then why, may be asked, is the great novelist so often referred to as *Marian* Evans? Very likely because *Mary Ann* said rapidly fuses into *Marian*. But just as sure as the other little girl born in England in 1819 and destined for fame was christened Victoria, I feel sure that Mr. and Mrs. Robert Evans christened their baby girl born that year *Mary Ann*.

The opening paragraph of George Eliot's *Life* by her husband, J. W. Cross, consists of this quotation:

"Nov. 22, 1819.—Mary Ann Evans was born at Arbury Farm, at Five o'clock this morning."

Mr. Cross then explains that "This is an entry in Mr. Robert Evans's handwriting of an old diary that now lies before me, and records with characteristic precision, the birth of his youngest child, afterwards known to the world as George Eliot." We may take it for granted then that George Eliot was given the name *Mary Ann* by her parents. Now let us see when Miss Evans became known as *Marian*.

In a published Phi Beta Kappa address delivered at Washington University, St. Louis, my beloved former teacher, the late Doctor Robert Mark Wenley, explains in a footnote that during her residence at Coventry, Mary Ann observed her friends were abbreviating her baptismal name to *Marian*, "and she seems to have adopted the shorter form as a signature for her published writings previous to assumption of the famous pseudonym." It is very likely that these Coventry friends, among them her teachers, the Misses Franklin, and their father, the Reverend Mr. Franklin, in speaking to the young student placed the stress in true English fashion on the first syllable rather than on the third syllable of Mary Ann, with the resulting Marian. Not until she had been writing a while, however, did she allow the change, for in some stanzas she wrote for *The Christian Observer* for January, 1840, Mary Ann Evans saw herself in print for the first time and over a signature that was merely M. A. E.

In her book, *The Silhouette of Mary Ann*, J. E. Buckrose (Mrs. A. E. Jameson) sets forth a possible reason for the change in name by Miss Evans. In the chapter entitled "Mary Ann to Marian" we are told that it was just before Mary Ann met the Brays, and as she was "walking down the Foleshill Road at Coventry this fine morning, she was for the moment almost satisfied. The next-door neighbor had called in a friendly way, almost with deference upon this paragon of a young lady whose gifts had been so extolled by the Misses Franklin. Mary Ann was no more. In obedience to an instinct which had told her long ago that she must first achieve all that she was to get, she triumphantly created Miss Marian Evans out of Mary Ann. She *would* be Marian. That was how her achievement now rested. And because the change of scene and circumstance had brought a sudden uprising of vitality, she felt that she could achieve anything—anything! Her body as well as her mind thrilled with this consciousness, so that every step seemed to be taking her somewhere on the road to her desires, even though she was only carrying a pot of the red crab apples in jelly to old Mr. Franklin, the father of Miss Rebecca." That she was *Mary Ann* of Griff we are certain. If she was *Marian* of the Foleshill Road it was because, as with nearly every name and nickname, the name was created by some one

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else than the owner, and then eventually by all.

As to *Marianne* there is not the slightest evidence to prove that George Eliot used or was ever addressed by this name. It is not likely her English friends accented the last syllable when her two Christian names were spelled as one. The name *Marianne Evans* in the book formerly owned by George Eliot and now the property of Doctor Bizzell, must have been written when the youthful Miss Evans was in an especially gay mood, perhaps as a bit of play. For the moment she probably thought *Marianne* a compromise between her real name and the one her Coventry friends had begun to call her.

After all what we are most concerned with is the name George Eliot, which she chose for herself after she started writing her novels. It took a little while for her contemporaries to discover who actually was George Eliot, but posterity will never forget the name of this great novelist.

It was Anthony Trollope who said that between two names, one that has a meaning and one that has none, the one without meaning is the better, since it never belies itself. There is not much meaning perhaps to the names Mary Ann, Marian, George Eliot, although the owner tells us she picked her pen name because *George* was the name of Mr. Lewes and *Eliot* was "a good mouthful." But there is a great deal of meaning to the sweet, lovely girl, Mary Ann, unwittingly absorbing material for her best novels, as she accompanied her beloved father about the Newdigate estate; and there is a vast amount of meaning to the most symptomatic of the eminent Victorians, George Eliot.

. . . Last night I finished reading *The Book of Talbot*. . . . I heartily concur in what you had to say about this marvellous account of travel, exploration, and adventure that actually happened. I shall not say any more now than that it is one of the best books I have ever read, a most unusual book and altogether unlike any other I have read. Incidentally, I was born in Lancashire, not very far from Lytham and St. Anne's, and therefore there was added interest for me.

Speaking not as a Roman Catholic I have wondered why that Church did not include Violet Clifton's book in its recommended list. Talbot was a devout Roman Catholic from a long and faithful heritage, and Violet a convert at marriage.

Charles E. Wright, Librarian of the Carnegie Free Library of Duquesne, Pa., remarking on the late Professor Sheldon's remark that it was because of the Indians' dislike of agriculture that they were called *Neverhoe* Indians, enquires "Didn't the Professor overlook the more domestic and peaceable Hoepeas, and the humble Digger Indians, to say nothing of the great chief Cornplanter?"

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS HEADLINE?

(*New York Herald Tribune*)

THREE RELIGIONS JOIN IN FIGHT ON 'BAD' FILMS

PROTESTANTS AND JEWS UPHOLD CATHOLIC MOVE TO PREVENT IMMORAL PICTURES

The Commencement exercises at Yale University this year were made memorable by the presence of the President of the United States. Only four Presidents have received an honorary degree from Yale, while in office, and only two in person. The degree was given to George Washington, but he was unable to come; and to William McKinley, who I believe was prevented from coming by the illness of his wife. In October, 1901, Theodore Roosevelt, who had been President only a few weeks, received it in person, and made a characteristic speech; it annoyed him that he was forbidden to shake hands with any one, because of the murder of McKinley.

President Franklin Roosevelt appeared on the Commencement platform accompanied by his son, who bears a striking resemblance to his father. The President looked the picture of health, vitality, and high spirits; he seemed to enjoy all the features of the occasion, and gave them his keenest attention. When the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him, the audience rose and cheered; it was a spontaneous and sincere ovation. Unlike Theodore Roosevelt, he said nothing at the time (it isn't done), but at the Commencement dinner following he made a speech of some length.

It is unfortunate that those who were not present got a misleading impression of this speech. There was hardly any allusion to politics or to the "brain trust," and allusions to both were of a rather playful nature. It seemed to me that the President could not possibly have spoken more tactfully or gracefully. The speech was given without any notes, in an easy and informal style; he expressed his pleasure at being present as a Harvard man at a Yale gathering, his gratification at becoming a Yale graduate; he appealed to the audience as one university man speaking to others, and said that there was a little danger that both Harvard and Yale, being New England universities, might not realize the importance of distant sections of the country. Even those in the audience who were opposed to his policies were pleased with his address and the charm of his manner; on this occasion he was a college man talking to college men. It was a beautiful speech, beautifully delivered.

I was deeply impressed by the amazing vigor and cheerfulness of the President. He gave absolutely no sign of exhaustion, fatigue, or worry; he looked and spoke like a graduate coming back to a class reunion.

I have been Public Orator of Yale University for a good many years; and when conversing with the Public Orator of Oxford in 1932, he said that my task was much more difficult than his. "Why," said I, "you have to write all your addresses in Latin." "But that makes it very easy. The audience do not understand anything I say, and therefore I do not have to be clever. But you have to think up something good for every candidate. You are at a terrible disadvantage." Yet I prefer to write in English.

I really do believe that in general it is more blessed to give than to receive; but when at this Commencement, to my unutterable amazement, I received a degree, I confess it was more blessed than any degree I ever gave. When Governor Cross arose, I supposed of course he was going to address President Roosevelt. "And nothing ever will surprise me now."

BOOKS MENTIONED WITH NAMES OF PUBLISHERS

Alice James: Her Brothers, Her Journal, ed. A. R. Burr. Dodd Mead. $2.50.

The Road to Nowhere, by Maurice Walsh. Stokes. $2.50.

Romantic Adventurers (three novels in one vol.) by Maurice Walsh. Stokes. $2.50.

Goodbye, Mr. Chips, by James Hilton. Little Brown. $1.50.

A Year's Embassy to Mustapha Kemal, by C. H. Sherrill. Scribners. $3.

Men, Fish, and Boats. Ill. by G. Aymar, text by A. Stamford. Morrow. $3.

Is the Resurrection True? by D. F. Brundrit. London: Philip Allan. 5s.

Why Go to Church? by a London Journalist. London: Lutterworth Press. 1s.

Shadow on the Wall, by H. C. Bailey. Doubleday Doran. $2.

The Prince of Plunder, by S. Horler. Doubleday Doran. $2.

The Case of the Howling Dog, by Earle Stanley. Morrow. $2.

First Childhood, by Lord Berners. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Mike the Cat, text and illus. by C. Peet. Loring and Mussey. $2.

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The Heart Disease Paradox

In this country more cases of heart disease are being prevented each year—yet more deaths are charged to the heart than ever before.

DESPITE seeming contradiction, those are the facts. Better protection of children against diseases which are often followed by heart trouble means that fewer young hearts are being exposed to injury. Better treatment of hearts temporarily damaged by the "poisons" of acute infections often prevents such damage from becoming permanent. Better control of venereal and other diseases that damage hearts has been another important factor in reducing the deathrate from heart disease at all ages up to 45 years.

* * * * *

You can help to prevent heart disease in your home by having your children immunized against diphtheria and by protecting them, so far as possible, against other heart damaging diseases, such as sore throats, repeated colds, acute rheumatic fever, scarlet fever, measles and typhoid fever.

Should they have any of these diseases, see that your doctor's orders are strictly obeyed, so that injured hearts may not result. Especially follow his instructions as to how long the child is to be kept in bed. Rest is an important part of the treatment for "poisoned" hearts during and following any acute infection.

Annual health examinations offer a further opportunity to control heart disease. In middle-aged people heart disease frequently results from chronic or focal infections in teeth, tonsils, sinuses or in other parts of the body.

When advisable, your doctor may employ the fluoroscope and electrocardiograph to determine the condition of your heart. He can see whether or not it is showing the effects of wear and tear long before it actually breaks down. If necessary, your doctor will advise changes in habits of work and rest, food and drink, or the correction of impairments.

Far from being cause for alarm, the mounting deathrate from heart disease at the older ages is encouraging evidence that needless deaths in childhood, youth and middle age are being prevented. Many of the deaths of older people ascribed to heart disease are really due to heart failure—just the natural, peaceful ending of a long life.

* * * * *

More than half the readers of this page, who are about 35 years old, will pass the age of 70; and one out of five will outlive fourscore years. Many a man is adding years to his life and is enjoying what is literally a new lease of life by taking care of his heart and by making intelligent changes in his living habits.

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Symphonies in Wax

By Richard Gilbert

The phonograph, due to amazing technical improvements, comes into its own. Records now take their place beside books. This is an introductory article to a series of reviews of current disc publications which will appear in subsequent numbers of Scribner's Magazine. Mr. Gilbert is a well-known critic of records and a member of the staff of G. Schirmer, music publishers

Robert Louis Stevenson once declared that the principal advantage attached to the possession of great wealth was the freedom it conferred upon a man to have his own string quartet and his private yacht. Unfortunately, the music-loving author of *Treasure Island* chose to live in an age unblessed by modern methods of reproducing music, or he might have altered his assertion to embrace only the sea-going vessel. For it may be reasonably suggested that the phonograph has become not only a sort of personal string quartet, eminently satisfying to those of us unadorned with millions, but, increasingly with each new development in the laboratories, a fairly adequate substitute for a private symphony orchestra, opera company or instrumental and vocal soloist.

Certainly, recorded music plays an important part today in the cultivated man's equipment for enjoyment of the invisible art, and is at once both an educational and recreational factor in the distribution of his New Leisure.

Before printing presses were invented, access to literary archives was possible only to frequenters of dark, sequestered monasteries, an honor enjoyed by an isolated and privileged few. Until less than a decade ago—when new electronic discoveries were first applied to Edison's tonally defective and restricted "talking machine"—music in a similar manner was limited geographically to a dozen or more world centres in which the curious were able to hear expert performances of works in the standard repertoire. The cultural effects of Gutenberg's movable type are known to all; yet the veritable renaissance of tonal appreciation impelled by electrical systems of recording and reproducing music is just now becoming widely realized in this country by educators and the laity in general.

For centuries, the average seeker after musical pleasure has been at the mercy of program makers other than himself. This condition does not exist to such a marked degree in any of the other arts except the dance, and for that expression wide dissemination might easily be obtained through the cinema. For the past fifty years listeners have been satiated with an overwhelming abundance of questionable Nineteenth Century virtuosity. Rarely have a large number of us been treated in public to much substantial music of the era before Bach, either secular or religious, and too infrequently are we allowed glimpses of the limpid creations of the rococo period (of course, there are a dozen or more notable exceptions from among the three or four hundred works by Mozart and Haydn), let alone the significant masterpieces of today.

The radio has merely enlarged and extended this limitation of having always to hear what some one else chooses to play—the repertoire is the same as in the concert hall. Those who do not play may now escape by having access to a library of records and a reproducing apparatus—the "printing press" product, so to speak, of music.

The comparison of phonography with typography forms an altogether apt illustration; it will be seen that the library of recorded music must take its logical place in our culture beside the library of valued literature—if the cultivated person desires to acquire familiarity with the great compositions of the most esoteric of the arts. Books and discs. Discs, of course, only until some future mechanic of recording will find a more convenient medium wherein to inscribe those vibrations the frequencies of which are the substance of music.

II

A popular fallacy exists that the phonograph as an instrument of home entertainment has become an archaic and useless contrivance which no longer functions in modern society except as a piece of defunct and anachronistic parlor decoration. Thousands of enthusiastic listeners who have not succumbed completely to the economic ravages of the past five years will point to their acquisitions of discs and assert the contrary. "The phonograph's supporters," says a writer in *Modern Music,* one of the most progressive publications on the art, "are unquestionably the most alert and intelligent section" of the musically inclined public.

Recording activity during the well-known pessimistic period—and it has not been limited to our own country by any means—has been startlingly thorough. With amazing fecundity the various companies engaged in engraving musical utterances in wax have covered the whole field of musical history. From Gregorian chants of the Middle Ages and the glories of Renaissance polyphony to the most recent productions of Stravinsky, Ravel and Harris[1] the recorders have struck the high and low spots of almost every composer known to Western civilization. The sound engineers in London, Paris, Madrid, Barcelona, Rome, Milan, Zurich, Vienna, Budapest, Leipzig, Munich, Berlin, Brussels, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, San Francisco, and Camden have placed their microphones on the desks of every great living conductor; they have set up recording apparatus in large halls for the purposes of capturing such massive works as Bach's *Mass in B minor,* Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* and ninth symphony, and Arnold Schönberg's *Gurrelieder,* all published in complete form and enshrined in sumptuous

[1] The case of Roy Harris and the phonograph affords a singularly curious precedent in musical publication. Three works (one, *Symphony: 1933,* has already been issued; a string quartet and sextet are soon to follow) have been recorded actually before their scores are printed. Not content with the usual methods of concert-givers' approbation, nor the bestowal of pedantic endorsement, Harris, through the phonograph, has gone straight to the public. Thus far the recorded works (the above symphony and a concerto for string quartet, clarinet and piano) of this American musician have been received uncommonly well, much to the consternation of several professional critics whose reports of original concert presentations were not altogether acclamatory.

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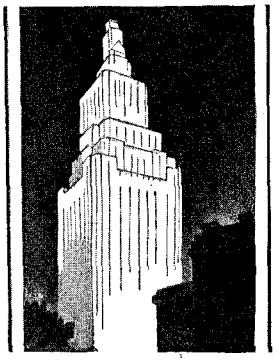

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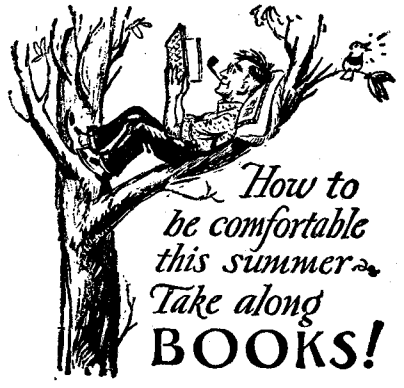

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album sets; they have perpetuated the consummate interpretations of classical music by Toscanini and the readings of nearly all of his own scores by Igor Stravinsky. Several enterprising recording expeditions have made excursions into the Orient and the dark continent, and returned with "sounding books" of Balinese gamelan music and the frenzied supplications of the Swahili male. With few exceptions, all the vocalists, instrumentalists, and conductors celebrated for their artistry today have availed themselves of the phonographic medium.

III

The revived popularity of the phonograph and records is due, naturally, to the miraculous mechanics of thermionic amplification and dynamic speaker reproduction, and the immense repertoire of music made available in this form. Aside from the customary needle point and record groove, the modern reproducing instrument bears slight resemblance to Edison's original phonograph or the many cabinet varieties evolved from it up to 1927. However, the Wizard of Menlo Park provided the basic discovery which makes possible the high fidelity quality of musical reproduction (phonograph, radio or talking picture) enjoyed today. The magic of the vacuum tube, the heart of every sound system, stems directly from the famous "Edison effect," an electronic phenomenon first discerned by the inventor in 1887 during experiments with his incandescent lamp, but never harnessed and put to work until many years later. Subsequent unremitting research by De-Forest (audion tube), Maxfield (microphone method of recording), Jensen (dynamic loudspeaker), Olson (velocity microphone) and a host of other laboratory workers in radio, talking picture, and associated fields, has contributed handsomely to the metamorphosis of the present day reproducing instrument. Edison's original phonograph, never more than a toy, is now capable of projecting tones exquisitely faithful to original timbre, pitch and characteristic depth and volume. Its place in modern culture as a purveyor of tonal expression in a manner unknown to former times can no longer be ignored even by the most fastidious; its educational and taste-forming possibilities are manifold; and, moreover, its appeal to those who enjoy music but are unable to make their own is inevitable.

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BEALE STREET. By George W. Lee. With a Foreword by W. C. Handy. Robert O. Ballou. $2.50.

Beale Street, "where the blues began," is famous for other reasons than its nurture of a particular, characteristic type of popular music. According to the author, it has long been the centre of Negro culture, and represents Negro life in its various phases at its most civilized. George W. Lee, himself a business man on Beale Street, has written a book about it that tells its history, recounts its popular legends and describes the Street as it is now and as it was in its heyday. Though Beale Street is rather subdued at present because of the depression, Mr. Lee is confident that it will "come back" in future to its former glamour.

The book summarizes the history of the Negroes in Memphis since the Civil War, describes the changing aspects of Beale Street and recounts the careers of some of its citizens—politicians, crooks, musicians, dope peddlers, prostitutes, teachers, and many others. The color of a unique section of American life is here in plenty. Such a book can scarcely avoid being interesting, and this one is interesting—and valuable, too, since it contains material not printed elsewhere. The chief positive lack in the book is its lack of perspective, resulting in lengthy treatment of purely local matters to the exclusion of general issues—and of "blues" where we should like to hear more of other Negro music, such as work songs like those collected in the South by Lawrence Gellert.

CLINTON SIMPSON.

NEW CAREERS FOR YOUTH, BY WALTER S. PITKIN. *Simon and Schuster.* $1.50.—The omniscient Mr. Pitkin enlarges his field of statistical exploration to find new and profitable careers for high school and college graduates today. Of primary importance he stresses the place of the technician outside of research laboratories in salesmanship and business management. He advocates the merging of careers when several yield small profits and decries the professions with their specialization except for the very skilled. Although he seems to have learned much from the depression, there is a note of inflation optimism in his cry for youth in "Bigger and Better Business."

THE QUEST FOR SECURITY, BY I. M. RUBINOW. *Henry Holt and Co.* $3.50.—This book is a free and nontechnical revision of the author's great and epoch-making "Social Insurance." It is a simple and ingratiating plea for an idea whose realization throughout an insecure world is an indispensable need. Doctor Rubinow thoroughly analyzes the whole welter of modern and contemporary insurance plans, and integrates an intelligent social idealism into the case for social security. The book was written essentially for those who need and are socially benefited by unemployment insurance, but who have remained ignorant of the problem because of the heavy-handed manner of its traditional literature.

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BEHIND THE SCENES

WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

THE NEW COVER

The new cover of **Scribner's** is by **T. M. Cleland,** one of the foremost American artists and designers. Mr. Cleland, in constructing his new design, has with a great deal of distinction incorporated a modern adaptation of the border originally drawn by Stanford White for the first cover of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. The comparison between the January, 1887, cover of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE (Volume 1, Number 1) and the September cover (Volume 96, Number 3) is an interesting study in tradition and contrast, just as are the contents of the two numbers. The first article in the first number, for instance, was "The Downfall of the Empire," the first of a series of "Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris," by E. B. Washburne, who was the United States Minister to France. The fiction features were the beginning of "Seth's Brother's Wife" by Harold Frederic and "The Story of a New York House" by H. C. Bunner. Another article was "Socialism" by Francis A. Walker. Joel Chandler Harris, Robert Louis Stevenson, Sarah Orne Jewett, William James, Octave Thanet, Thomas Nelson Page, Andrew Lang, and Austin Dobson were among the contributors to the first volume.

Mr. Cleland's work is notable for its versatility and artistic sensitiveness. Not only has he designed some of the most outstanding books of recent years but he has also designed the cover of *Fortune* and other magazines and many distinguished series of advertisements. In 1929 he received the accolade of a handsomely illustrated quarto published by the Pynson Printers, devoted to his work: "The Decorative Work of T. M. Cleland: A Record and Review, with a Biographical and Critical Introduction by Alfred E. Hamlin."

Captain Liddell Hart is an Englishman, the author of fourteen books on military subjects, most of which have been published both in England and this country, and of innumerable magazine articles here and abroad. His latest book is the biography of Lawrence of Arabia. In 1927 he was appointed editor of the Military and Military History Department (including Air) of *The Encyclopedia Britannica.* In 1925 he contributed to *The Britannica* the main article on the World War. He was of course in the British army during the War and came out wounded and with an enviable record. He is married and has one son.

John Tunis has written on many subjects for many magazines and newspapers. He says that he acquired an A.B. at Harvard during the age of ignorance. This summer he has been in Europe covering the Davis Cup matches and tennis in general.

Arthur Farwell is a composer whose works have been played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Minneapolis Symphony, and the Boston Symphony, to mention only a few. He is the founder of several community schools and choruses in California and elsewhere and is the author and composer of many masks and pageants. He composed the music for "Caliban," the Shakespearean mask by Percy MacKaye which was produced in the Lewisohn Stadium in New York in 1916. He is now head of the Theoretical Division of the Music Department at Michigan State College, East Lansing, Mich. He has six children.

So Red the Rose by **Stark Young** is now brightening the stands with its blue-red cover. In this his latest novel he blows up the usual picture of the "Old South" of the Civil War, putting in its place something much more real and vital. Mr. Young is a Southerner himself—from Mississippi; has done a lot of writing for *The New Republic* and *The New York Times* and has taught at Texas and Amherst. He has just accepted an invitation from the Royal Academy of Italy to be its guest at the Volta Congress in Rome in October.

Grace Flandrau, who writes "Giver of the Grape," was born in Saint Paul but has spent long stretches of her life in such inaccessible places as a coffee plantation off the Gulf coast of Mexico; a game-warden's lodge almost at the summit of the Rocky Mountains

(Continued on page 16)

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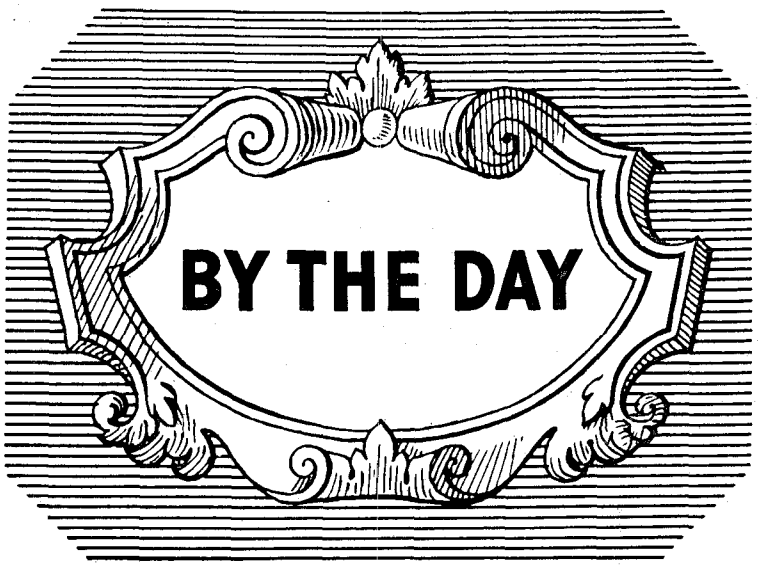

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BEHIND THE SCENES

WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

(*Continued from page 15*)

in Montana just below the Continental Divide—and this in the height of winter; and what the world knows most about—one winter in the Congo jungles which she has never been able to forget, and which she tells about in *Then I Saw the Congo*. She is now in Farmington, Conn., writing and enjoying the success of her latest novel, *Indeed This Flesh*.

John Corbin as an editorial writer on *The New York Times* in 1919 had a great deal to say on political and sociological subjects that are now very much to the fore in connection with the New Deal. His books, *The Return of the Middle Class* and *The Unknown Washington*, sum up his belief that Jeffersonian democracy is a blind alley and that effective liberty can come only through Washington's conception of enlightened federal control by "the wise and good." He is well known besides as a dramatic critic and producer of Shakespeare.

Evan Shipman's enthusiasm for horses and the track always carries over into what he writes. "The Combination" is full of it. Mr. Shipman for many years covered the races in France for the newspapers. He is now in New Hampshire, working on a book about horses which will be published soon.

The author of "Cross Section," **Elliott Merrick,** writes of the country where he lives—Vermont. He lives on a farm in Craftsbury, a little village about twenty-five miles south of the Canadian border. On the farm are two cows, a pig, chickens, and a big garden. Two previous articles of his which appeared in SCRIBNER'S were later incorporated in his book, *True North*. One of them, "Escape to the North," explains his feeling about the country. He is definitely not a country gentleman. He lives on a farm because he likes it and because he likes simple natural manual work and believes in it. His writing fits in well with that sort of life. A new book of his, *From This Hill Look Down*, will be out soon, published by the Stephen Daye Press, in Vermont.

Benedict Thielen was born in Newark, went to Princeton and was gradu-

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BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

ated in 1923. He is the author of two novels, *Deep Streets* and *Women in the Sun.*

Harold S. McGuire, who writes "Liars Are Fathers," is an advertising free-lance writer. This article is the first he has ever offered for publication, since, as he says, he has never been beset by the "urge to write." His deepest resentment is against those "who in the name of God, or for fear of their wives, who for what Conrad would call, 'some shadowy ideal of conduct,' or who merely from an illusory conviction of their own wisdom, are forever taking the joy out of life."

Mary Heaton Vorse, who writes "Canners, Women, and Workers," has been writing on conditions affecting labor for the past twenty years, starting with the Lawrence strike of 1912. She has specialized on coal, steel, textile, and the garment trades. This year she covered the Detroit trouble, the strike in anthracite coal, and several unemployed conferences. She was a war correspondent in 1915 and was sent abroad again in 1918 by *Harpers* and *McCall's;* was in the Red Cross in Italy and with the American Relief Administration in Central Europe under Mr. Hoover. Last year she was sent to Germany to write about the Third Reich, and to the London Conference and to Russia. She has written many books, several of them about children and their education. She has three children of her own; has lived in Provincetown for over twenty-five years, where she swims and sails boats.

SEVERAL citizens of Butte, Mont., have taken exception to Waino Nyland's "Western Mining Town" in the May issue, and editorials have appeared in the Butte papers. Mr. Jackson speaks for the citizens of Butte:

BUTTE UGLY AND DREAR?

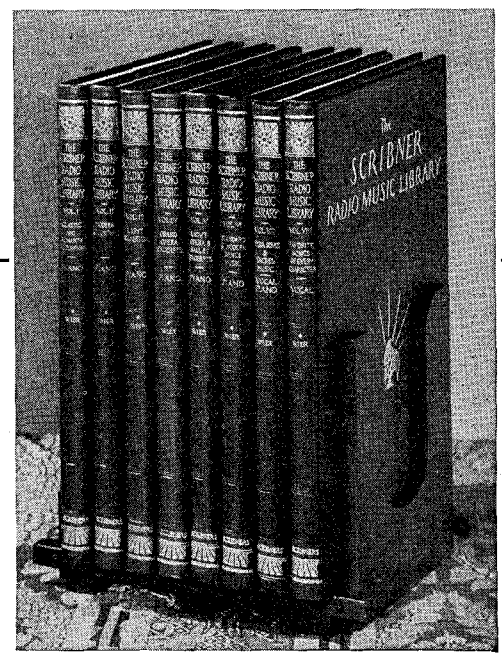
Sirs: Per the article by Waino Nyland in the May issue, "Western Mining Town." It should have been entitled "My Family in a Western Mining Town"—thereby relegating the Town to the background. Being as how the town "got a nasty bump on the beezer" so to speak. Now then, from a literary standpoint it is well written but Butte, Mont., in 1900 was not half so bad as painted. At no time—then nor now—has there been a decided note of illiteracy. Men who work in the mines—then and now are of all classes—professional—intellectual—and men who have known the brunt of years of labor. A cosmopolitan crew manned the cages that took them into the bowels of the earth in search of wealth. Smiling, honest, husky, courageous miners!

Men with but a single thought—to provide an honest living for their families—Men who stood side by side to aid their fellowman in distress! Men who gave their lives heroically to save a brother miner; forgetful of self when another was in danger. And as to fear complexes—Say I emphatically deny that statement! Why good gracious me! Miners would feel lost without the daily bit of gossip with ghosts.

As to flowers now—of course no blossoms bloom on mine-dumps—either in 1900 nor now—But we have and have had for years as fine gardens as California or any fertile state boasts.

And Dandelions? My dears—my dears! And dear me! come up some time as Mae West would say and dig 'em out of our back and front yards—yes sir—and yes ma'am! Damn dandelions. Anyway in Butte we take our whiskey straight—with another whiskey for a chaser and let the limp dandelion-winers whine. Irish in Dublin Gulch? Your damn tootin brother Nyland—Good, honest, faithful, charitable (lace curtain and shanty if you must have your nicknames Prof. Nyland) but real honest to God folks. And English? Cousinjacks, Orangemen, and Welshmen, but my oh my what fine pasties and saffron breads! What housekeepers! Both Irish and English. Of Dublin Gulch. Italians? Swedes? Finns? Austrians? All of the finest stock honest and true. Caring for their sick—Burying their dead. Taking care of their neighbors as tho their own. And not to forget the Jews—What would Butte be or do without its fine Jews?

(Continued on page 18)



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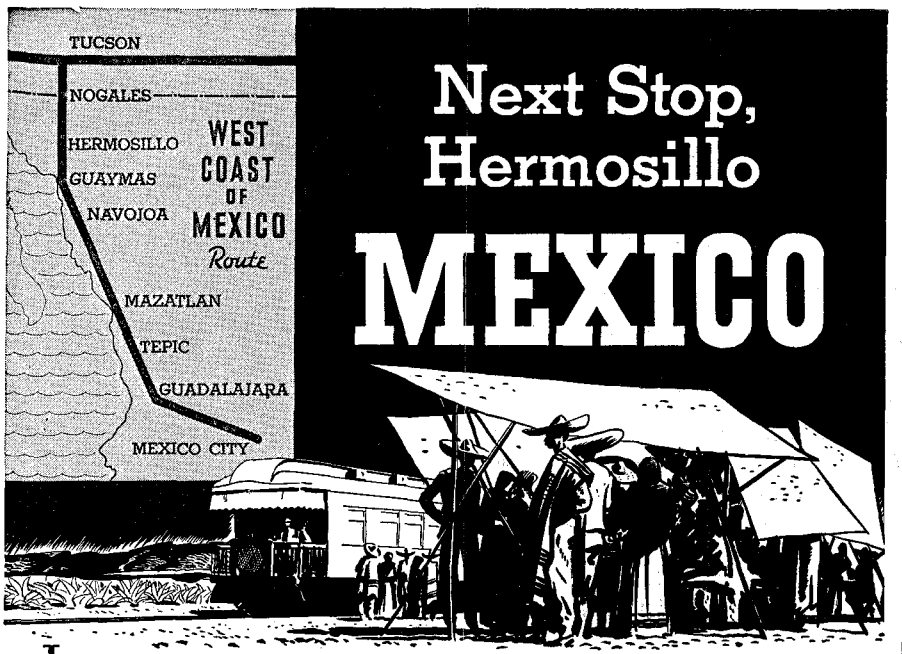

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BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS
(*Continued from page 17*)

Butte? A Western mining town? Yes, yes and more yes yes! Dirty? Well, maybe on mining dumps no roses grow, but they do in everyman's garden tho! Butte! Dear old Butte! Where they visit their sick and bury their dead with honor and respect. Where men are men and fight as men should and shake hands after as men are wont to do in a manly way! Butte ugly and drear? Oh, well, maybe, to some folks. But to her own she is grand and her heart is true!

"Shanty-Irishly" yours,
JULE SINGER JACKSON.
Butte City, Mont.

ROYALTIES DO COUNT

Sirs: I have read with a good deal of interest the article by Mr. P. A. Knowlton on "Politicians, Teachers and Schoolbooks" in the June issue of SCRIBNER'S.

I think you have done the textbook industry and the public a distinct service by printing such a frank statement of conditions as they exist. I was rather interested in the sentence under Section 2 of the article relating to "local taboos," especially in the sentence "Biologies that teach evolution are thus proscribed in Tennessee."

I happen to have served on the Textbook Commission in Tennessee immediately after the adoption of the anti-evolution law. Be assured that I have always opposed the law. It does not affect the private school. But as a textbook commission we were bound to respect the statutes of the State. It may interest you to know that the publishers and authors who had submitted books with this evolutionary theory in them were in every case willing to re-write the portions to suit the convenience of the statute. So it seems to me that since there are "local taboos" the publishers and authors of reputation by attempting to condescend to such may be lengthening the lives of the very taboos.

While I do not have the record before me, I cannot recall a single publisher's representative withdrawing a single textbook that had the evolutionary theory in it, but each one of them proposed to "doctor" the theory to suit our statute. Royalties do count!

JOHN W. BARTON,
President, Ward-Belmont School.
Nashville, Tenn.

GREAT POETRY

Sirs: I have just read and re-read the poem "Laughter out of the Ground," by Robin Lampson, in the June SCRIBNER'S; and I feel happily impelled to send my congratulations on a grand poem with a grand title. All great poetry seems to me either to turn us to the dark, quick sources of ourselves (as does "Laughter out of the Ground"), giving us leave to move as freely and briefly and variously as dust or water; or else to the yet unsuspected latencies of ourselves, the less than half-guessed *might-be* of human life. "Laughter out of the Ground" seems to me to be one of the finest poems I have discovered for some time, and I have a feeling that I shall be wanting to read it more than once to lecture audiences and classes in poetry.

Thanks, too, for the stark, healthy clarity of Paul Hutchinson's article on "The Collapse of Pacifism." It leaves small room for complacency on the part of those of us who have rather uncritically trusted our own pacific enterprises.

Very truly,
BONARO WILKINSON OVERSTREET.
New York City.

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